

The Famous
HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

The Third Part.

Shewing the Valiant Acts and Renowned
Atchievements of St. *George's* Three Sons,
Sir Guy, *Sir Alexander*, and *Sir David*.

A S A L S O

The Warlike Exploits and Martial Performances of *Sir Turpin*
Son to St. *Dennis* of *France*, *Sir Pedro* Son to St. *James* of *Spain*, *Sir*
Orlando Son to St. *Anthony* of *Italy*, *Sir Ewin* Son to St. *Andrew* of
Scotland, *Sir Phelim* Son to St. *Patrick* of *Ireland*, and *Sir Owen* Son to
St. *David* of *Wales*: Their strange Fights and Combats with Giants,
Monsters and Dragons, their Tilts and Tournaments in Honour of
Ladies, their Battles with Miscreants and Tyrants in Defence of the
Christian Religion, and Relief of distressed Knights and Ladies, their
punishing of Negromancers, and putting to an End their Inchant-
ments, with other their Knightly Prowess and Chevalry. As also
how St. *George's* three Sons came all of them to be Kings, according
as the Fairy Queen had prophesied of them.

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HISTORICAL

OF THE

AMERICAN

REPUBLIC

AND

THE

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

AND

THE

T O T H E Courteous R E A D E R.

THe general Acceptance which the Two first Parts of this Renowned History have received, hath invited my Pen to the Prosecution thereof in a Third Part, which I have raked out of the musty Records of old moth-eaten Authors, almost worn out by Length of Time; and indeed the two first Parts seem to be imperfect without a Third; for there he speaks of the Fairy Queen's Prophesie, how St. George's three Sons should come to be Kings, but shews not by what Means they attained their Kingdoms; all which are fully set forth in this Third Part. What my Pains have been herein, those who read with Judgment will easily discern, and to such only I appeal, not caring for the barking Zoilists of our Times, who carp at what they cannot mend; and like the Dog in the Fable, lying upon Hay, will neither eat it themselves, nor suffer the Hunger-starved Ox to eat thereof; for these Men will write nothing themselves, yet are always carping at the Endeavours of others. If I have soared above the Height of the Language in the two former Parts, know that our Speech is refined since they were writ: Chaucer, whose Lines did excel for Eloquence in his Days, is now despised for plain and rustick, even by those who scarcely know what Language is; yet have we endeavoured herein not to coin new Phrases, nor to mix Words unintelligible, but to use such a Stile as might serve to embellish and illustrate the History, but withal to be understood, and easie to the Capacity of the meanest Readers.

We have also endeavoured herein to write nothing improbable, much less impossible; such as are inserted in several Histories, where they make nothing of cutting asunder two or three Giants at one Blow by the Middle, with many other things void both of Sense and Reason; but in our Undertakings we have related nothing (but what to a judicious Reader may seem probable to be effected, so that we doubt not, if our History had been in the Library of Don Quixote that famous Knight-Errant, it would have been preserved from the Fire by the Barber and Licentiate. And as we have been as careful to insert nothing incredulous, so likewise have we been as careful to write nothing that is obscene for the corrupting of Youth, Books of that Nature (as Mr. Feltham saith in his Resolves) being like that brutish Sin of Adultery; wherein two are equally culpable, he that writes them, and he that reads them; but in our History we have inserted nothing but what may be profitable as well as delightful, so that the chaste Lucrece may read herein without Blushing; yet have we endeavoured to embellish it with such Flowers of Rhetorick as we could pick out of Apollo's Garden, the better to entertain the Reader with Delight, which if he kindly

To the Courteous Reader.

accept of (as our Hope is notwithstanding this censorious Age) we shall continue the History in a Fourth Part, and shew you the Loves and Adventures of the other six valiant Knights, having in this Part chiefly insisted upon St. George's three Sons. In the mean time daigne kindly to accept of what is already done, and then expect the other to follow soon after.

Farwel.

On the B O O K.

YOn whose stout Hearts to valiant Acts are bent,
This Book unto your View will represent
What you desire; fell Monsters put to Pain,
Giants and Dragons overcome and slain;
The Negromancer with his damned Spell,
His Charms overthrown, and he sent down to Hell.
Castles and Towers taken in by Force,
The Pagan Hosts overthrown, both Man and Horse;
Such Numbers of them kill'd, *Charon* might well
In Streams of their own Blood row them to Hell:
Such were the Acts these worthy Sons have done
Of the Seven Champions of *Christendom*:
Shewing themselves true Sons of such brave Sires,
Whose valiant Deeds the World throughout admires.
Read then, and thank the Author for his Pains,
His was the Labour, thy Delight the Gains.

M. T.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THe Way to get Wealth, by making twenty three Sorts of English Wine equal to French; Syder equal to Canary; make Mead, Mum, Metheglin, Chocolate, Cordial Waters, and forty sorts of Ale in a Minute: To remember all you read: Accompts ready cast up, of great Use to all Traders; to write Letters, keep Account-Books, compound Debts, fit Traders should know; a cheap Strop to set a Razor; Cloath made to keep out Rain; Rates of Carts or Coaches, and Watermen. A Thousand Notable Things; to make People look young and handsome, Physick Receipts, Jests, Stories, Riddles, Gardening, Vermin-killing, Fowling, Rules to live one hundred and fifty Years, speak Languages speedily; and the Way to live for 2d a Day, save Coals, Shooes, Candles; and where Coaches and Carriers Inn. Worlidge, Butler, and Rusden of Bees. The compleat Fisher. A rich Cabinet of Curiosities. English Gardiner, with 24 Copper Cuts; the only Book Extant, to instruct Gardners and Planters. Eland's Tutor to Astrology, so compleat, that any Nativity may be calculated without any other Book whatever. The Florist's Vade-Mecum. Sold at the Ring in Little Britain. Price 1 s. 6d.

The Famous

HISTORY

OF THE

Seven Champions

OF

CHRISTENDOM.

Chap. I. *The great Joy of the Infidels for the Death of the Seven Champions. The Soldan of Persia, his Letter for the Mustering up of an Army; with the Effects thereupon.*

Soon had wide-mouth'd tatling Fame dispersed the News of the Seven Champions Deaths, into all the Countries and Kingdoms of the Earth, which caused a Universal Joy and Rejoycing amongst those Miscreants and Infidels, which had felt the Weight of their victorious Arms, insomuch that they publish'd a Day of Thanksgiving, to praise their Gods, *Mahomet, Termagant and Apollo*, for the Deliverance of their Countries out of the Hands of such mortal Enemies. Next they provide for the Invasion of *Christendom*, and by a mutual Consent to muster up such an Army as should extirpate Christianity, and to root out those seven famous Nations from off the Earth, whereof those Worthies were the Heroical Champions; and to this end, the *Soldan of Persia* wrote this ensuing Letter to those Kingdoms and Nations which were therein concerned:

To

The Famous History of

To all those Potentates and Followers of the Sect of *Mahomet*, the High and Mighty Emperour the Soldan of *Persia*, sendeth Greeting :

K Now ye, that our Gods have now at last sent the Messenger of Death, which hath arrested and clapt up into Graves those Terrors of our People, the Seven Champions of Christendom, by whom we have sustained so many Harms and Damages ; by which Means a Gap is left open, whereby we may revenge our Wrongs and Injuries. To this Purpose, we therefore desire ye to meet us with what Power of Men ye can make on the Plains of *Babylon* ; there to joyn with the Forces of other Kings and Princes to be reveng'd on the Christians, by slaying their People, burning their Towns and Cities, and utterly destroy them from off the Face of the Earth.

The Copy of this Letter being sent into several Nations and Kingdoms, the Kings of those Countries assembled together all the Forces they could make, and with the greatest Expedition they could use, marched into the Plains of *Babylon*: The first that came thither was the King of *Arabia*, attended with an Army of twenty thousand Men, whereof eight thousand were mounted on Arabian Coursers, being armed with Spears and Targets, so swift and dexterous in their Undertakings, that they seldom miss of atchieving any Business they went about. His Pavilion was of a Violet Colour, fringed with Yellow, to distinguish of what Country he was of.

The next was the Soldan of *Persia*, himself, with an Army of ten thousand Horseman, and thirty thousand Foot, of which nine thousand were Pioneers, to level the Way for the Armies marching, and to dig Trenches for the assaulting of any Castle or City : His Pavilion was red, fring'd with Orange-tawny, being mounted on a Hill to be the more conspicuous to the Beholders.

Next was the King of *Egypt*, with twenty five thousand Men, of which three hundred were Magicians or Soothsayers, to charm and bewitch the Christian Army, that they might not fight. His Pavilion was Blew fringed with Black, and was placed on the right Hand of the King of *Arabia*.

Soon after came the great Cham of *Tartary*, with an Army of thirty thousand Men, all in quilted Jackets, so thick wrought that no Arrow could pierce them : They were all armed with Steel-gantlets, and had Swords of a Hand's breadth, and withal so sharp, that they would cut off a Man at the Middle with a Blow : His Pavilion was of a Primrose-colour, with a White Fringe, which was placed on the left Hand of the Soldan of *Persia*.

Next

Next came the King of *Morocco* with two thousand Horsemen, mounted all on *Barbary* Steeds, armed with the Skins of Stags, so thick and tough that no Sword could cut through them; he had also ten thousand Footmen with Iron-maces, having round Balls at the end of them, of four or five Pound Weight, therewith to dash out the Christians Brains. His Pavilion and the Fringe thereof was all Black, to signify black and dismal Days to ensue. He was placed next to the King of *Egypt*.

The next that arrived in the fruitful Fields of *Babylon*, was the King of *Parthia*, with an Army consisting of fifteen thousand Men: He had also an hundred Elephants, carrying Towers on their Backs, in each of which ten Men might stand and fight. This King was in Stature four Foot higher than most Men, having each Limb answerable thereto; so that he wore a Sword of two Yards in Length, the Pummel whereof weighed twenty Pound. His Pavilion was Sky-colour, fringed with Sea-green, and was placed next to the King of *Morocco*.

Next was the Emperor or Grand Signior of the Turks, accompanied with ten thousand Janisaries, armed with sharp Scimiters, so keen that they would cut a Bolt of Iron asunder. He was armed in a Coat of Mail, of burnisht Silver, having on his Head a white Turbant, and a Pendant on it, wherein was depicted a half Moon, with this Motto, *Still encreasing*. His Pavilion was Green, with Silver and Gold Fringe, and was placed on the right Hand of the Soldan of *Persia*.

After him came the Prince of *Tripoly*, accompanied with four Giants, of a marvellous Size and Bigness, whose Names were *Gavian*, *Caras*, *Phidon* and *Rhafsarus*; those bore on their Necks great knotty Oaks, with which they could strike two Yards deep into the Ground, and were most dreadful to behold. He had also with him a deformed Creature called a *Sagittary*, being half a Man and half a Horse, who could run as swift as a Ship can sail, having Wind and Weather: His offensive Weapon was a Bow, with which he shot poisoned Arrows, and was so expert therein, that he could shoot to a Hair's Breadth. This Prince of *Tripoly* was encamped next to the King of *Parthia*, and had a Pavilion of a Pease-blossom Colour, fringed with Murrey.

After him came the Count Palatine of *Trebizond*, with fifteen hundred Cross-bow-men, all armed in Steel Corsets: He had also three thousand Men that used Slings, with which they would exactly hit whatever they aimed at, and that at a great Distance from them. On his Shield was painted a Griffin grasping of a Christian, with this Motto, *Siezed of his Prey*. His Pavilion was of an Azure Colour, fringed with Red, and was placed next to the Emperour or Grand Signior of the Turks.

The

The Famous History of

The next that appeared on the *Babylonian* Plains, for the Destruction of the Christians, was the Bassa of *Aleppo*, who brought with him a hundred Wains, laden with Balls of Wild-fire, Sulphur, and certain Engines call'd Calthorps, being little things made with four Pricks of Iron, of such a Fashion, that which Way soever they be thrown, one Point will always stick up like a Nail, and these were to be thrown into the Christians Army, to spoil the Feet of their Horses. His Pavilion was of an Iron-gray Colour, and was placed next to the Count Palatine of *Trebizond*.

Next was the Malmaluck of *Damascus*, attended with six thousand Horse, and six thousand Footmen. He had also in his Army a deformed Monster, from the Shoulders downwards shaped like a Man, but his Head and Face like to that of a Horse, being a Present sent him from the Cham of *Tartary*, and from whom descended the Horse-fac'd *Tartar*, kill'd by Count *Sereni*. This Malmaluck's Pavilion was of Yellow intermixed with Black, and fringed with Red, being placed next to the Bassa of *Aleppo*.

Many other Kings, Princes and Emperors were engaged in this Enterprize, whose Names would be too tedious here to recite; inso-much that there was assembled such an Army, as made the Earth to shake under the Weight thereof; being more in number than that of *Xerxes's*, which drank up whole Rivers dry as they went; or than that of the Macedonian *Alexander*, with which he conquered the greatest Part of the World. Being thus in this manner assembled together, the Soldan of *Persia*, as one of the Chiefest of the Association, gathered the greatest Princes and Captains to his Pavilion, where he entertain'd them with a costly Banquet, and then he made this following Oration:

Most Mighty Kings, Princes and Captains of this invincible Army, It is not unknown unto you, what Injuries and Mischiefs we have received from the Christian Armies, under the Conduet of those Persons whom they called, The seven Champions of Christendom; to enumerate them all in particular, wou'd make my Oration too tedious unto you; I shall therefore only give you some few Instances: What Injury did St. George, the Champion of England, unto Pto- lomy King of Egypt, by stealing away his Daughter, as also from Almidor King of Morocco, his dearest Lady and Mistress? Did not the King's Daugh- ter of Thessaly run away from her Country by the sly Insinuations of St. Den- nis of France; as also the King of Jerusalem's Daughter by the like Per- swasions of St. James of Spain? What intollerable Injury was it to the King of Thracia, to have his fair Daughter Rossalinde tempted away from her Country by the Italian Champion? But much more from the Champion of Scot-

Scotland to be depriv'd of his other six Daughters ; did not the Welch Champion slay the Count Palatine of Tartary in his Father's Court ? Besides infinite other Mischiefs, Losses and Disgraces we have received from them ; all which whilst they lived we were not able to revenge ; but now since Death hath been so kind to take them out of the World, let us pluck up our Courages, and manfully fight in Revenge of our Injuries ; Let Pity be exiled from our Thoughts, neither sparing old Age for their hoary Heads, nor the tender Infant for its pitiful Cry ; let not the Tears of Matrons find Regard, nor the Wailings of Widows any Respect ; but let all be destined by the Sword, that we may have a general Triumph in their utter Confusion.

This Oration was receiv'd with a general Applause, each one protesting their utmost Endeavours for the Extirpation of Christianity, and never to sheath their Swords till they had laid the *European* Cities equal with the Dust, and their stately Monuments in Ruine, like to the lofty Pyramids of *Toy*. And now considering, by Experience, the fatal Effects of their former Discord in electing a General, and how necessary it was to have a Commander in Chief ; to avoid all Controversie, it was decreed amongst them, That six of the chiefest should be picked forth, and out of them one to be chosen by Lot to be their General : These six were the King of *Arabia*, the King of *Persia*, the Soldan of *Babylon*, the King of *Egypt*, the Emperour of the Turks, and the King of *Morocco* : The Lots being cast, it fell to the share of the Soldan of *Babylon* to be their General, the Emperour of the Turks was appointed Lieutenant General, the King of *Persia* Major General, and the King of *Arabia*, by reason of the Swiftnes of his Coursers, Scout-Master General. Other Kings and Princes had appointed unto them several other Offices, according to their Quality and Capacity they had in the Feats of War : So that all things consider'd, they seemed to be an Army invincible, being for Number like the Army of *Xerxes*, which drank whole Rivers dry, and for Warlike Provisions, so much and plentiful, as far exceeded all Numbers of Arithmetick. Here will we leave this mighty Army in the Plains of *Babylon*, and come to tell you of the great Preparations the Christians made to resist them ; but first we shall describe the valiant Acts of *St. George's* three Sons, and how they hearing of this great Army intended for the Ruine of *Christendom*, returned home to fight in Defence of their Country.

Chap. II. *How St. George's three Sons left England to seek Adventures in Foreign Countries ; how they arrived in Sicily, and killed a terrible Monster, named Pango : How Urania the King of Sicily's Daughter fell in Love with Sir Guy ; with other things which happened.*

YOU may remember in the Second Part of this famous History, we left St. George's three Sons in the English Court, where they had not continued long after their Father's Death, but growing weary of Idleness, and being more desirous to follow the Camp of *Mars*, than to dally with Ladies in the Court of *Venus*, they resolved to betake themselves to Travel, and to seek out Adventures in Foreign Countries ; and having imparted their Mind to the King, they furnished themselves with all things necessary for such a Journey, and bidding the fruitful Soil of *England* adieu, they in a few Weeks sailing arrived on the Coasts of *Sicily* ; where marching up higher into the Country, they saw many Houses, but no Inhabitants, yea, whole Towns of empty Houses, but neither Man, Woman nor Child within them ; which made them mistrust some grievous Pestilence had over-spread that Country, and made it desolate of Inhabitants ; wherefore to avoid any Infection which might happen unto them, they took up their Lodging in the open Fields, having only the starry Firmament for their Canopy. Thus sweetly reposing on their Mother Earth, they slept as soundly as if they had laid on Beds of Down, and been surrounded with Curtains of the purest *Arabian* Silk : Thus did they sleep securely until such time as *Aurora* began to guild the Firmament with her bright Rays, and to usher in *Phæbus's* golden Light, when suddenly they were awaked with a most horrible Noise, which seem'd to be sent from the deep Abyss ; and to be able to rend the Rocks asunder ; whereupon they suddenly buckled on their Armour, and stood upon their Guard ; and indeed it was but high time, for at that Instant they saw coming towards them a most deformed Monster, of an excessive Bigness, and terrible Shape, having Eyes like burning Sawcers, and Claws sharper than an Eagle's Talons : He seemed to move like a high Tower or Pyramid, and with his Weight to make the Earth to tremble, the sight of this ugly Monster so startled their Horses, that they would hardly endure the Bit, but snorting, and stamping the Earth with their Feet, showed the Dread they had of such a Sight ; but these three valiant Knights, in whom was sown the Seeds of true Magnanimity, stood fearless to abide what Danger soever might happen. The first whom this fierce Monster made unto, was the valiant Knight Sir Guy, who

who nothing daunted at his hideous Shape, having put his Spear in his Rest, ran furiously against him; but the Monster being arm'd with Scales far harder than Brass, his Spear shiver'd in a thousand Pieces; then drawing out his trusty Faucheon, he assailed the Monster with manly Stroaks, who on his part not backward in Defence, but bolting upright with his Tail, stretched forth one of his Paws, and with the same grasped so hard on the Arm of Sir *Guy*, that he had well near siezed on him, had not St. *David* at that Instant come in, and with his Sword cut the Monster's Paw quite off, leaving the Claws so firmly fixt on Sir *Guy*'s Arm, that notwithstanding the Goodness of his Armour, it was very hard to be gotten off: In the mean time the valiant and renowned Knight Sir *Alexander*, with great Force set upon the Monster, giving him such a Blow upon the Head as made him to reel, who with his Tail striking at Sir *Alexander*, so wrapped the same about his Horse's Legs, that not able to stand he came over and over with the Knight: The Monster seeing him on the Ground, was making towards him, whom Sir *David* met with such a lusty Thrust on his Breast, that though it pierced not the same, it laid the Monster flat on his Back; which was no sooner done, but Sir *Guy* nimbly leaping from off his Horse, thrust his Sword down the Monster's Throat, who lay gasping for Breath, whereby he rived his Heart in sunder; yet notwithstanding the same, the Monster's Teeth were so keen, that he bit the Knight's Sword in two, leaving the one half in his Throat, and withal sent forth such a hideous Yell, as surpassed the Roaring of the Cataracts of *Nilus*, or the greatest Crack of the loudest Thunder; but having received his Death's Wound, with some little struggling he yielded his Life up to the Victors; who surveying his Body, found it to be from the Head to the End of the Tail, full ten Yards in length, his Bulk at least a Tun Weight, having Paws and Claws answerable unto it, and each Part so armed with Scales, as scarcely penetrable with any Sword.

The Knights having obtained this Victory, returned Thanks to the Immortal Powers, and leaving the Carcase of the hideous Monster, travell'd up higher into the Country, hoping to meet with some of the Inhabitants thereof, whom now they saw had left their Houses for Dread of this Monster. Having travell'd some few Miles, and desirous of Refreshment after this Encounter, they saw some Smoak ascending out of the Tunnel of a little Cell near unto them, whither bending their Course, they saw standing at the Door an aged Hermit, in a Gown of Freeze, reaching to the Ground, his Hair as white as the Down of Swans, or driven Snow, which in a careless manner

hung dishrevell'd down his Shoulders, in his Face you might read the Map of Sorrow, charactred out in deep furrowed Wrinkles, whom the Knights courteously saluted, desiring to know the Reason why so fruitful a Country as they had passed was left destitute of Inhabitants; The aged Hermit having view'd them well, and perceiving by their Habit they were Outlandish Knights, bent upon Martial Adventures, and seeming to be Persons who dreaded no Danger, he desired them to alight from their Warlike Steeds, and for a while to repose themselves in his lowly Cell, and he would endeavour to satisfy their Desires: *In the mean time (said he) I would desire you to take such homely Refreshment as my Cell affords;* and thereupon brought them forth such Country Viands as that Place afforded, which they courteously accepting, and having satisfied their Hunger, the Hermit began to speak to them in this manner:

Sir Knights, said he, for so you seem by your outward Habiliments, if we may judge of the Goodness of the Apple by the Fairness of the Rind; Know that this Country wherein you now are, is the Land of Sicily, once so fruitful and abounding in all things, that it might well be call'd, The Granary of the World, and now still retaining its Virtue, durst the Inhabitants manure the same: But now our Plenty is turned into Misery, our Mirth into Mourning, our Streets which were wont to be replenished with Throngs of People, now destitute and empty of Inhabitants, and all by reason of a most gally dreadful Monster, sent, I think, from the infernal Regions for the Punishment of Mankind, whom the Country People term by the Name of *Pongo*: This direful Monster, or rather Devil incarnate, begotten as 'tis thought, between a Land-Tyger and a Sea-Shark, so that it participates of both Elements, swimming in the Sea near our Sicilian Coasts, espied some Herdsmen near on the Shore, who with great Wonder beheld this Monster as he desported himself on the Waves of the Sea; but when they saw he made towards them, and beheld the Monstrousness of his Proportion, Fear standing at the Gates of their Eyes, put back all further Perswasions of beholding him, and adding Wings to their Fear, they flew away in the greatest Haste they possibly could make, but in vain was all their Speed, for he soon recovering the Shore, siezed upon some of the hindmost of them, whom he made a Prey to his devouring Paunch; and having tasted the Sweets of Humane Blood, he ever since hath haunted our Coasts, ranging up higher into the Country, devouring all wheresoever he came; and herein is his Cruelty most exemplary, that he delights more in the Slaughter of Men than of Beasts; so that it is judged he hath devoured no less

less than five hundred Persons; and for twenty Miles space left all desolate and uninhabited: The Dread of him being so very great, that the Women to terrifie their Children from crying, use to say, The *Pongo* cometh. Thus, Renowned Knights, have you heard the Cause of our Country's Misery; not one of our stoutest Champions having the Heart to encounter with him; so that with Freedom he waists and destroys all before him, until such time as it shall please Providence to send us some more redoubted Knights than ours, to free us from him; for which our King hath promised great Rewards, the Spur to honourable Atchievements; besides the great Good (a Reward in it self) which it will do to Mankind, in freeing us from so terrible an Enemy.

The Hermit concluding his Speech with a deep Sigh for a Period, the valiant Knight Sir *Guy*, with a smiling Countenance, thus answered him: Now then (said he) are the Stars so benigne unto *Sicily*, that your Country is freed from this direful Misery, for the Cause being taken away, the Effects must needs cease; Know then, that by the victorious Arms of me, and my two Brothers, the Monster is dead; and no more Dread of your affrighting dead *Pongo*, than is to be feared from a living Grasshopper or Butterfly. Scarcely had Sir *Guy* ended his Speech, when the Hermit transported with an excessive Joy, fell down at his Feet, being almost in as great an Extasie for Joy, as was that Father, who having three Sons returned Victors from the *Olympick* Games; his overjoyed Spirit could not contain itself in the Bounds of Reason, but by the Excessiveness thereof, yielded up the Ghost: And is our Land (said he) capable of so great a Benefit! Does so good Fortune attend our Country! Then Thanks to the Immortal Powers above, who hath sent you hither to be the Means of our future Happiness! How is our Nation bound to your Manhood, and what Victims shall we offer for your fortunate Success? As the Hermit was thus discoursing, there was passing by the Cell a Herald at Arms, well accoutered, and attended on by four Knights clad all in mourning Armour, who were sent by the King into Foreign Countries, to proclaim in every Place where they came, that if any Knight would be so hardy as to encounter with the *Pongo*, and overcome him, he should be made a Peer of the Realm, and have a golden Helmet for a Reward. This their Errand being made known to the three Knights, they declared unto them how the *Pongo* was already kill'd, which put a Stop to their further Journey: and sending back one of the Knights to the King, to inform him thereof, the rest went to view the dead Carcase of the *Pongo*, which having surveyed with great Admiration,

the

the three *Sicilian* Knights invited Sir *Guy*, Sir *Alexander*, and Sir *David* to the City of *Syracusa*, where the King then kept his Court; who courteously accepting of their Proffer, taking leave of the aged Hermit, who returned to his Cell, mounting their Warlike Steeds, with an easie pace they marched on: But when the King heard the News of the Monster's Death, he caused the Bells to be rung, and Bonfires to be made for Joy thereof; and hearing how the three Knights were coming towards him, he went forth to meet them, attended on in this manner: First went two Trumpeters clad in the Arms of *Sicily*, being two Plauches Argent, charged with as many Eagles Sable: Then follow'd a Band of Pensioners with golden Streamers, which they display'd as they marched along: After them went fourscore Knights, mounted on their Barbed Steeds, and armed with bright glistering Fauchcons. Next went the King's Life-guard, in Buff-coats edged with Silver Fringe, and wearing on their Shoulders Curnation Scarfs inlayed with Gold. After them the King himself in a costly Chariot studded with Pillars of Silver, and lined with Carnation Velvet, being follow'd with an innumerable Train of Lords and Gentlemen, and their Attendants. With this stately Train did the King go to meet these three victorious Knights, who at his coming alighted from their Steeds, whom the King courteously embraced, and after some short Discourse, had them into his Chariot, and so triumphantly returned back to *Syracusa*, all the Way the Bells ringing, the Bonfires blazing, and the People making such loud Acclamations of Joy, as the Earth rang with the Noise thereof. Being come to the King's Palace, they were met by the Queen *Berenice*, and her beautiful Daughter *Urania*, the Flower of Courtesie, and Paragon of rare Perfection, who as she excelled the other *Sicilian* Virgins in Dignity and Honour, so did she surpass them all in Beauty, and other Ornaments of Nature, to which was joyned such rare Endowments of the Mind as compleated her a Princess of admirable Parts. After they were alighted from the Chariot, they were conducted to a stately Room, where was provided for them a costly Banquet, which being ended, their Ears were saluted with most choice Musick, after which the Ladies presented them with a stately Masque. All this while the Princess *Urania* fed her Eyes with beholding Sir *Guy*, whose Perfections she so contemplated, that Love entring in at her Eyes, so wounded her Heart, as she became wholly captivated in the Bonds of *Cupid*. Sir *Guy* on the other side, was so pierced with her transcendent Beauty, and her other rare Accomplishments, that he wholly resigned up himself to her Devotion, she being the Loadstone of his Affections, attra-

attracting all the Faculties of his Soul in Obedience to her Commands. Thus did these two Princely Persons reciprocally bear true Love to each other, though neither of them knew each others Mind; but as Fire will not be long hid under combustible Matter, so Love where it is ardent will show itself through all the Disguises they can put upon it. These Heroick Knights had not been many Weeks in the *Sicilian* Court, feasting and revelling in all the Delights and Pleasures which that fruitful Country afforded, but such Pleasures grew too tedious unto them, especially to Sir *Guy*, whose Love to the Princess *Urania* made Sports and Company distastful unto him; so one Evening, at such time as the golden Charioteer of Heaven had finish'd his Diurnal Course, and driven his panting Steeds down the Western Hill, he intended to fetch a solitary Walk in the Garden by himself, when coming under the Princess *Urania's* Chamber-window, he heard the Musick of a Lute, which with harmonious Airs saluted his Ears, and listening a while, a Voice deliver'd itself in these Words:

*Now Woe is me, poor happless Virgin, I
Am forc'd to yield to Cupid's Deity:
All my striving is in vain,
Love the Conquest he will gain;
And I a Vassal must to him remain.
Yet gentle Cupid let me thee desire,
To wound his Breast like mine with equal Fire,
That so our Loves together joyn'd,
May settle in a quiet Mind,
And we in them may true Contentment find.*

As Sir *Guy* was listening to this harmonious Voice, there passed by him one of the Princess *Urania's* Ladies, which put a stop 'unto her singing: but pondering well in his Mind the Substance of her Sonnet, gave him great hopes of her Affections to him; and as every Lover flatters himself in his own Imagination, so did he imagine himself sole Monarch of the Princess's Heart. That Night the Ladies had provided a stately Mask, which at the end of every Scene, was attended with most rare Musick, and excellent a Dncing, to which Masque the three Brothers were invited. The time being come for the Masque to begin, it was performed on this manner:

First began a most excellent Consort of Musick, then enter'd four Masquers in Cloth of Gold, most richly embroidered; three of them personating the three Goddesses, *Juno*, *Pallas*, and *Venus*, when they strove for the golden Apple on the Mount of *Ida*; the fourth represented

sented the Shepherd *Paris*, who having heard their several Pleas which they made for the obtaining of the Apple, he adjudged it to *Venus*, and then having danced a Carouse about the Room they withdrew.

After a little space the Musick playing again, according as it was appointed; the three Knights took each of them a Lady by the Hand to lead them a Dance; and now had Sir *Guy* the Happiness to converse with his dear Lady and Mistress; for taking the Princess *Urania* by the Hand, he with great Courtesie and Humility kissed it, and she kindly accepting his Proffer, he led her a Course about the Room in as great Majesty and State as did *Aeneas*, when he revell'd it in the Court of Queen *Dido*; and she following him with as much Grace, as might become the Queen of Love to have acted it; and so having shewed the Spectators that he could as well tread a Measure in a Dance, as handle the Warlike Lance: He with the Princess *Urania* withdrew into a Corner of that spacious Room; whilst Sir *Alexander* having associated himself with a gallant Lady named *Alsatia*, and Daughter to the Vice-roy of *Naples*, began a second Course to the Musick; which whilst they were performing, Sir *Guy* courted the Princess *Urania* in these Words:

Most Peerless Princess (said Sir Guy) if the bleeding Wounds of my Heart could speak, which you have pierced by the Beams of your matchless Beauty, then would it save my Tongue the Labour to declare the Affection which I bear to your noble Person: If I have aim'd too high, blame your matchless Beauty and Vertues that have caused it; Let me therefore conjure you by all the Rites and Charms of Love, and by those fair Eyes that have enthralled mine, not to prove obdurate in thy Love, tho' I must confess my self unworthy of so high a Bliss; yet shall the Sun sooner cease to run his Course, the Stars to give Light, and every thing alter from its wonted Course, ere Guy will prove false, or cease to honour the Perfections of the Princess Urania.

Altho' this Speech were very welcome to the Love-sick Princess, yet, that she might not seem too forward, with a Maidenly Modesty she thus reply'd:

Sir, You must pardon me, if I look before I leap; That my self together with our whole Country is indebted to your Prowess, we shall for ever acknowledge. But to love, and so to love as to make you a Promise of being my Husband, (for I hope you mean no other thing but what tends to my Honour) you must excuse me, having no other Assurance of your Reality, but only your own verbal Expressions; besides you being a Stranger, and I an Heir to a Crown, were your Estate answerable to your (I must confess) excellent Qualifications, yet could I not be so at my own Disposal, to conclude of what you desire, seeing not only my Parents, but my Country have so great a Share in me.

She would have proceeded further, but Sir *Alexander* and the Lady

Alsatia having finished their Dance, the Cornets and other Wind-musick sounding aloud, they were called away to behold another Scene of fresh Masquers, which in this sort entertained the Beholders, First entred the Likeness of a stately Fabrick, made of a Paste-board, and adorned with many golden Streamers, which represented the Temple of *Honour*; this was drawn to the further side of that spacious Room, wherein being placed, soon after enter'd another Fabrick, but more lower, and not so richly adorned, which represented the Temple of *Vertue*, and was so placed, that none cou'd enter the Temple of *Honour*, but must first pass through the the Temple of *Vertue*. After entred several Persons who attempted to get into the Temple of *Honour*, but were loath to go thro' the Temple of *Vertue*, therefore they missed of their Aim: Those who went through the Temple of *Vertue*, were richly adorned and rewarded, and greatly honoured of the People. But those who would climb up to the Temple of *Honour*, and not enter it by the Temple of *Vertue*, it was made so slippery on the Top, that with the least treading awry, they fell down and broke their Necks.

This Show being ended, and the Cornets and other loud Musick ceasing, the valiant and renowned Knight Sir *David*, taking a most beautiful Damsel by the Hand, named *Artesia*, and Niece to the King of *Sicily*, by his Sister *Redolentia*, whose Husband was a renowned Knight at Arms, and Master of the strong Castle of *Angelo*: This noble Lady who had not her Superiour for Beauty on the Face of the Earth, most willingly gave her Hand to Sir *David*, and so with as much portly Majesty as the God of War led the stately *Venus*, they danced a Galiard, (which whilst they were doing, Sir *Guy* having a further Opportunity to speak to the Goddess of his Affections, accosted her in this manner:

Most excellent Lady, Do not entertain a Heart more hard than Flint, which the Tears of my true Love cannot mollifie; nor think my Affections to you to be like Breath on Steel, soon on and soon off: No, I protest by all the sacred Oaths of Religion, and by your self, that is, by all that is good, my Love shall be as durable and firm, as whatsoever is most permanent. Nor do not think because some have proved treacherous and disloyal to their Loves, that once so unworthy a Thought should ever enter into my Heart. No, altho' Æneas proved false to Dido, yet will Guy be as true to his Urania, as ever was Pyramus to his beloved Thisbe, or Leander to Hero; what tho' Jason basely forsook his Medea, by whose Means he obtained the Golden Fleece, yet shall my Faith always remain firm, and be as constant to thee as was Ulysses to his Penelope.

The Princess hearing these Assertions, and being willing he

should not be too much dejected, but that some Beams of Comfort should reflect on him, she told him, That Time, the Mother of Truth, would prove the Reality of his Affections; in the mean time that he should not despair, since being a Soldier, he must needs know, that the strongest Castles by continual Batteries are forced to yield.

By this time the Night was so far spent, as summoned them all to go to their Beds, where no sooner they were laid, but *Morpheus* the God of Sleep, closed up their Eyes in golden Slumbers. Next Morning no sooner did *Aurora* from the glowing East display her Purple Doors, and that *Hiperion* with his ruddy Rays began to guild the Horizon with his radious Beams, when the shrill Noise of a Silver Trumpet sounding at the Court-gates, raised them from their Beds to know what was the meaning of it; when they were quickly informed, that it was a Knight of *Thessaly*; attended on by a Squire and a Trumpeter, who desired to speak with the King of *Sicily*; who being admitted into the Presence, delivered himself in these Words:

Most noble Prince, My coming hither to you, is to desire of you Assistance for our distressed Country of *Thessaly*, oppressed, and almost desolated by the Encroachments and Tyranny of the King of *Thrace*: The Cause of which Quarrel he pretends to be, for that our King having but one Daughter named *Mariana*, the Heiress to his Crowns and Dominions; being a Lady not only endued with Excellency of Nature's Gifts; but withal so vertuous, affable, and every way compleat in Knowledge, that she may well be said to be the Darling of her Sex, and Admiration of all that know her. This Peerless Princess, the King of *Thrace*, who is famed a Man given over to all Licentiousness, and so far degenerate from Royalty, that he commits Actions unbeseeming a Peasant, desired of her Father to have in Marriage; but she loathing to link herself in such Marriage-bands, where Love and true Honour did not mutually embrace each other, refused so loathsome a Proffer, and that with such Indignation, that upon his Ambassador's Return, and acquainted with his Slighting, he resolved to do that by Force which he could not obtain by Favour; and to that end muster'd up a most puissant Army, which was done in such an Instant, that he was marched into the midst of our Land before we were provided to meet him on our Borders: Nay, his Horse consisting of ten thousand well approved Soldiers, excellently arm'd, both with offensive and defensive Weapons, had by their IncurSION so affrighted our People, that our strongest Cittadels were not held sufficient to safeguard them from Danger, and all left to the Spoil of the Enemy. At last this News arriving to our King, who held himself secure by

reason there was a mutual League of Peace betwixt them, which at that time was not half expired, that he was altogether unprovided for the present ; (a great Fault in Princes, as to think any Estate so permanent, which may not be soon over-turn'd ;) But upon the News hereof, he bestirs himself, fortifies his chief City *Larissa*, where he kept his Court, and raises as puissant an Army, as cou'd, in so short a Time, be provided, with which he marches against his Enemies. The King of *Thrace* had with him a mighty Giant named *Predo*, in whom he put great Confidence : This Giant had the Strength often ordinary Men, and was for Stature and Shape very terrible to behold. In the Valley of *Tempe* they joyned Battle, where notwithstanding our Men did what in them lay, as fighting for the Liberty of their Country, yet being over-power'd, and bore down by the Strength and Valour of the Giant *Predo*, they received a dismal Overthrow, the greatest Part of the Army slain, and most of the rest taken Prisoners ; amongst whom our woful King was one, who encountering *Predo*, who had on him a Coat of Mail, and over that an Armour of two hundred Pound weight, being on Foot, for no Horse was able to bear him ; Our King running against him with his Lance, it shiver'd in a thousand Pieces, nor could his Sword ought avail against the Giant's Armour, altho' he laid so on loads that Sparkles flew from it as from a Piece of hot Iron, when a Smith is working it. But the Giant valued his Blows so little, finding him to be the Thessalian King and now almost spent with long fighting, that he made no more ado, but clasping his Arms about him, he carried both Horse and Man together into his Tent, which our Men seeing, fled, and dispersed themselves as well as they could for their own Safety. And now the Thracians being absolute Victors, it was agreed amongst them, that the Giant *Predo* should carry our King Prisoner with him into his Castle, where he lives, being a Place strongly scituated in an Island, having one associated with him, famous for his Skill in the Black Art, so that what by the Strength of the one, and devilish Cunning of the other, we despair of ever having our King again. As for the King of *Thrace*, he, with the Remains of his Army marched up to the City of *Larissa*, wherein our Princess *Mariana* is enclosed, and so straitly besiged, that without speedy Help the City is in danger to be lost, and with it the Liberty and Welfare of our whole Country, which now lies a bleeding in a pitiful manner, unless (most noble Prince) your Goodness will be pleased to lend us any Aid or Assistance, which now both our Nobles and Commons do most humbly implore at your Hands.

This woful Tale being finished, moved great Pity and Compassion

in all the Hearers thereof, especially in the three English Brothers, whose Princely Minds being endowed with the true Seeds of Magnanimity, they vowed by the Honour of Knighthood, and all that was most dear unto them, to use their utmost Endeavour, were it to the spending their most precious Blood, for the relieving the Princess *Mariana*, and her captivated Father : The Thessalian King promising his best Assistance to joyn with them ; they with all speed made what haste they could for the mustering up of an Army ; and notwithstanding the great Strength and Terribleness of the Giant *Predo*, did strike some Dread and Terrour into the Hearts of many, yet being accompanied with such invincible Knights as were these three Brothers, they dreaded no Danger, but with a valiant Courage resolved to venture their Lives with them, whose valiant Acts and noble Atchievements, deserving to be recorded in the Books of Fame, *Calliope* assisting, shall be recorded in the next Chapter.

Chap. III. *How Sir Guy took his Leave of the Princess Urania ; the Battle betwixt the Sicilians and the Thracians : The Message of the Princess Mariana to the Enchanted Castle, and how Sir Alexander courted the Princess.*

THE Captains and other Officers made such Expedition in Mustering up an Army, that in a Fornight's time they had gotten together twenty thousand Men, all which the King compleatly armed out of his Royal Armory, being a Magazine sufficiently stored with all necessary Habiliments of War. To the three Brothers he gave each of them a Silver Helmet studded with Gold, and inlaid with precious Stones, as a Reward of their victorious conquering the Monster *Pongo*, appointing to their valiant Conduct the Management of the whole Army. Whilst thus this Preparation was in hand, the courageous Knight *Sir Guy*, altho' his Heart was full fraught with Valour, and bent to the Performance of noble Atchievements, yet had Love taken such deep Impression in his Thoughts, that it was Death unto him to part with his *Urania* : Whilst thus Honour on the one Hand invited him to buckle on his Armour, and Love on the other side pleaded for his Stay ; he resolved not to desist from the Performance of honourable Atchievements, since the Attainment of Love was by hazardous Attempts in Actions which were truly honourable.

Accordingly he bestirred himself in Mustering up of his Men, shewing them how to handle their Weapons, and to use them to the best Advantage ; also how to gain Ground in fight, and when to retreat, with

with other things belonging to Martial Discipline. And now being ready for their March, he went to take his solemn Leave of the Princess *Urania*, who bestowed on him a very fair Diamond Ring to wear for her sake, as also a Meddal of herself very curiously wrought with great Art, and exceeding Cost, which he afterwards constantly wore in his Bosom, next his Heart: But now seeing he could not have the opportunity of expressing his Mind unto her as he would have done, he wrote this Letter, which by a Waiting-gentlewoman that attended on her, was delivered unto her about the time of his departing.

Excellent Princess,

B lame me not that for a while I am summoned by the highest Tye of Honour to depart from you; being in such a Cause to help the Injured, which all true Knights are bound to perform: Yet, Madam, know that no distance of Place shall remove the Affection I bear to your Vertues; and this I swear by all that is Sacred, and can make an Oath: Let me desire you therefore to cherish a good Opinion of me, until Crowned with Victroy I return again, to evidence my self to be,

Your most loyal Servant, Guy.

This Letter was very welcome to the Princess *Urania*, who now began to set such a high Esteem of Sir *Guy*, as she judged him worthy of the Empire of the World: And now he being the sole Monarch of her Heart, she could not but breathe forth some Sighs to think upon his Absence; but then considering upon what an honourable Account he was ingaged, she could not but applaud his Undertaking; yet to give him some more clear Demonstration of her Affection to him, upon his marching away, she went in her Chariot to speak to him, whom she found in the Head of his Troops, and kindly bid him Farewel in these Words:

Most Courteous Knight, May the Heavens prosper your Undertakings according to the Justness of your Cause, and that your Return may be both speedy and honourable; and for your more prosperous proceeding, assure your self you shall have a Virgin's Prayers Day and Night. In the mean time, let me request you to wear this Scarf for my sake, that by looking on the same, I may not be altogether out of your Remembrance. In delivering of which the Tears began to flow into her Eyes for Grief of his Departure, which that they might not be espyed by Sir *Guy*, she made the more haste back to her Palace, where from one of the highest Turrets, she might behold in what goodly Aray the Army passed along; the valiant *Guy* like a second *Hector*, Prince of *Troy*, conducting them in as much State as the *Macedonian* Monarch when he returned from the Conquest of the Indian Empire.

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The distressed Estate of the Thessalians was such, as called aloud for Help and Succour, which made the Sicilians to make such haste, that in four Days time they were gotten into the Bounds of pleasant *Thessaly*, a Country formerly enriched with all the Delights that Art and Nature could afford; but now by the Miseries of War so ruined and devastated, that it looked like to a barren Wilderness. The first place they made to was the City of *Larissa*, wherein the Princess *Urania* was besieged; for the Relief of which Sir *Alexander* was sent before with a choice part of the Army to give them a Camisado in the Night-season, the rest of the Army marching at more leisure to second them, if they should be over-power'd: And one of the Thessalians who was well acquainted with the Country, was sent into the City to give them notice of their coming, and that at such a time they should make what Strength they could, and give a Salley out upon the Thracians. This Thessalian who was thus sent in brought great Comfort unto the Besieged, who accordingly prepared against the time, and so about Midnight, when Sir *Alexander* with his Army was come within sight of the City, and holding up a blazing Torch to give them notice of their Approach, they issued out of their Gates, and manfully set upon the Thracians: Sir *Alexander* on the other side coming upon their Backs, fell on them with such Fury, as sent such Numbers of the Thracians Souls to the lower Regions, that *Charon's Boat* was over-burthen'd with their Numbers. Sir *Alexander* laid about him with such incredible Valour, that he made a Lane of slaughtered Carcasses, till he came to the Thracian King's Pavilion, who not dreaming of any Enemies approach, was at that time in his Bed; but being alarum'd by the dreadful Cry of his Soldiers, he suddenly started up, but before he could put on his Cloaths, Sir *Alexander* was entered his Pavilion, and took him Prisoner. Then fell the Hearts of the Thracians, nothing being heard but Cries and Lamentations of wounded Men: Here was one who would have run away, but had one Leg cut off, and the other deeply wounded; here another entangled in his Fellow's Guts, which he could not disentangle, having both his Arms cut off. Here lay the Trunk of a Body without a Head, and there a Head gasping, as if it would spead to what Body it belonged: In some Death appeared in so many Shapes, and all of them so horrid, that to any but a very unrelenting Heart indeed, the Sight would appear very pitiful.

By this time was Sir *Guy* come up with the rest of the Forces, where he found an absolute Victory obtained to his hand, so that all which they had to do, was only to take Prisoners, and divide the Spoil amongst the Soldiers. By this time *Hiperion* with his Golden Chariot had

had enlightened our lower Hemisphear. Wherefore the Army march-
ed into the City to refresh themselves ; Sir *Alexander* as he worthily
deserved the Honour of the Victory, leading his Royal Prisoner, to pre-
sent him to the Princess *Mariana*, who was ready to receive him, with
all due Acknowledgments to the three Brothers, but in an especial
manner to Sir *Alexander*, for his Magnanimity, and Martial Conduct,
in the rescuing of her and the Kingdom, from so implacable an Ene-
my : *Most Heroick Knight*, (said the lovely Princess) *although my*
Tongue is not able to express how much I am indebted to your Victorious Arm,
nor set forth your due deserved Merits, whose Worth transcends all the Enco-
mium of Praise ; yet shall the Remembrance of these so great Kindnesses never
be out of my Heart, nor the Thoughts of them out of my Mind, without a grate-
ful Acknowledgment. Then turning to the Thracian King, with as much
a wrathful Countenance, as so lovely Beauty would admit, she thus
spake : *And as for you, Sir, the Causer of all this Mischief, how just Reason*
of Hatred I may have unto you, you cannot surely but imagine ; for could you
think this the way to come a Woing ? I am sure if you did, you might well
think it was not the way to come a Speeding : And now, Sir, since we have
you, (and I must confess, rather as an Enemy then a Lover) you must not be
angry if we safely secure you, until we hear how Our Royal Father is used by
those that belong unto you. And so committed him to the Custody of the
Marshal of her Household, to be kept Prisoner in a strong Tower,
near adjoyning to her Palace, but with charge that he should be ac-
commodated as a King. This being done, she invited the three Bro-
thers, with many of the other Chief Commanders into her Palace,
where having disarmed themselves, and refreshed with some Bowls of
Greekish Wine, there was provided for them a Banquet of the choicest
Fare which they had about them at that time, the long and strait
Siege which they had endured, having eaten up the most part of their
Provision : The Banquet being ended, they were entertained vvith
most excellent Musick, intermix'd with Songs in Praise of the Sicilians
Valour, for in the Art of Poetry the Thessalians are very expert. The
common Soldiers were highly feasted by the Citizens ; and in fine,
such a universal Joy did so possess the Hearts of the People, that had
I the Skill of *Homer* the Grecian Poet, and as many Hands to express
that Skill as *Argus* had Eyes, and as many Pens to write withal as
Briareus had Hands, yet vvere all in sufficient to express the same.

Amidst this Joy, the Princess *Mariana* was not forgetful of her Fa-
ther's safety, and therefore she presently dispatched a Messenger to the
Gyant *Predo* at his Castle in the Inchanted Island, offering the Thracian
King to be exchang'd for him ; which if it should be denyed, he was
to

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to learn in what Estate the King was in, and (if it were possible) to speak with him, and to acquaint him how Matters stood, with Resolutions of using their utmost Power for Relief.

Whilst the Messenger was gone on this Message, the Soldiers took their Repose in Safety, only each of the Days they were exercised, that if the Giant *Predo* should be averse to any good Conclusion, they might be the more expert at their Arms; and indeed it was good Policy so to do, for the Messenger arriving at the *Inchanted Island*, could find no Access into the Castle, it being so form'd by Art Magick, that whosoever approached within twelve Yards of the Gate, was taken with such a deep Sleep, as if he had drunk *Opium*, or the Juice of *Aconitum*: Before the Gate was a Pillar of Brass, supported by two Lions, and curiously engraved; on which these Verses were inscribed,

*By Magick Spells this Castle shall remain,
Supported by infernal Fiends below,
Until three Brothers shall the same attain,
Whose Power shall be this Castle's Overthrow.
Who e're thou art forbear to draw too near;
Thy Life's at Stake, than which there's nought more dear.*

Near unto this brazen Pillar, stood a Rock of Alabaster, in which were enclosed three Swords, richly enchased, and beset with precious Stones in the Pummels; on the Handle of the first Sword were these Lines written,

*Hard closed in this Rock I firmly stand,
Until drawn out by the first Brother's Hand.*

On the Pummel of the second Sword were these Lines inscribed,

*The second Brother shall by Fate's Decree,
Draw from the Rock this Sword, and none but he.*

On the Pummel of the third Sword, which was more artificially wrought than any of the other two, having a rich *Saphire* set therein, which cast forth a most radiant Lustre, on the Handle whereof were these Words engraved,

*When the third Brother he shall draw me forth,
Then is our Negromantick Skill nought worth;
All Magick Charms and Spells shall be in vain,
And then shall be the end of Giant Predo's Reign.*

The Messenger, notwithstanding he had read the Writing on the Brazen Pillar, yet adventured for to go forwards, but coming into the *Inchanted Ground*, before he could come at the Castle-gate, he fell into such a sound Sleep, that had twenty Pieces of Ordnance been shot off at his Ears, they would not have awaked him : The Negromancer, who by his Skill in the Black Art, knew what had happened, fetched his Body into the Castle, laying it by the Thessalian King, who also as soon as he came into the *Inchanted Ground*, had fallen into a deep Sleep. And now being there laid together, we will leave them taking their Rests, and come to speak of the Proceedings of the Sicilian Army, at the City of *Larissa*.

The Princess *Mariana* hearing no News of her Messenger, and doubting the worst which might befall her Father, consulting with the three Brothers, it was agreed amongst them to march with their Army into *Thrace*, altho' at that time Love had taken so deep an Impression in her Heart; that it was almost Death unto her to part with Sir *Alexander*. On the other side, Sir *Alexander* upon the first Sight of the Princess, was so stricken with her admirable Perfections, her Beauty being such an attractive Loadstone, as captivated his Heart in the Allurements of Love; so that now as the Poet hath it,

— The Treasure of his Heart did lie
In the fair Casket of his Mistress Eye.

Cupid having thus stricken him with his youthful Dart, so that he became a Stranger to Rest, he resolved yet to declare his Amours before he betook himself to Arms; and to that Purpose finding one Day the Princess all alone, he accosted her in this manner :

Most gracious Princess, I think the Stars could have allotted me no greater Good, than to behold the surpassing Work of Nature in you: Your Excellencies having so captivated my Heart, that to live without your Good-liking, will be but a lingring Death unto me: I must confess my Presumption great, in aiming too high; But who can look on such Perfections without liking, and who can like without loving? And though the small Tryal you have of the real Affection wherewith I honour your Vertues, may discourage you to credit my Words, yet I hope in the trying of me how willing I shall be to merit your Favour, you will find my Deserts not altogether unworthy of your Regard, since the utmost of my Abilities is, and shall be devoted to your Service.

To which the Princess returned this Answer,

Most Courteous Knight, to whom I stand so much obliged for former Courtesies, that all which I can do will not stand in Competition of your Deserts, yet the natural Affection which I bear to my aged Father, compels me at this time

humbly to implore your further assistance, which as I doubt not (the Gods being just in rightful Causes) you will perform; so assure yourself your extraordinary Kindness afforded to me in such a time of Necessity shall never be raz'd, out of my Heart; and therefore of this you may be ascertained, that no one whatsoever hath so large a Possession therein as yourself; so that should you (as the Gods forbid) miscarry therein; when I am dead (as Death must assuredly ensue thereon) they will find the Name of Alexander written in my Heart.

Their Minds thus made known to each other, gave great contentment to them both, especially to Sir Alexander, who humbly kissing the Hands of the Princess, reply'd thus unto her:

Madam, There is no Danger in the World so great which I shall not adventure on for your sake; were it to perform the twelve Labours of Hercules; or with Æneas to encounter with the Giant Turnus: Be pleased therefore to accept me as your Knight and Servant, and I hope to behave my self hereafter, as you shall have no Cause to repent you thereof. To whom the Princess smiling, said, Sir, I do accept you for my Knight; and hope the Gods will be so propitious to you for my sake, that you shall have no Enemy to withstand you. With which Words, taking a rich Diamond from from off her Finger, and giving it him, she said, Wear this for my sake, that whensoever hereafter you look on it, it may add fresh Courage into your Breast by the Remembrance of me. Much other Discourse they had, but the Army being now upon the March, summon'd Sir Alexander to march along with them. Wherefore taking a gentle Farewel of the Princess, having vowed Constancy on both sides, he joyn'd himself to the Army, whose Knightly Adventures, with those of his two Brothers, we shall prosecute in the next Chapter.

Chap. IV. *The great Battle betwixt the three English Knights and the Sicilians on the one side, and the three Giants and Count Brandamil on the other side; the finishing the Adventure of the Inchaned Castle, with the Story of the wicked Sir Vylon.*

THE Negromancer Soto, who lived with the Giant Predo, in the Inchaned Castle, knowing by his Magick Spells that the Sicilian Army had given their King a total Overthrow, and taken him Prisoner; as also how they were marching towards the Country of Thrace; he acquainted the Giant with his Knowledge, who thereupon bestirr'd himself in all haste to their Resistance, sending for his two Brothers, Brandamore the Stout, and Pandaphilo the Cruel, to come with all speed unto his Assistance; who no sooner had Notice thereof, but with their Forces belonging unto them they hastened away. In like man-

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ner he sent unto Count *Brandamil*, whom the King of *Thrace* had left his Deputy, at such time as he made his Expedition into *Thessaly*, to raise what Power he could against the Sicilians; and now nothing was heard but the loud Sound of the thundering Drum, and the shrill Noise of the sounding Trumpet, Horrour, and Amazement siez'd on the stoutest Hearts, and the fore-boding Ravens foretold the Fall of slaughter'd Carcasses: Whilst these things were acting in *Thrace*, the Sicilian Army being joyned with the Thessalians, and making in all to the Number of forty thousand Men, armed with a just Cause, marched in great Confidence of an assured Victory. And now being entered into the Territories of *Thrace*, the first that marched against them was Count *Brandamil*, with an Army of fifty thousand Thracians; where joyning Battle together, it was fought with much eager Courage on both sides, each of them striving to outvie the other in Valour, the one side to defend their Native Country, the other to revenge the Losses sustain'd by the Enemy: Victory thus for a long while stood hovering over the Heads of both Armies, till in the end, the valiant Knight Sir *David*, who had the Honour that Day to lead the Vaunt-guard, encountering with Count *Brandamil*, by main Strength overthrew him, bearing him with his Lance quite over the Crupper of his Horse, whereby his Fall was so great, that the Blood gushed forth of his Mouth; whereupon the Sicilians gave such a Shout, that the Earth rang with the Sound thereof, and the Thracians Courage was quite cast down; for the Loss of a General is a general Loss: And now the Thracians began to turn their Backs and flee, when in the Instant came to their Rescue the two Giants, *Brandamore* and *Pandaphilo*, with the Forces they had, which though but few, yet gave such Proof of their Valour, that the almost-routed Thracians rallying again, set so fiercely upon the Sicilians, that in great Disorder they began to give back. And now did Sir *Guy* bestir himself, encouraging those who were about to flee, to stand to it manfully, himself doing such Execution upon his Enemies, that they flew from before his conquering Sword, as a Flock of Sheep from the devouring Wolf. Whilst thus he drove the Thracians before him, he at last met with the Giant *Brandamore*, to whom he cryed, *Defend thy self, thou mishapen Fiend, whose Bulk is a Weight too heavy for the Earth to bear; and therefore prepare thy self, for I intend thou shalt this Night sup with thy Master, grim Pluto.* The Giant making little account of his Person and less of his Words, thought to snap him at one Morsel, and coming up to Sir *Guy*, intended to take him up Horse and Man under his Arm, and carry him away; but ere he could lay hold of him, Sir *Guy* lent him such

a Blow on his Head, that had not his Helmet been of approved Metal, he had cleft him down unto the Middle; however it made him to stagger, and recoil two or three Steps backwards. And finding by this he had a stronger Foe to encounter withal than he thought for, he waxed more wary, not only to assail but defend himself. And now the Giant began to use his Club, which was of a wondrous Length, and withal so weighty, that had it lighted on Sir *Guy*, it would at one Blow have crushed him to Pieces. After long fighting, the Giant being angry to be thus repulsed, which never before in his Life he had been, he struck at Sir *Guy* with all his Strength he had, but missing his Blow, he struck his Club so deep into the Earth, that he could not readily draw it out again; which Advantage Sir *Guy* espying, spurred up his Horse, and with his Lance gave such a violent Punch upon the Giant's Breast, that he tumbled backwards over the dead Carcasses of two or three slaughter'd Soldiers: Then Sir *Guy*, nimbly alighting from his Horse, intended with his Sword to have smitten off his Head; but at that Instant *Pandaphilo* the other Giant came running in to his Brother's Rescue, and undoubtedly had done Sir *Guy* much Prejudice, being then almost spent with fighting, had not Sir *David* timely succour'd him, who searching out for *Pandaphilo*, finding his Brother so hard bestead, he coupl'd with him in Fight, which was performed with such Manhood on both sides, that I want Art to describe the same. *Pandaphilo* trusting to his Strength, laid on load with great Fury, which Blows Sir *David* nimbly avoided, and vvithal gave his Adversary ever and anon such lusty Knocks, that he vvell perceived he had a valiant Foe to encounter vvithal. In the mean time the Giant *Brandamore* vvvas serambled up, and began a fresh Encounter vvith Sir *Guy*. Whilst these four were thus busied in fighting, the vallant Knight Sir *Alexander* had made such Havock amongst the Thracians, that they began to turn their Backs and flee: The two Giants seeing their Army in this running Posture, ran also to bare them Company, whom the Brothers hotly pursued, dealing such Blows with their trusty Fauchcons, that they made Arms and Legs complain to the Earth how ill their Masters had kept them. The Giant *Predo* who was at the time of the Battle in the Inchanted Castle, hearing how hardly his Brothers fared, hasted with all the speed he could to their Relief, whose coming put a stop to the Sicilians, being almost weary with pursuing of them, so that a Retreat being founded, the Giants had time with the Remainder of their broken Army to secure themselves in their Castle, cursing their Fortune, and invoking their false Gods for their future Success.

Sir

The Seven Champions of Christendom. 25

Sir *Alexander* presently dispatch'd a Messenger to the Princess *Mariana*, giving her an Account of their Success in this following Letter :

Most gracious Princess,

Guarded by the Almighty Power, and influenc'd by your divine Beauty, we have given the *Thracians* a great Overthrow; which we do not impute so much to the Strength of our Arms, as to the Justness of our Cause, and fighting under the Banner of such a Perfection of Excellencies. As for the King your Father, of whom I know you are impatient to hear, all we can understand of Him is by some Prisoners we have taken, that he is confin'd in the Inchar'd Castle, from which we hope e're long to free Him: Till then, most dear Princess, rest in Hope, assuring your self, for the effecting thereof, there shall not be wanting the utmost Endeavours of

Your most True and Loyal Knight, *Alexander*.

The Army having refreshed themselves for the space of two Days, they then marched against the Inchar'd Castle; but before they were come within a quarter of a mile of it, they were encountred by the Gyant *Predo*, and his two Brothers, with what Forces had escaped from the Battle, and now began a most terrible Sight, insomuch that the Earth was changed from a verdant Green to a crimson Dye, and the heaps of slaughtered Carcases over-spread the Fields. In the heat of this Fight it was Sir *Alexander's* Fortune to meet with the Gyant *Brandamore*, betwixt whom began a most fierce Combat, in which Art and Valour striv'd who should have the Mastery; for the Gyant being of an incredible Strength, was therein an Over-match for Sir *Alexander*; and he on the other side so nimble and skilful, that he return'd him Blow for Blow with Advantage; thus continued they fighting for some space, till in the end *Brandamore*, what through the Weight of his Armour, and the Hotness of the Weather, sweat so abundantly, that it run into his Eyes, and quite blinded him: Sir *Alexander* taking the best of the Opportunity, gave him such a Blow on the Head as made him to stagger, and redoubling his Stroak, at the next Blow fetcht him down headlong, who in his Fall gave such hedious Yell, as made a Noise like to the Cataracts of *Nilus*. This Overthrow of the Gyant in whom they put so much Confidence, so discouraged the Soldiers, that notwithstanding *Predo* and *Pandaphilo* did what they could to perswade them, they would no longer abide by it; so that they were forc'd to retreat unto their Castle for shelter, whom the *Sicilians* being over-wearied with fighting did not instantly pursue, but con-

contented themselves at present with what they had then gotten.

Sir *Alexander* after the fight of the Thracians, cut off the Gyant *Brandamore's* Head, and dispoyling him of his Armour, sent it as a Trophy to the City of *Larissa*, to be presented to his Lady the Princess *Mariana*, who received the same very joyfully, wondring at the large Proportion thereof, and causing it to be hang'd up in one of the principal Temples of their City, as a Monument to Posterity; and having richly rewarded the Messenger, she return'd Sir *Alexander* Thanks by him in this following Letter:

Most Dear Knight,

That good Fortune is always attendant upon Vertue, your Actions demonstrate; and for your Valour shew'd against my Enemies, I shall ever stand oblig'd to you: For the Present you sent me, I could not but view it with Admiration, as by the same having a Prospect of the vast Bulk of that unweildly Monster, and therein your invincible Courage to encounter with him, and happy Success in his Overthrow. May the Heavens prosper your future Endeavours with good Success, and that your Actions may be crowned with Victory, which to effect shall be the hearty Prayers of

Your dearest Lady and Mistress, *Marianna*.

But to return again to speak of the Army: After they had sufficiently refreshed themselves, and taken care of the wounded Soldiers, they marched up to the Inchaned Castle, wherein now the Defendants had strongly enclosed themselves, trusting more to the Strength of the Place, than to their own supposed invincible Valour, which now they saw was overmatcht by the three victorious Knights.

And now no Opposition was made till they came to the Castle-gate, on the Top of which were two Gyants with massy Stones in their Hands, to tumble on the Heads of any who should offer to scale the Walls. The three Brothers approaching near thereunto, espyed the Brazen Pillar, as also the Rock of Alabaster, and having read the several Writings enseribed on them, with an undaunted Resolution resolv'd to try the Adventure; and first the undaunted venturous Knight Sir *Guy* putting his Hand to the Pummel of the first Sword, he drew it out with much Ease; notwithstanding he had no sooner laid his Hand thereon, but he was encounted with a terrible Griffin; but Sir *Guy* so nimbly behaved himself, that having deeply wounded the Griffin, he flew from him, and immediately was heard a Sound out of the Inchaned Castle, as if it had been the Noise of Thunder. The three Brothers were much amazed at this terrible Noise, expecting some dread-

dreadful Encounter to ensue presently thereupon; but having waited a time, and seeing nothing follow, they proceeded on in the Adventure: And next Sir *Alexander* attempted to draw out the second Sword, but ere he could well fasten his Hand on the Pummel, there came flying against him a most dreadful burning Dragon, which smote him with such a Force that he could hardly stand upright on his Legs; but having once drawn the Sword, the Dragon immediately vanish'd away; and at that Instant proceeded a more terrible Noise from the Castle, which made the very Foundation thereof to shake, and the Walls to stagger and totter about. This terrible Noise being ended, the valiant and unadunted Knight Sir *David* went to pull out the third Sword, but in his Passage was assailed by a most furious dreadful Sagitary, betwixt whom began a cruel Combat, which lasted long, but in the end Sir *David* cutting off one of the Sagitary's Legs, he nimbly stepped to the Sword, and as nimbly drew it out; which was no sooner done, but presently the Heavens seem'd to be rent asunder with dreadful Claps of Thunder, entermix'd with terrible Flashes of Lightening, the Earth quaked, and terrible Groans and Yells were heard of damned Spirits; then fell a horrible stinking Smoak, and all on a sudden the Castle, together with the Brazen Pillar, and Alabaster Rock were vanished away. The two Gyants which before appeared so terrible, now down on their Knees to the three Brothers, begging for Mercy: The Negromancer *Soto* who knew by this that his Charms were at an end, sought to fly from his deserved Vengeance, but all in vain, for his Spells now would do him no good, but was forc'd to yield up his loathed Carcass to the Mercy of the Conquerors. The Thessalian King who had slept for so long a space, now awaked, wondring at what had happened, not knowing whether he were in the Hands of Friends or Foes. Also the Messenger that came from the Princess *Urania*, who (as we told you before) was sent in Embassage to the Gyant *Predo*. With them also awaked many others, who by the Negromancer's Charms, coming within the Compass of the Castle, were there cast into this lasting Sleep. The first thing the three Princely Brothers did, was by the help of some of the Thessalians then in the Camp, to find out their King, which being known, he was entertain'd with all Respect due to his Princely Majesty. The two Gyants were committed unto safe Custody, under a Guard of valiant Soldiers; but as for the Negromancer *Soto*, notwithstanding he pleaded with much Rhetorick to have his Life sav'd, his Practices were so notorious, and diabolical, as would admit of no Pardon; whereupon by the Commandment of the three Brothers, he had his Head diserver'd from his Body: At which Instant appeared

a great number of Fiends come from Hell, some of which siezed upon his Body, and some upon his Head, which they carried away with them; leaving behind them such an intollerable stink of Sulpher and Brimstone, as was able to have suffocated all that were near them, had they not ran from the place as fast as their Legs would bear them.

All things being thus ordered for the present, and no Enemy appearing against them, they left this accursed Place, where the Castle stood, which had for along space been the Habitation of Devils, and wicked Persons, and marched to the City of *Galata*, there to refresh their wearied Army; from whence they sent Letters both into *Thessaly*, and also to *Sicily*, to certifie them of their good Success, and Intention to return as soon as Opportunity would permit them.

Amongst others which by finishing this Inchantment were awaked out of their long sleeping, there was only one Gentlewoman, who now though something over-worn through Grief and Age, yet by the Remains of her Visage, shew'd she had once a Face which might have been accounted Nature's proud Master-piece, and an attractive Loadstone wherein the God of Love sat Enthron'd: All the Company, especially the King of *Thessaly*, were very inquisitive to know what she was, and by what Accident she came to be Incharmed in that Castle; and therefore requested she would be so courteous to them, as to give them a Relation thereof: To which, after a deep Sigh fetch'd, she said,

Although, noble Gentlemen, the Rehearsal of my Misfortunes cannot but breed Sorrow in the Hearers, much more in the Relater, yet to satisfy your Curiosities, and in part of Retribution for the Favours I have receiv'd from you, I shall the more willingly impart them to you: Know then, that I am a Native of this Country, and at such time when Fortune smil'd on me, Wife to a noble Knight nam'd Fonteious, a Man renowned through all Thrace, for his Learning and Liberality, two special Ornaments of a noble Mind: Rich he was both in Wealth and Vertue, which two, though they seldom go together, yet in him had they their Residence. At the Age of sixteen Years I was married unto him; now whether Likeness be the Cause of Love, or Love the Cause of Liking, I know not; but so it was, that reciprocal Love pass'd betwixt us, I loving him because he was kind unto me, and he being kind to me, because I lov'd him; long time thus lovingly lived we together, until Atropos cutting off the Thread of his Life, gave an Utimum Vale to my good Fortune; for my Husband leaving me very rich, and I being withal young and beautiful, you may be sure such a Widow would not be long without Suiters: And indeed it was not long before I had Plenty of them; so that the famous Ulysses's House during his ten Years Absence at the Siege of Troy, was not more throng'd with them to court the chaste Penelope, then was my House to gain my Favour.

Amongst

mongst others of this gallant Crew, was one Sir Vylon, a Man, who had been endued with internal Vertues, as he was adorn'd with a comely Out-side, he might have been a Match fit for a Princess: The Multiplicity of his Vows, the Protestations of his Love, his Gifts upon Gifts, were as so many Snares to entrap me. To be short, with the catching Oratory of his Words, and Language strow'd with Flowers, he won me, and matcht me: But long had not we been married together, (although no Cause given on my part) but his Smiles were turn'd into Frowns; no just Pretence could he make therefore, though many were pretended; at last he found a Means to accomplish his Desire, which he brought to pass in this manner: He hearing of the Fame of this Inchaned Castle, with the dire Effects attending upon those which came near it; pretended a Letter, as come from a Brother of mine, who had been long absent, and was thought (as indeed he then was) dead. The Letter contained these Words:

Dear Sister,

After many Dangers and Troubles pass'd in my Peregrination, it was my Hap to come into this Country, with great Expectation of enjoying your happy Socii; but hearing how crossly you are matcht, and how your Husband Undervalues your Kindred; because I cannot appear so splendid before him, as stands to your Credit, I would desire you to come to me as privately as you can to the Castle in the Island, commanded by my especial Friend Sir Brandamore, where we may confer together in Safety: Thus desiring your Presence, as soon as possibly you can, I remain

Your affectionate Brother, Brudo.

This Letter was convey'd privately to my Hands, and to give me the better Opportunity to go thither, my Husband pretended a Journey to Boetia, where he said he should stay a Fortnight. All things did I then think conspir'd to my Happiness, when as the Fates had decreed the clean contrary; for taking only one Servants for my Guide, in whom I could repose Confidence; coming within sight of the Castle, I return'd him back again, with Instructions how to excuse my Absence from Home, as being gone to see a near Relation. Then boldly I approach'd the Castle-gate, but ere I could come at it, a deep Sleep seiz'd on me, which how long it hath lasted, I am ignorant of; but I never awaked until both Sleep and Castle were vanish'd away together.

And thus, Gentlemen, have you heard the sad Story of my Misfortunes; what hath befallen at Home since, I am fearful to think, having left behind me two young Children, a Son and a Daughter, the dear Pledges of my first Husband, who I fear may speed the worse for my sake, for those who love not the Stock of thee Tree, will never affect the Branches thereof.

Whilst she was thus discoursing, there chanced to be there a Thra-
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cian

cian Knight, whose Dwelling was not far from Sir Vylon's, who hearing the Relation of her Misfortunes: *Madam*, said he, for what you are so doubtful of, I can in the greatest part resolve you; Know then, that since the time you were missing (during which Space I conceive you have slept) is now fully two Years; but what will add most Grief to your Hearing, is, That soon after your Husband had thus subtilly dispos'd of you, which he thought to be for a longer space; he began to revel in all sensual Delights, spending his Time and Coin in such riotous manner, as if he had had the Riches of Cræsus, and were to have lived the the Years of Nestor. But had his Wickedness terminated in himself, it had been the more tollerable, but it extended to others in a most barbarous Cruelty, for he being conscious of his own Guilt, thinking if your Children liv'd, he might be brought to an Account for his Riotousness, and Debauchery, he found a Means to make them away, and that in this manner:

He had in his House a Servant nam'd Barco, one as ripe for Mischief as himself, and to whom he bare a special Affection, as being a Companion with him in Lewdness; these two plotting together, entic'd the Children to the Sea-side, where they had provided an empty Boat, into which putting the two innocent Babes, they launch'd them into the Sea, and so committed them to the Merrey of the Waves; which how they dealt with 'em is only known to the Almighty Powers. But it was not long e're the Children being missing, caused a Suspicion amongst the Neighbours of hard Usage towards them, by some belonging to Sir Vylon; nay, there were those who stick'd not openly to accuse Barco, as one prompt for any Villany, and who would receive any Impression his Master put upon him. Now this was so openly buzzed abroad, that at last it came to Sir Vylon's Ear, who fearing to be detected, thought if Barco were put to the Rack, he would discover all, wherefore he made Means to have him poysoned; a just Reward for all such bloody Villains, had it been done by a juster Hand than did it.

But see how Divine Vengeance pursues wicked Actions; Sir Vylon now reveling in all Excess without Controul, was stricken with a sudden Frenzy, his Limbs also being taken from him, so that he lay raving and cursing in a most fearful manner; in one of which Fits he discover'd all the Circumstances I have related unto you, and soon after in a desperate Horrour of Conscience yielded up the Ghost.

This mournful Story moved all the Company to great Compassion; whereupon it was determined that the Knight who had related this Story, and who had been taken Prisoner by the Sicilians, should have his Freedom, and accompany the Lady to her Habitation; who in mournful manner took her Leave of the Thessalian King, and the three English Knights, and returned homewards: In which Journey we will leave her for the present, to relate the further Atchievements
of

of those renowned Sons of *Mars*, *Sir Guy*, *Sir Alexander*, and *Sir David*.

Chap. V. *How Sir Guy conducted the Army of Sicilians into their own Country, and Sir Alexander that of the Theſſalians; how hearing of the great Preparation of the Infidels, they returned into Chriſtendom, to raiſe Forces to withſtand them.*

SOON after the Departure of *Sir Vylon's* Widow, and that the Army were ſufficiently refreshed, being highly ſatisfied for all the Pains they had taken, with the rich Booties they had gained: The Theſſalian King, and the three English Brothers thinking themſelves reveng'd with Advantage on the Thracians, they determined to march home into their own Countries; and having ſettled their Affairs in *Thrace*, *Sir Guy* with his Brother *David* marched with the Army of the Sicilians back into that fruitful Country, to which *Sir Guy* long'd to come to enjoy the Company of his beloved *Urania*; in which Journey we will leave them for a time, to accompany *Sir Alexander* home with the Theſſalian Army, who had as great a Deſire to ſee his beloved *Mariana*, and therefore having ſecured the chief Forts of the Kingdom, they took their March, carrying with them the two Giants *Predo* and *Pandaphilo* Priſoners, who for their huge Stature, and vaſt Proportion, were gazed on by the People with Admiration whereſoever they came, Multitudes from all Places flocking to ſee them.

Before they came to the City of *Lariſſa*, where the Princeſs *Mariana* reſided, they were met by the chief Magiſtrates of the City in their Scarlet Gowns, Gold Chains, and their Horſes trapped with Footcloaths of Black Velvet; beſides Multitudes of the common People, who all with one Voice ecchoed forth, *Long live the King of Theſſalia, and the Renowned Knight Sir Alexander of England.* The Bells rung, the Bonfires blaz'd, the Conduits ran pure Greekiſh Wine, the Streets were hung with rich Suits of Tapeſtry; and all the Windows along as they paſs'd fill'd with abundance of Spectators to behold the Return of their King, and to have a ſight of the noble Champion *Sir Alexander*, whom they ſtil'd the Deliverer of their Country, the Flower of Chivalry, the Darling of Mankind, with all the Epithets which might conduce to his Praise and Magnanimity.

At the Palace-gate they were met by the Princeſs *Mariana*, who in all dutiful manner welcomed home her Royal Father, and with many Expreſſions of Love and Affection, entertained her noble Champion *Sir Alexander*. Here did they ſpend ſeveral Days in feaſting, banquetting,

quetting, and all the Delights that Art and Cost could invent: but in the midst of all this Jollity, there came News to the Court of the great Preparations which were made by the Infidels against the Christians, as you read in the first Chapter of this most excellent History. This News struck a sudden Damp upon their Mirth; for the Love of his Native Country was so dear unto Sir *Alexander*, that notwithstanding the intire Affection he bare to the Princess *Mariana*, he resolv'd to give what Succour he could unto the Place wherein his Father received his first Breath, and from whence his own Honour was derived. So making his Mind known to the Thessalian King, and taking his solemn Leave of his beloved *Mariana*, with great Asseverations of his Fidelity to her, and Promise of Return when those Wars were finish'd; he prepared for his Journey to *Sicilia*, to acquaint his two Brothers with his Resolution, being accompanied therein by divers of the prime Thessalian Nobility, who resolv'd to spend their Lives in the Company, and under the Conduct of so noble a Champion.

In which Journey we will leave them for a time, and return to speak of Sir *Guy* and Sir *David*: Who having conducted their Army back to *Sicily*, were entertain'd with all Demonstrations of Joy imaginable, especially of the peerless Princess *Urania*, in whose Heart the Love of Sir *Guy* was so deeply engraven, that nothing but Death was able to blot it out. But here likewise as well as to *Thessaly*, soon came News of the Infidels great Preparations for the Invasion of *Christendom*; which when Sir *Guy* heard, he resolv'd to send to his Brother *Alexander*, to prepare to march homewards; but e're the Messenger was fully dispatcht, Sir *Alexander* with the Thessalian Lords were arrived at the Sicilian Court; to the great Joy of Sir *Guy* and Sir *David*, and other Martial Spirit; only the Princess *Urania* was deeply melancholy that now she should part with her dear Knight, whose Company she priz'd far above all the Riches of the Mines of *America*; wherefore retiring her self to her Chamber, taking her Lute in her Hand, she warbled forth this mournful Ditty:

*My mourning Mind doth crave some sweet Delight,
And Fancy fain would lend me some I see;
But Fortune frowns, and sends me foul Despight,
And Care doth keep all Comfort quite from me:
Such Passions strange do still perplex my Mind,
As I despair of any Ease to find.*

But

But let me see, I must not yet despair,
 Dame Fortune's Wheel may hap to turn again;
 When Storms are past, the Weather may be fair,
 And Pleasure comes unlookt for after Pain.
 Things at the worst, the Proverb saith will mend;
 Why should not then my Sorrows have an End?

But old Said-saws are not yet Scripture all,
 For things at worst are past all mending quite;
 To pining Hearts all Pleasure seemeth small,
 What Mirth can do the pining Heart Delight?
 When Fates do frown, and Fortune is our Foe,
 Nought can be thought to rid the Mind of Woe.

Scarcely had she ended her Song, when Sir Guy came to take his Leave of her, finding her sitting in such a given-over manner, one would have thought Silence, Solitariness and Melancholy, were come under the Ensign of Mishap to conquer his Delight, and drive him from his natural Seat of Beauty. But now to describe the Grief of these two Lovers at their parting, I must implore the help of *Melpomene*, the mournfullest of the nine Muses to guide my Pen; the Sorrow of *Orpheus* for his beloved *Eurice*, *Andromache* for *Hector*, *Aegus* for his supposed dead *Thesens*, *Antigone* leading her blind Father *Oedipus*, or that of weeping *Niobe* for the Loss of her Children, compar'd to this, deserve not the Names of Grief. At last having vented their Sorrows through the Conduits of their Eyes, and that a lovely Beauty began again a little to dress herself in her Face, the peerless *Urania* brake Silence, and said,

My dearest Guy, I must confess the Excess of my Sorrow doth scarce give way to the Relief of Words, being anchor'd down with Cares in the Seas of Woe; so that I am in effect but a living Corse, for which I can only blame your Unkindness. Hath my Prayers prevailed so far with the Divine Powers, to bring you unto me again in Safety, and now will you leave me to enter into fresh Dangers? Did you not swear by all that's Divine and Humane, sooner should *Phœbus* cease to shine by Day, or *Luna* lend us her Light by Night, than your Heart should be separated from mine, which then you pretended to be dearer unto you than Victuals to the almost-famish'd Soul, or Drink to those whose Throats are parcht with Thirst? If my Love was so dear to you then, what Change have you found in me, that after the Accomplishment of your *Thessalian* Journey, we should not then enjoy the Fruition of our Loves, but that you
 will

will adventure again on new Engagements, preferring your Honour, and Desire of Fame, before my unstain'd Love, which hath been as true and constant to you, as ever was that of the chaste Penelope to her wandering Ulysses.

Sir Guy after many Protections of his constant Affection, and how nearly this imminent Danger, wherein all *Christendom* was involved, concerned his Honour, which would be for ever stain'd, should he decline such an honourable Action, at last drew her Consent, although with much Reluctancy: So giving her a sweet Kiss for a Farewel, leaving her in Tears for his Departure, he went to accompany his two Brothers, and those other Martial Heroes who were now ready prepared to joyn with him against the Enemies of *Christendom*; and having with great Ceremony taken their Leave of the Sicilian King, they took Ship, and coasting along the fruitful Banks of *Italy*, befriended both by *Neptune* and *Eolus*, they in short time arriv'd in *England*, the happy Port whereto their Desires tended. At that time of their Arrival the whole Land was in Mourning, hearing of those vast Forces prepared against them, whom the three Brothers comforted in the best manner they might, and with what Expedition they could make, went to the Court, where the noble King *Edgar* then resided, who entertain'd them in a most sumptuous manner, being over-joyed for their Arrival at such an Exigent. Then having consulted together, they sent Messengers unto all the rest of the Countries of *Christendom*, to raise what Forces they could make, and to be ready to joyn together in the Country of *Naples*, against the common Enemy, and this to be done within one Month at the farthest; who accordingly rais'd great Forces in each Country, and with them march'd into *Naples* at the time appointed. But now *Calliope*, the sacred Sister of the Muses, assist my Pen in setting forth the valiant Acts of these renowned Knights, which they performed to their own eternal Fame and Honour, and the general Good and Benefit of all *Christendom*.

How the Christians Army assembled together in Naples: The Oration of Sir Guy unto the Soldiers: and how they march'd against the Pagan Army.

YOU heard in the last Chapter how Messengers were sent into all Countries of *Christendom*, for the raising of Forces against the Infidels; which severally arriv'd at the place of Rendezvous in the fruitful Country of *Naples*; and first (as being nearest) was an Army of thirty thousand Italians, conducted by the valiant Knight Sir *Orlando*, whom the Renowned Champion St. *Anthony* had begotten on the Princess *Rossalinda*, Daughter to the King of *Thrace*: This Martial Knight

Knight marching before his Companies in as much State as *Hector* when he traced the Fields of *Ilium*, pitch'd up his Tent in a large Plain near unto the City of *Nicosia*. His Pavilion was of a silver Colour, adorned with a silken Streamer, waving in the Air, wherein was portrayed a Lyon rampant, beating his Back with his tail, and from his Mouth proceeded these Verses,

*Incensed with an Anger just,
For Victory we hope and trust.*

The very next Day after these Italians had thus encamp'd themselves, came marching into the Field twenty five thousand Spaniards, conducted by a valiant Knight named Sir *Pedro*, Son unto St. *James* the Champion of *Spain*, whom he begat on the Princess *Celestine*, the beautiful Daughter of the King of *Jerusalem*: After courteous Embracements betwixt him and Sir *Orlando*, he pitched his Camp on the West side of the Italians. His Pavilion was Blew; and for his Device he had a Griffen, seizing on his Prey, with this Motto,

*Thus Griffen-like I do oppose,
Defend my self, offend my Foes.*

The third Nation that appeared in these Warlike Preparation was twenty thousand gallant French Men, mounted on warlike Horses, and most bravely accouter'd with offensive and defensive Weapons. They had for their Commander a most Heroick Knight, named Sir *Turpin*, begotten by St. *Denis* the Renowned Champion of *France*, on *Eglantine* the King's Daughter of *Theffaly*, and who for her Pride was transform'd into a Mulberry-tree. He was with more then ordinary Complements entertained by Sir *Orlando*, and Sir *Pedro*, and pitched his Camp on the East-side of Sir *Orlando*. His Pavilion was Orange-tawny, embroider'd with a Purple, and for his Device, he had the Lillies, the Arms of *France*, with this Motto,

*The Lilly's Glory of the Field;
Unto the Lilly all must yield.*

The fourth Nation that engaged in this Quarrel for the Honour of *Christendom*, was the hardy Scotch Men, who to the Number of fifteen thousand arrived on the fruitful Banks of *Naples*, conducted by that valiant and renowned Knight Sir *Ewin*, Son to St. *Andrew* the famous Campaion of *Scotland*, and by him begotten on *Artesia*, one of the six Daughters of the King of *Thrace*, who were transform'd into the Likeness of Swans, as you may read in the First Part of this Honourable Hi-

History. At his first Arrival he was highly entertained, and feasted by the other Captains, and pitch'd his Camp next to the Spaniards. His Pavilion was of a red Colour, fring'd with Blew, whereout hung a golden Streamer, in which was pourtray'd the Effigies of *Mars*, looking with a stern Countenance, and breathing forth these Words,

Arm'd for Victory.

The next that arrived on the fruitful Banks of *Naples*, were a Band of valiant Irish Men, to the number of ten thousand, attired in quilted Jackets, and Slops of Blew Cotten, being so swift of Foot that few Horses could out-run them. These were conducted by a valiant Knight named Sir *Phelim*, whom the Irish Champion *St. Patrick* begat on another of the six Thracian Ladies, whom he had redeem'd out of the Hands of thirty bloody Satyrs, as is declar'd in the First Part. This courageous Knight was of Stature somewhat more than ordinary, and withal of such Strength that he would sieze on a wild Bull, or any other Beast, though never so fierce and strong. At his first approach unto the Camp, he was welcomed with a great Shout of the Soldiers, being a goodly Person, and having his Head adorn'd with a Plume of Ostrich Feathers. He pitched his Camp next to the Scottish Army, having a Tent of Green, intermix'd with Scarlet, and richly adorned with Gold Fringe. In his Streamer was pourtray'd a Kite, hovering with a Chicken in her Claws, with these Words,

*'Tis common seen, the Weakest they,
Unto the Strong become a Prey.*

Scarcely were the Irish well settled in their Tents, when there arrived the like number of Welsh Men, conducted by a valiant Knight named Sir *Owen of the Mountains*, the Son of the Renowned Champion *St. David of Wales*, begotten on the beautiful *Estrild*, Daughter of the King of *Powis Land*, who had been bred up in all Warlike Affairs by the Appointment of his Grand-father so that for Martial Prowess he was accounted as valiant a Knight as most in *Christendom*. He was likewise receiv'd with the usual Ceremonies by the other Captains, and pitched his Tent next to the Irish. His Pavilion was of a blood red Colour, fringed with White, signifying Peace to the Yielding, and Blood and Destruction to the Obstinate; the Words were these,

*The Doom of ether Life or Death,
Consisteth in the Conquerour's Breath.*

Next came the English Army, consisting of fourscore thousand experienc'd Soldiers ; They were divided into three Battalions, whereof Sir *Alexander* led the Vanguard, Sir *Guy* the main Battle, and Sir *David* brought up the Rear. Of these were twenty thousand Horsemen, arm'd in rich Corslets of Steel, to defend themselves, and Lances and Darts to offend their Enemies : There was of the Foot thirty thousand stout Archers, having Bows of the strongest Yew, and Arrows of a full Yard long, headed with Steel, with which they would shoot a full half Mile in length. Also twenty thousand Pikemen, with Pikes of the strongest Ash, headed with Steel, as sharp as Spanish Needles, to defend the Archers from the Enemies Horse, and to oppose an Army in a strait Passage. The rest of the Army were Pioneers, Waggoners, Victuallers, and such others as are commonly attendant on an Army. At their first landing they were entertained by the other Commanders with such a Shout of Joy, as the Earth rang with the Sound thereof, and the hollow Caverns of the Hills reverberated with such an Eccho, as if *Jupiter* had spent his thundering Artillery to welcome these English Heroes. They pitch'd their Camp near unto the Army of the Italians ; Sir *Guy's* Pavilion being of Watchet, embroyder'd with Silver, and fring'd with Gold, and to distinguish it from others, it was adorned with the Red Cross, the ancient Arms of *England*. His two Brothers were not far different in their Devices, and for the Motto of them all, it was to this Effect :

*Armed with a just Cause, we fear no Foe,
No Foil, nor Flight, much less an Overthrow.*

Divers Captains of other Nations came also in Aid of the Christians Army ; as Sir *Lando the Warlike*, with five thousand stout Swedish Soldiers ; Sir *Padrasus* the Dane, having in his Company a Giant named *Wonder*, for his unmatched Strength, which was such, that he would lift a Weight that twelve ordinary Men could hardly stir ; besides divers others too many to enumerate, the whole Sum amounting to three hundred thousand. After they had consulted a while together, it was concluded unanimously among them all, that every Captain should have the Command of those Soldiers he brought out of his own Country ; but that in difficult Matters, and wherein Diversity of Opinions might breed Confusion, it should be referred to Sir *Guy's* Ordering, who was Generalissimo of the whole Army. And now having nothing else to do, but to march against their Enemies, Sir *Guy* to encourage them the more, being all the Chief of them assembled together, made unto them this following Oration :

Fellow Soldiers and Brethren in Arms, I think I shall not need many Words to stir you up to Magnanimity, the Justness of our Cause being such as rightly consider'd, is enough to make a Coward valiant; I hope that you are not so forgetful, that you now go to fight for your Parents, your Wives, your Children, your Country, and what should be most dear unto you, the Christian Religion; against Pagans, Infidels, and Miscreants, Enemies to God and Goodness; whose Delight is only in Blood and Rapine, whose Trade and Practice is the burning and destroying of Towns and Villages, murdering of Matrons, ravishing Wives and Virgins, tossing of sprawling Infants on the Tops of their merciless Pikes: In sum, such People as act all what Barbarism and Cruelty prompts them to. Therefore if you are not willing to see these Miseries fall upon ye, be valiant and courageous, and so let us willingly go on, armed with a just Cause, and doubt not in the least, but the just God will give us Victory.

No sooner had he ended this Oration, but it was receiv'd with a general Acclamation, each one vowing to live and dye in such a Cause, and under the Conduct of such a General. Being thus resolved, they prepared to dislodge, and having furnish'd themselves with Store of Provision, which was freely given them by the Neapolitan King; besides to the Number of five hundred Waggon for Carriage of their Ammunition and other Necessaries; they embarked in several Gallies, and cutting the briny Face of Neptune, after about a Fortnight's prosperous Sailing, they came upon the fruitful Coasts of Asia; where soon they heard Tydings of the Pagans Army, and how they were advanc'd as far as Galatia, within a hundred Leagues where the Christians were landed. And now having brought the Armies thus near together, we will look back again into Europe, and shew you by what a wonderful Miracle the Christians Army were supply'd with an unexpected Assistance.

Chap. VII. How the seven Champions being rais'd from their Graves, resolved to follow the Christian Army; how by Tempest they were cast upon the Coast of Thessaly. The great Battle fought betwixt the Thessalians and Thracians; how afterwards they went to the Christian Army, and of the great Battle fought betwixt the Christians and Pagans.

NOW notwithstanding this great Preparation to withstand the Pagan Army, a great Fear and Consternation still continued in the Hearts of the People, for the Report of the Vastness of the Pagans Army, was spread abroad in each Place, so that it was deem'd so numerous as not to be encounter'd withal: The best Remedy therefore, as they thought, was by Prayers to God to crave his Assistance against

against such potent Enemies ; so that in every Place Intercessions were sent up to Heaven for Succour in this Exigency of Time. Now it so chanced, that at the same time there lived in the North Country, a certain holy Hermit, nam'd *Sylvanus* : To this Man it was reveal'd in a Dream, how that the seven famous Champions were not wholly dead, but that for the Good of *Christendom* they should again awake, and help to overcome the Pagan Army : And that by opening their Tombs, and laying the Herb Basil, to the Roots of their Tongues, they should revive again in good Strength and Vigour. This Dream he declared unto an Abbot of an Abby near adjoyning, and he to the Governour of that Province, who all together went to the English Court, and declar'd the same unto the King ; whereupon it was determin'd that the Experiment should soon be try'd, and accordingly Messengers were dispatched into *France, Spain, Italy, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales*, which Message was no sooner delivered in those several Countries, but that they soon apply'd the same, and found the Effect answerable to what the Hermit had dreamed ; for immediately thereupon the Champions arose as out of a sweet Sleep, and having a while discoursed of those Matters we have in the former Chapters declar'd unto you, the Messengers were returned back again with this Agreement, That with all Expedition they should meet together in the Country of *Naples* aforesaid, that with the better Celerity they might overtake and joyn themselves with the Christians Army. This Determination being accordingly made known to each other, they with all speed provided themselves of Armour and other Necessaries for their Journey, and taking the holy Hermit *Sylvanus* along with them, they in a little space met together in the Land of *Naples*. To recite the great Joy at this their so unexpected a Meeting, is beyond the Skill of my Pen to express ; but having congratulated one another, they agreed to hasten after the Christian Army, with all the Expedition they could make ; so being furnish'd with a stately Ship, they put forth to Sea, but long they had not sailed, when a dreadful Tempest overtook them, so that they expected every Minute to be devour'd, and to make their Graves in that merciless Element ; at last the Weather clearing, they found themselves on the Coast of fruitful *Theffaly*, where being landed, they gave Thanks to the Powers above for their safe Deliverance. Next they provided for the refreshing of their Bodies, having in two Days before taken no Sustenance, for so long had the Tempest endur'd.

Now whilst they were at their Collation, they thought they heard the Ratling of Armour, Trampling of Horses, Shrieks of wounded Soldiers, with divers other Symptoms of an Army fighting not far

off from that Place; wherefore to be resolv'd, they call'd to a Thessalian, who by his running Posture seem'd to fly from some Danger near at Hand; from whom they understood that about some half a Mile from that Place, the King of *Thrace* and the King of *Thessaly* were engag'd in a bloody Fight. For so it happen'd that soon after the Departure of St. *George's* three Sons, the King of *Thessaly*, either through a generous Disposition, not willing that Kings should be too close confin'd, or through the Negligence of them that should have look'd after him, the King of *Thrace* made an Escape out of Prison, and having a Band of his Soldiers in a readiness, they surpriz'd the Place wherein the two Gyants *Predo* and *Pandaphilo* were likewise kept in hold, and set them at Liberty; and being thus at Freedom, went into *Thracia*, where they soon rais'd an Army, and being accompanied with the two Giants aforesaid, they enter'd *Thessaly*, harazing the same with Fire and Sword; to oppose whom the King of *Thessaly* had rais'd an Army, and were at that time engag'd in a piece and bloody Battle.

The Christian Champions having heard in what Danger the King of *Thessaly* stood, resolv'd to succour him; and so buckling on their Armour, being guided by the Thessalian who had fled from the Fight, they came to the Army just as they were in a running Posture; but soon by their Valour they made it known what Difference there is between Multitude and Manhood; for laying about them with their keen-edg'd Fauchcons, they soon made Lanes of slaughter'd Carcasses, so that the Thracians fled from before their Blows, as Flocks of Sheep from before the Wolf, or Chickens at the sight of the Kite. The two Giants seeing the Thessalians thus make head again, whom just before they accounted vanquish'd, they made up to the Head of their Army; whom, when the Champions had beheld, St. *George* singl'd out the Giant *Predo*, and St. *Dennis* encounter'd with *Pandaphilo*; and now such Blows were dealt amongst them, that *Mars* himself might have been a Spectator of the Fight: Here Strength and Courage seem'd to strive for Superiority, Fury and Valour encounter'd each other, giving and receiving such mighty Stroaks, as none but themselves were able to sustain: At length St. *George* with his Cuttle-ax, gave the Giant *Predo* such a Blow, as dash'd into his Brains, and made way for Death to take Possession of his Body. *Pandaphilo* seeing his Brother's Fall, upon his Knees desired Mercy, which the noble Champion St. *Dennis* granted him. In the mean time the other Champions had made such dreadful Havock among the Thracians, that all the Fields lay strow'd with their slaughter'd Carcasses; the King himself being deadly wounded was taken Prisoner. The King of *Thessaly* in the mean time was in great

great Admiration what these Strangers should be who had brought Victory to his side, which was taking her Wings to fly to his Adversaries ; and therefore now the Field being clear'd of all Enemies, he went unto them, desiring to know to whose Valour he was so much indebted, as the Rescue of his Life and Kingdom. But when he understood they were the renowned Champions of *Christendom*, whose Fame was spread all the World over, and who were supposed to be dead : And how that St. *George* was the Father of those three Princely Brothers, who had before so valiantly fought for him, he was transported with an Extasie of Joy, as was that Father, whose three Sons return'd home Victors from the Olympick Games. And having congratulated each other, they took Order for their Prisoners, which were in a manner the Remainder of the whole Army. Then marched they in good Array to the City of *Larissa*, being met by the Princess *Mariana*, attended with a Train of five hundred Virgins, attired all in Suits of white Sarcenet, who having done her Obeisance to her Father, she most courteously welcom'd the Christian Champions, especially St. *George*, for the intire Affection which she bore to Sir *Alexander*. Here did they spend some few Days in much Mirth and Jollity, when one Night at such a time as the bright Charioteer of Heaven had set his fiery brass-hoof'd Coursers to their Meat, and that the jetty sable Night had overspread his golden glistering Locks ; when *Morpheus* the God of Sleep had lock'd up the Eyes of Mortals, and cast them into deep Slumbers : As St. *George* lay sleeping on his Bed, there appear'd to him the Likeness of a beautiful Angel, which breath'd forth these Words :

*Brave English Champion, make no Delay,
But to the Christians Army post away :
Fame calls aloud, and Mars doth beat Alarms ;
Then leave off Court-delights, and fall to Arms.*

Next Morning no sooner had *Phæbus* with his refulgent Beams enlightned the Hemispher, but St. *George* arose from his drowzie Bed, and relating his Vision to the other Champions, they agreed with all speed to hasten to the Christian Army ; and having acquainted the King of *Theffaly* with their Determination, they prepar'd to be gone, being accompanied to the Sea-side with the Chiefest of the *Theffalians*. At their entering into the Ship, the King presented each of the Champions with rich Diamond Rings, and to St. *George* he gave over and above a rich Coller of Esses, having hanging thereon a Medal of Gold, beset with precious Stones, and in it the Picture of

of an Elephant, for his Elephant and Giant-like Valour shew'd in his Defence. The Princess *Mariana* at the same time sent unto Sir *Alexander*, a Signet made of polish'd Jasper, wherein was engraven a Heart wounded with a Sword, and crown'd with a Wreath, with this Word, *Amarete*. So taking their solemn Leaves of each other, the Wind standing fair, they set sail: Where we will leave them for a while, to speak of what befel the Christian Army in the mean time.

Whom (you may remember) we left upon the Coasts of *Asia*, who hearing the Pagan Army was so near, provided themselves both to assail and withstand their Enemy; and so by leisurely Marches drew nearer unto them. And now did Sir *Guy* send out twenty of his nimblest Horsemen to discover what they could of the Enemy, who returning back, brought with them six Persians whom they had taken Prisoners, by whom they understood that the whole Army was encamp'd on a spacious Plain not far off, dreadless of an approaching Foe; whereupon it was determined that that very Night, somewhat before the Break of Day, they should fall upon them; which they did in this manner: First in the Van marched the valiant Knight Sir *Alexander*, with the choicest of the English Horsemen; on his right Hand the famous French Knight Sir *Turpin*, with the Flower of the French Cavalry; on the left Hand Sir *Pedro* commanded a gallant Party of Spaniards, mounted on such speedy pac'd Gennets, as for their Swift-ness were said to be engendred by the Wind: And that their Army might spread the further, lest they should be surrounded with the numerous Forces of their Enemies, they had for Out-wings on the one side five thousand Swedes, conducted by Sir *Lando the Warlike*, and six thousand Germans on the other side, lead by a valiant Knight named Count *Primaleon*. The main Battle was conducted by the matchless Knight, Sir *Guy*, with thirty thousand Foot of Bows and Pikemen, whose warlike Resolutions carried Victory in their very Looks: On his right Hand marched the warlike Danes, commanded by Sir *Pandrasus*, having in his Company the Giant *Wonder*: On his left Hand was placed the valiant Scottish Men, conducted by their valiant Leader Sir *Ewin*: The rest was brought up by Sir *David*, with the rest of the English, having on his right Hand the stout Sir *Phelim*, with his nimble Irish Men, and on his left Sir *Owen*, with the hardy Welch. Being thus marshalled, they set forward, but ere they came to the Camp, the Enemies had Notice of their Approach, who thereupon instantly armed themselves, and put themselves in as good a Posture as on the sudden they could. The first that encounter'd each other was the

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the valiant Knight Sir *Pedro*, with his resolute Spaniards against the Bassa of *Aleppo*, betwixt whom was fought such a terrible Battle, that the Earth resounded with the Noise of their Blows. Next did the magnanimous Knight, Sir *Alexander* encounter with the Soldan of *Babylon*, sending him such a Flight of Arrows as would have darken'd the Sky in a clear Day: The Babilonians on the other side laid on load with great Courage, seeking with their Horse to trample them under Foot, but that the Pikemen kept them off with such Courage, as cast many Riders to the Ground, and put the Troops in great Disorder. On the other side Sir *Turpin* with the French gave a lusty Charge on the King of *Egypt*, insomuch that he was in great Danger of a total Rout, had he not been timely succour'd by the King of *Morocco*, who stoutly interposing, drove the French back in great Confusion; whereupon Sir *Lando the Warlike* set upon them with an undaunted Courage, which gave a Check to their Proceedings, which with his warlike Swedes he so stoutly follow'd, that coming up to the King of *Morocco*, after a fierce Encounter betwixt them two, in which *Mars* himself might have been a Looker on, at length the King of *Morocco* being deeply wounded, surrender'd up his Life and Body to the Victor's Disposol. And now the main Battle came forwards, by which time the Sun with his Beams had guilded the Hemisphear, so that they could see to fight with more Eagerness than they did before. The valiant Knight, Sir *Guy* charged strongly upon the Persians, who with Courage and Skill defended themselves: Count *Primaleon* with his Germans encounter'd the Arabians, and now generally both Armies were fully engaged, so that Death began to appear in its greatest Horrour: then was cutting, backi ng, and flashing one very side: The renowned Christian Captains dealing such Blows with their Swords, and giving so many Mahometans their Deaths, as if they intended to overcharge *Charon's* Boat in ferrying them over the Stygian River: The Infidels on the other side held out with great Obstinacy, not shrinking for any Danger, although they were ready to be carried away in Streams of their own Blood. Thus with great Obstinacy continued they fighting until the sable Night parted their Fury, when each side retir'd to their Camp.

Next Morning no sooner had *Aurora* usher'd in the Day, but both Armies met again in the Field, and as if their Stock of Valour were afresh renew'd, fell to it with more Eagerness and Earnestness than before, unto their Work of Mankind's Destruction, the thundering Drums beat Alarums of Death, and the shrill Trumpets sounded forth many thousands that Day their Knell; Horrour, Death and Destruction

struction surrounded the Pagans on every side, yet still their fresh Number made more Work for the Christians Valour. In the Heat of this Fight it was Sir *Guy's* chance to meet with the Horse-fac'd Tartar (whom we told of in the first Chapter of this Third Part) whom he resolved to encounter, but the sight of him so affrighted the other Horses, that not one of them could endure to come near him; whereupon Sir *Guy* alighted from his Steed, and with his Cattle-ax approached the Monster, whose very Looks would have affrighted any but such a one whose Heart was fraught with true Magnanimity: The Monster was readier to assail than to be assail'd, so that betwixt them two began a most fierce and terrible Combat. The Monster was so nimble, and laid on load so strangely, that Sir *Guy* was never so put to it all the Days of his Life; at last espying his Advantage, he gave the Monster such a Wound on his Thigh, that sending forth a hideous Yell, he ran from him with a nimble Pace to the Rear of his Army: And now the Pagans began to shrink, and the Christians to gain Ground, when the Wizzards and Inchanters which the Egyptian King had brought with him, began to show their Skill, so that on a sudden there was such a Fear and Consternation throughout all the Host of the Christians, as put a Stop to their full Carreer of Victory; for immediately such a Darkness overspread them, that they could hardly discern one from the other; and withal they received divers Blows, yet could not perceive who it was that gave them. This continued for three Hours space together, which much daunted the Christians Courage; but making their hearty Supplications to God, they were not only deliver'd from their unseen Blows, but also the Darkness turned upon the Pagan Army, from whence was heard such hideous Shrieks and Howlings, with such other dreadful Noise, as if Hell were broke loose, and the Devils gone to Barly-break. Upon this the Christians not daring to pursue them any further, retreated to their Camp, and having set a strong Watch, they reposed themselves for that Night.

The next Morning preparing themselves again to fight, they heard behind them a Sound of Trumpets, as it were of an Army upon a March; whereupon Sir *Guy* sent out a Party to discover what they were, who found them to be the thrice renowned Champions of *Christendom*, that after their Departure from *Thessaly*, having a prosperous Wind, they arriv'd on the Coasts of *Asia*, where heariug by the Report of Fame's loud sounding Trumpet, where these Sons of *Mars* were assembl'd together, they with a speedy March made up unto them: But now to express the great Joy, mix'd with Wonder and

Amazement, betwixt these noble Heroes, at this their Meeting, it would require the Skill of *Homer*, and the Aid of *Calliope*, that sweet-tongu'd Sister of the Muses, for to express; to see such near and dear Relations, who were supposed to be dead, and to see them at such a time when as their Help was so needful, it far surpass'd the Joy of that Grecian Father, when his three Sons return'd home Victors from the Olympick Games. Whilst they were thus congratulating the happy sight of each other, they had an Alarum from the Pagan Camp, who being conducted by the three Giants, with an assur'd Confidence of Victory, came marching up to the Christians Army, thinking them so shatter'd and dismay'd, as not able to endure another Fight, and therefore came rather as to a Spoil, than to be encounter'd withal; but they found the Christians ready to entertain them with a bloody Banquet, for coming in Disorder, they were receiv'd with such a lusty Charge, as sent many of their Souls to the infernal Regions. *St. George* perceiving the three Giants, the only Stop of the Christians Victory, he singl'd out one of the chiefest of them; the valiant Champion, *St. Denis* encounter'd with another, and the courragious *St. Anthony* with the third: Whilst they were thus engaged against each other, dealing such Blows, as if *Alcides* were again living, and fighting with the Giant *Anteus*; it was *Sir Guy's* Fortune to meet with the Egyptian King, accompanied with his Magicians and Soothsayers, who began afresh to use their Inchantments, and first they rais'd up the Likeness of a mighty black Boar, which running hither and thither in the Christians Army, put them in great Disorder: At last she ran violently against *Sir Guy*, who laying manfully about him, he thought he cut off one of her Legs, when she vanishing away, it proved only a Leg of a Stool. Next came running amongst them a mighty wild Boar, with Tusks as large as an ordinary Cow's Horn; this Boar so frightened the Soldiers, that wheresoever he came, they tumbld over one another in Heaps; and having thus play'd his Wreaks amongst the English, he next ran into the Army of the Spaniards, snorting and tearing up the Ground with his Tusks. The valiant Knight, *Sir Pedro* hearing the Shout of the Soldiers, and wondring what was the Matter, came riding in haste to the Place, and viewing the Boar, he ran against him with all his Might, but notwithstanding his Sword was made of the purest Lydian Steel, yet made it no Impressions on the Sides of the Boar; wherefore *Sir Pedro* seeing that way would not do, the Boar coming towards him with open Mouth, he ran his Sword down his Throat, thinking thereby to cleave his Heart in twain; but the Boar therewith vanish'd in a Flame of Fire, which singed the Main of *Sir Pe-*

dro's Horse, and made such a Smoak that hardly could they discern one another. Whilst thus these Negromancers were practising their Devilish Incantments, in the mean time the three renowned Champions had by their Magnanimous Prowess conquer'd the Giants, with whose Fall fell also the Courage of the whole Pagan Army, so that in great Disorder they began to run. And now all Hands were bath'd in Blood, and the thirsty Soil ran with a purple Stream: In one Place lay disinherited Heads, dispossess'd of their natural Seignories, there lay Arms, whose Fingers yet moved, as if they would feel for those that made them feel; and Legs, which contrary to common Reason, were made heavier by being discharg'd of their Burdens. And now the Christians o're-wearied with Killing, had, with the Day, brought many thousand Pagans to their Ends, when the fable Night drawing her black Curtain over the Hemispher, put a Period to the Pursuit. The next Morning the Soldiers arose betimes to pillage the Field, which they found exceeding rich; most of the Pagan Commanders were slain, and the whole Army so shatter'd, that scarce a hundred of them were left together in one Company. The Horse-fac'd Monster with some others made their Escape, being so swift that no Horse could overtake him; amongst the rest of the Prisoners that were taken, was one of the chief Egyptian Magicians, who being stript of his uppermost Robe, there was found about him a number of Spells, Charms and other Negromantick Characters, amongst others was the Picture of a Devil, this Label proceeding out of his Mouth:

*Thou, by our Help, to pass shalt bring,
Many a great and direful thing.*

Which Label being by one of the Soldiers pull'd off from the Picture, underneath it there was thus written:

*When as ten Years thou com'st totell,
Then bid thy Skill in Charms farewell,
For thou must then descend to Hell.*

And now belike the time was come when as his Charms were at an End, as also several of his Companions, whom the Devil had by that Label deluded, but by the Writing on the other side deceiv'd, for these Sorcerers thinking notwithstanding their Army was routed, to raise up such a Company of Infernal Spirits, as should be able to deal with the whole Christian Army, they therefore began to use their Invocations, and to call for Help unto the Devil, as they used to do; But now instead of the Spirits obeying their Commands, loud Noises

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tormented the Air, and the Artillery of Heaven began to roar; the amaz'd Firmament seem'd to rend in twain, and the affrighted Rafter of the Sky to shake; black pitchy Clouds obscured the Sky, and all the Light which was to be seen was only the dreadful Flashes of Lightning. This dreadful Tempest continu'd near the space of an Hour, when all on a sudden it began to be calm, and the Winds to retire, and sink into their Seat; *Phœbus* sent forth his lightsome Rays, which dispell'd the Darknes of the pitchy Clouds; when the Christians looking upon them, saw the rufullest Spectacle that ever Mortal Eye beheld; the Field was strewed with Pieces of mangled Carcasses, and those as black as Pitch, stinking of Sulphur and Brimstone; for the Term of Years being expir'd, wherein they had covenanted with the Devil, he now sent his Spirits to fetch their Souls, who had mangl'd their Bodies in that dispiteous manner we told you of; a just Reward for all such as devote themselves to the Service of the Devil.

The Christians having obtain'd this signal Victory, gave Thanks to God throughout all the Army; and now Victuals growing scarce, by reason of the great Number of Soldiers, they resolv'd to break up Camp; and those that would, to depart home to their own Countries: Sickneses and Diseases also increas'd daily amongst them, by reason of the Hotness of the Climate: Whereupon Sir *Turpin* with his French Men took their Leaves and departed homewards; soon after Sir *Pedro* with his Army of Spaniards, and quickly after most of the rest; so that at last there was none left but the English, with Sir *Pandrasus* and his warlike Danes. The seven Champions of *Christendom*, who for their former Acts had been Eterniz'd all the World over, were resolv'd to depart away in a Ship by themselves; and now being thus scatter'd, we shall (*sweet Clio*, the sacred Sister of the nine Muses assisting us) relate the several Adventures which happen'd to each of them in their several Perambulations.

Chap. VIII. *How Sir Turpin of France, Sir Pedro of Spain, Sir Phelim of Ireland, and Sir Owen of the Mountains, arriv'd in Cyprus; how they put down the Tyrant Isakius, and restor'd the rightful Prince Amadeus to the Throne.*

ANd now first shall our Pen attend the Actions of Sir *Turpin*, and his warlike French, who having march'd by Land for many Miles together, they then took Shipping, and after a tedious Passage at Sea, arriv'd on the Island of *Cyprus*, to whose King they sent a friend-

friendly Message, desiring Provision for their present Necessity, and wherewithal to victual their Ships, promising to pay him for the same to the uttermost Farthing. But this King, named *Isakius*, being a Tyrant, and having wrongfully attained the Crown, not only deny'd their reasonable Request, but also prepared to make War against them, and by Force to drive them out of his Country, which he was the more confident to do, having then in his Court a Giant, named *Gnylon*, whom with great Rewards he had hir'd to side with him in his Tyranny. This *Gnylon*, was a Giant of a wonderful Stature, having been bred up in the Desarts of *Hyrcania*; he would eat up a fat Sheep at a Meal, and afterwards drink up four Gallons of Wine, which made him of such a vast Proportion, that he was most terrible to behold; his usual Weapon wherewith he fought was a square Bar of Iron, having a Knob at the end of it of thirty Pound Weight, and on his Body he wore a Coat of Mail of a wonderful strength: This proud Giant was so conceited of his own Strength, that he thought himself able to encounter singly with an Host of Men; and therefore taking with him only the Guard which belong'd to the King, he march'd against the French, promising to bring them bound unto *Isakius*; but Promises without Performance signifie nothing. In this high Resolution, with great Fury he fell upon the French, dealing as many Wounds as Blows, and as many Deaths almost as Wounds; and now his Iron Bat was all imbrew'd with Blood, and Heaps of slaughter'd Carcasses lay on each side of him; the common Soldiers ran from his Reach with as much Fear as the Partridge from the pursuing Hawk. Sir *Turpin* seeing such Havock made amongst his Soldiers, thought it high time to show his Valour, and to put a Stop to such Proceedings; wherefore with much Force guided by Prudence, he set upon him; but the Giant's Armour was of such Proof that nothing prevail'd; for notwithstanding Sir *Turpin* was as gallant a Knight as ever buckl'd on Armour, and that he us'd his utmost Endeavour for the Honour of his Country, and Glory of his Nation to overcome him, as well as for their own Safeguard; yet maugre all his Force and Valour it nothing avail'd, but he was forc'd to give way to the Fury of the Giant. Sir *Turpin* seeing himself thus overmatch'd by Strength, thought to use Policy, and therefore counterfeiting a Flight, retreated to a Place, where advantaged by the Ground, and his chiefest Captains, he might the better deal with him; but Providence had ordain'd a better Remedy, for at that very Instant it so happened that Sir *Pedro* with his Army of Spaniards, having been sorely weather-beaten at Sea, were by Strefs of Weather forc'd to that Island for Succour, were no sooner landed.

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but they had Information of this Battle; and therefore after a short refreshing, they made up to them; and now Slaughter and Destruction fell heavy on both sides, the devouring Sword making many Windows in their Bodies for Death to enter in at; much Courage was shewn on both Parts, each striving to gain Honour by the others Ruine, and now notwithstanding the Giant's Brags of bringing the French Men bound to the King, he was forc'd to go without his Errand, and for Safeguard of his Men make a Retreat towards the City; but there he found but cold Entertainment, for the Citizens hearing how the French Men were landed, and that the Giant with the King's Guard were gone to fight with them, they took the Opportunity of of the time, and making a general Insurrection, siez'd upon the King, secur'd the Gates of the City, and stood upon their own Defence; and immediately dispatch'd a Messenger to the French and Spaniards, to inform them what they had done: Who upon the hearing of the News, sent forth such a Shout, that the Earth rang with the Noise thereof. The Giant with his Company hearing the loud Shout of the French and Spaniards, were in a wonderful Amaze, and seeing themselves surrounded with Danger before and behind, they saw there was no other way but to secure themselves by Flight; which proved the more advantagious to them, by reason the French were so enfeebled through lack of Sustenance, and long fighting, that they were not able to pursue them: Wherefore leaving the Chace, they marched directly into the City, being of the Citizens entertained with much Joy, who presently sent forth fresh Men after the Giant, whom Sir *Pedro* would needs head, whilst the rest refresh'd themselves in the City. These fresh Men by Intelligence of the Country People, had soon Notice whither the Giant with the greatest part of his Men were gone; whereupon Sir *Pedro* taking along with him a choice Party of the swiftest Horse men, pursued him so fast, that in a short space they had a View of him; but the envious Destinies had so order'd it, that near thereunto there was a strong Castle, into which he was enter'd before he could be overtaken; wherefore they resolv'd for to besiege it, and either force him by Famine to submit himself, or to gain his Freedom by Hazard of Battle.

Whilst they were thus busied in besieging the Giant, and the Army refreshing themselves in the City, it happened that the Captain of the Guard, with a Party of such as fled with him, being joyned to some others whose despicable Fortunes made them desperate, having Intelligence that the French and Spanish Ships were but weakly guarded, he with incredible Celerity siez'd on them, forcing those Seamen
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that were in them to weigh Anchor, and hoise Sail into the Sea, intending to go into the Island *Zeylon*, near thereunto adjoyning, to raise Forces to withstand the Enemy; or if that fail'd, to seek a Habitation in some other remote Country. Whilst they were thus hovering at Sea, it chanced that Sir *Owen of the Mountains*, with a Band of his valiant Welch Men came sailing that way, being sever'd from Sir *Phelim* with his Irish, by a Storm at Sea; Sir *Owen* seeing these Ships, imagin'd them to be his faithful Friends the French and Spaniards, and therefore made up to them; but the Mistake being soon perceiv'd, they instantly fell to fighting pell mell; and now Death shew'd himself with much Horrour, and Blood fill'd the Wrinkles of the Sea's Visage, which the Water would not wash away, that it might witness it was not always his Fault when we condemn his Cruelty. Sir *Owen* with great Valour defended himself, notwithstanding he were oppress'd with the Multitude of his Enemies, which were so many in number above his Men, that he had been in some Danger of being worsted, had not in the very nick of Opportunity Sir *Phelim* with his Irish come timely to his Rescue; but now being strengthen'd with this Recruit, they so resolutely charged on the Cypriots, that first they began to retreat, and afterwards sought to shift away the best they could by Flight: But these Soldiers were so unskilful in Sea-affairs, and the Seamen whom they had forc'd to go along with them being joyful to be relieved by the Welch and Irish, they so order'd the Business that the Ships were all taken, and the Soldiers in them carried back to the Port from whence they had been forc'd away.

Sir *Turpin* and Sir *Pedro* hearing of this gallant Enterprize of the Welch and Irish, in all hast went unto them: But now to recount the great Joy at their so happy a Meeting, it is beyond my Art to express; but after Congratulations pass'd betwixt them, they took order for the better Safeguard of their Ships, and then with the Prisoners march'd to the City, where they were entertained with exceeding great Joy, being magnificently feasted by the Citizens, and complimented with Shows and Representations, performed with great Cost and Art. Whilst they were thus revelling in Delights, there came to them a Messenger from the Giant *Guydon*, with a Letter directed to the Officers of the Christians Army, which had invaded the Island of *Cyprus*. This Letter or Challenge being open'd, contained these Words:

T Hink not (proud Christians) although by Stealth and Fraud you have invaded our Country, that you shall ever subdue our Hearts, altho' you may hap to subjugate our Bodies: Now if your Arms be answerable to your
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Artifices, and that you will maintain with your Sword what you have compassed by Craft : I challenge the best of you all to fight with me, upon this Condition, That if you overcome me, we will submit our selves and Country to your Disposal; but if you be overcome by me, then to pass away quietly out of our Land, and restore what unjustly you have taken away from us. This you cannot refuse, if you have any Spark of Valour in you.

Guylon.

This bold Challenge being read before the four Heroick Captains, they each of them desired to have the Combat, and that with such Earnestness, as it almost bred a Quarrel amongst them ; but to avoid all Controversies, it was agreed to cast Lots amongst them, to whose Honour it should befall ; which being done accordingly, the Lot fell on the renowned Knight Sir Owen of the Mountains, who return'd the Giant this Answer to his Challenge:

Proud Giant,

W*Hose Valour consisteth most in Boasting, and who Triumpest before Conquest, Know that thy Challenge shall be answer'd in Justification of what we have done; prepare therefore thyself against to Morrow, when I will not fail to meet thee. Till then, Farewel.*

Owen of the Mountains.

Accordingly the next Day being richly mounted on a gray Barbary Steed, arm'd in a Coat of Mail, with a Sword by his Side, and a strong keen Faucheon in his Hand, he rode towards the Castle, accompanied with the French, Spanish and Irish Captains, and a Band of lusty Soldiers, lest there should be any Treachery shown by the other side : Soon after came the Giant forth of the Castle, attended only by a Dwarf, he was on Foot, for he was too heavy for any Horse to bear him. He was likewise armed in a Coat of Mail, and came with his great Bar of Iron in his Hand, which he flourish'd over his Head with great Pride and Ostentation ; drawing near unto Sir Owen, with a haughty Voice stuff'd with Arrogancy, he thus spake unto him :

Proud Knight, Now shall thy Life pay for thy Presumption, and thy Ruin be the Effect of thy Over-daring, who thinkest to encounter with me in single Combat, from whose Presence whole Troops have run, as dreading to come within the Compass of my invincible Arms ; therefore before thou urgest me too far, let me advise thee to dismount, and humble thy self at my Feet, which may be a means to obtain the more Favour at my Hands.

Sir Owen smiling at the Words of the Giant, returned the Bragadocio this Answer,

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Giant, Leave thy proud Boasting, for know it will behove thee more to use thy Hands than thy Tongue. When thou hast me in thy Power, use me as thou wilt; and since thou wert so courteous as to advise me, I shall also be so kind as to warn thee to have a Care of thy self, lest with my Sword I so belabour thy Jacket, as shall make thee promise less, except thou couldst perform more.

And now Sir *Owen* seeing the Giant on Foot, alighted from his Horse, that it should not be said Advantage added any thing to his Victory; then drawing their Swords, they laid on load with great Courage, dealing such Blows, that to the Beholders sight the least of them would leave Death behind it, and those laid on so thick, as if that every Blow would have been foremost. Thus continued they for some time, their Swords, like Cannons, battering down the Walls of their Armour, making Breaches almost in every Place for Troops of Wounds to enter. At last the Giant began to faint, the Weightiness of his great Iron Club, together with the Heat of the Sun which then shin'd forth in its brightest Lustre, made him so sweat, as if he had been working at the Cyclops Forge, or hammering at the Sooty God *Vulcan's* Anvil; yet like the dying Tapor willing to give one Flash of Valour before his Fall, taking his Iron Club in both his Hands, he struck at Sir *Owen* with all his Might; but his Eyes being blinded with the Sweat, he mist his Blow, and with the Force thereof tumbled down upon his Face, giving Sir *Owen* thereby a fit Opportunity to finish his Victory, which he soon did, by cutting off his Head from his Body.

The Cyprians seeing their Champion slain, presently yielded up the Castle; and the News being bruited abroad in the County, they came from all Places, and submitted themselves unto these valiant Captains Mercy, who received their Submissions with much Gentleness and Courtesie; soon after they caused an Assembly to be made of the chiefest Persons of all the Realm, before whom, the Usurper *Ifakius* was brought; where the Counsel being set, one of the chiefest Advocates of the Land spake as followeth:

Right Honourable, You may please to understand, That this Ifakius here before you, the pretended King of Cyprus, was Brother to Amadeus our lawful King, and whose Ancestors have for many Descents enjoyed this Crown. This Amadeus when he dy'd left behind him one only Son, a Child of two Years old, named also Amadeus, to whom he bequeathed his Crown; making his Brother Ifakius a Guardian and Protector to him during his Minority: But he instead of a Guardian to defend proved a Wolf to destroy; instead of a Protector to nourish, became a Tyger to devour; for he having gotten into Authority, and secur'd the chiefest Strengths of the Realm in his Hand, he soon
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pick'd a Quarrel with all the Nobility, whom he thought in the least-wise favour'd Amadeus, and by surmized Faults bereft them of their Lives, and seiz'd on their Estates. And that he might not be brought to an account for these lawless Actions, he gain'd to his Support the Assistance of the Giant Guilon, which by your unmatched Force hath been brought to his End. And now being secured as he thought in his Tyranny, he soon disposed of young Amadeus, but how, or which way, is to us unknown: Our Request therefore is, (most noble Captains) That he may by Force be made to confess what he hath done with him; that if alive, he may be restored unto us; but if otherwise (which the Gods forbid) he may be punish'd for the same according to his Deserts.

Then was Isakius call'd to answer for himself, who trembling for Fear, having a Load of Guilt upon his Conscience, with a pale Countenance and faulting Speech made this Reply:

If a fair Acknowledgment may mitigate my Crime, I shall hereby freely give it you, confessing the uttermost to my Knowledge, that by imparting the same I may in some measure unburthen my Conscience, which doth now grievously oppress me: Know then, that an ambitious Desire of sitting in the Throne, made me make a Ladder of Mischief to ascend thereunto; in order hereof, having levell'd my way, by destroying all those who I thought wou'd oppose my Designs, yet thought I not myself sure, until I had so dispos'd of the Heir that he might not be heard of; knowing that People have always a great Affection to the lawful Successor; yet resolv'd not to murder him, that if afterwards I should be call'd to an Account, by preserving his Life, I might the better secure my own. Therefore by the Help of a trusty Servant, I plac'd him with a Shepherd of this Country, he not knowing him to be the Prince, but the By-blow of some Gentlewoman, who was not willing to have her Shame known, yet with this Caution, That he should bring him up as his own Son; and for so doing he was liberally rewarded with a considerable Sum of Money. Thus, Gentlemen, have I given you a true Relation of what I have done with the Prince; which if you please to send to the Shepherd, you will have the Truth confirmed by Eye-sight, he being at this present in good Health; as I am inform'd by the same Servant which plac'd him there; and who (if you please) shall conduct those whom you send unto the place where he now resides.

Isakius having ended his Speech, it was concluded the Prince should be immediately sent for; whereupon two Gentlemen of Quality were deputed to be the Messengers, who being attended with divers Servants, and guided by Isakius's Confident, in a short space came unto the Shepherd's House, who seeing such a Company before the Door was in a bodily Fear; but at last spying Beno (for so was Isakius's Servant named) his Heart waxed more chearful; but when he heard them demand where the young Prince then was, mistrusting by Beno's

Presence that young *Ornus* (such had they named *Amadeus*) to be the Party they enquir'd for, he was almost fallen into a Swound, expecting no other but that he should be hang'd up; but being a little come to himself, he inform'd them that the Prince was at that present keeping of Sheep, not past a half Mile distant from that place; Whereupon two of the Chief of them being guided by the Shepherd, went to seek him; now as they came near him, being enter'd into a little Thicket, they heard a Voice which with great Harmony utter'd forth this Sonnet:

*The little Lark that in the Ground is hatcht,
And there bred up till Feathers make her fly;
No sooner she a Flight or two hath catcht,
But up she mounts unto the lofty Sky;
Where if she see Sun-shine and Weather fair,
How then for Joy she twittles in the Air.*

*But if she see the Wind begin to blow,
Or pour down Rain, and Tempests do arise,
Within a Bush she keeps herself full low,
Where (pretty Wretch, close to the Ground she lies;
Until such time as all the Storms be past,
And then again she mounteth up in haste.*

*Which plainly shews the Nature in the Lark,
Is still to seek to mount the lofty Sky,
And though perhaps you now and then may mark
A Kistrel Kite to make a Flight so high;
Yet all things weigh'd, if each thing have his Right,
A Lark will far be lik'd above a Kite.*

The Prince having ended this Sonnet, they went up to him, doing him Reverence, which put him into a Fear and Amazement, wondring at what was done unto him; yet was not his Fears so great as was the old Shepherd's, seeing him with them, whom he reputed to be his Father. At last the old Shepherd acquainted him with their Message, which could not at first enter into his Heart, although he had always entertain'd noble Thoughts under a vulgar Habit; yet this so sudden a Message made him to doubt whether that he were awake, or that he had seen some Vision or Apparition; at last a little recollecting himself, he spake in this manner:

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Think it not strange (Gentlemen) if your Words so on the sudden do surprize me; nor blame me not if I am slow to believe Wonders, for such your Syeeces do import. 'Tis true indeed, I have heard of several Persons who have left their Commands and Riches to enjoy the Quiet of a retir'd Life; but for the Servant of a Shepherd to be the Son of a King, and he ignorant of it, appears no less than a Miracle to me.

But the Messengers seconding the old Shepherd's Speeches, and with many Asseverations confirming the Truth of their Words, at last Belief enter'd into the Cranies of his Heart; and committing his Sheep to the Guidance of another, he return'd with them to the Shepherd's Cottage, to refresh himself before his Journey. But when the old Shepherd's Wife understood that their Servant was a Prince, she was herself in Conceit no less than a Queen; saying, *Ornus* (for so as I told you they call'd the Prince) *when thou comest to thy Kingdom I hope thou wilt bestow on me a new Gown.* The Gentlemen laugh'd heartily at her Request, promising in the Prince's Name, she should have a good one; this so overjoy'd the old Woman's Heart, that she brought forth unto them the choicest Cakes she had in the House, whereon they fed very heartily, and so taking Leave of the Shepherd and his Wife, who could scarce speak for Weeping, they prepared for their Journey, the Princely Shepherd comforted the aged Couple with great Promises of Love and Friendship which he should bear unto them, for the Care they had of him in his Childhood; so taking Horse, in a short time they came to the City, where they were very joyfully receiv'd by the four Christian Captains: But when the Citizens understood how their rightful Prince was return'd to Rule over them, it is not to be imagin'd the Joy they receiv'd, which they express'd by ringing of Bells, making of Bonfires, and other Demonstrations of great Shoutings and Laughter. Then by the general Consent of the States, the Prince *Amadeus* was crown'd King, and the Usurper *Ifakius* committed to Prison; which being done, the four Christian Captains having victualled their Ships, and having a prosperous Wind put forth to Sea, where we will leave them to shew what besel to the other Christian Champions, during the mean time.

Chap. IX. *The famous Adventures of the two Renown'd Captains, Sir Orlando of Italy, and Sir Ewin of Scotland, how they redeemed the Duke of Candy's Daughter from her Inchantment, with other things that happen'd.*

NOW shall our Pen attend the valiant Exploits of those two famous Captains, Sir Orlando, who conducted thebold Italians, and Sir Ewin the Captain of the Warlike Scots, who having taken their Leave of the seven Champions, as also of St. George's three Warlike Sons, they march'd from thence with the Remainder of their Army, the greatest part of them being consum'd by the Pestilence, and for want of Victuals; having in their March pass'd the Confines of Asia, and gone through the fruitful Countries of Greece, they at last took shipping in a Haven Town of *Peloponesus*, when after three Days sailing, they saw before them a gooly Island, from whence they heard most terrible Shrieks, as it were of tortured Persons, and People in great Distress; whereupon Sir Orlando and Sir Ewin commanded the Marriners to make up to it, which they endeavour'd to do, but coming near to it, it mov'd so from them, that notwithstanding all their Endeavours they could not reach it. Whilst thus they stood amazed at this strange Adventure, there appeared unto them out of the Sea, a certain Tryton or Sea-God, in the Likeness of those which they call *Mear-men*, who shaking his Locks, spake to them in the Ship in this manner:

I know you much wonder at the strange Moving of this Island, and at the Cries and Shrieks which you hear from thence: To satisfy you, Then know that this Island belongeth to the famous Negromancer Bandito, and whose great Skill in the Art-Magick hath made his Name known through most of the Countries of Africa and Asia. This Bandito before such time as he practis'd the Black Art, fell in Love with the Duke's Daughter of Candia, and by reason of his extraordinary Riches, and high Parentage, was well entertain'd by the Duke her Father, but her Affections were wholly settled on a young Gentleman named Dyon, one whose Vertues were above his Wealth, and his comely Personage above his Patrimony. To him her Love was firmly link'd, that she resolv'd that nothing but Death should part their Affections; and therefore to prevent her Father's Importunity, who each Hour lay at her to match with Bandito, she agreed with her Lover Dyon to forsake her Father's House, and accompany him to any other Country, where they might freely enjoy each others Affections; accordingly the next Night Dame Cynthia favouring their Designs, she pack'd up the choicest of her Jewels, and attended only with one

Ser-

Servant, whom she could trust, stole out of her Father's House, and meeting with her beloved Dyon, at a place where they had appointed, having a Bark they entered therein, and the next Morning before she was mist were gotten out of the Pursuit of her Father; who having Intelligence thereof, fared like a mad Man, exclaiming against the Heavens in a prodigious manner, and threatening severe Punishment on his Daughter. But when it came to the Ears of Bandito, he in great Fury to be disappointed, vowed Revenge on all her Relations; but wanting Means to effect his Desires, because the Duke was very strong and potent, he betook himself to the Assistance of the Devil; and entering into a solitary Wilderneck, having with him store of Magical Books, he fell unto his Conjurations, and in short space rais'd up the Devil, with whom he Indented, That having by his means reveng'd himself upon his Enemies, and to live the Remainder of his Life in all Delight and Pleasure, at the Expiration thereof, his Body and Soul to be at the Devil's disposing. Having thus agreed in his Devilish Contract, his Desire of Revenge was so urgent, that he rested not until by his Magical Arts he learn'd where these two unfortunate Lovers were landed; of which he presently informed the Duke, who hastened thither with all speed for to surprize these deplorable Innocents; but this Bandito having them now together, wrought so by his Devilish Enchantments, that the Island wherein they were, removed from the place of its proper Station, and wafted upon the Face of the Ocean, whether he pleased for to direct it: And having thus done, he raised up four infernal Hags, who with burning Whips do continually torment these three Persons, which by the Fates is ordered to endure until such time two worthy Christians from the Confines of Christendom, shall put an end unto the Inchantment; which two worthy Persons ordain'd by the Fates to put a Period to their Torments, shall have the one of them a Cross, the other a Star depicted on their left Shoulder, by which they may know themselves ordain'd to be those for whom this Adventure was allotted. And having uttered these Words, the Tryton again sunk into the Sea, leaving all the People in the two Ships in great Wonder and Admiration.

The Tryton being thus vanish'd, the two noble Captains Sir Orlando and Sir Ewin, for the better Encouragement of their Soldiers, stripped off their Doublets, and showing them their Shoulders, there was visible thereon the two signs of the assured Conquest, which was promised unto them; whereupon the Soldiers gave such a Shout as sounded like to the Cataracts of the River Nilus, and seem'd to rend the Clouds in sunder. The Noise being ceased, the Island which before seem'd to move, now became fix'd, so that with Ease they approached near unto it; but attempting to land, they were often put by, by Spirits in the Likeness of Dragons and fiery Serpents, which so fright-

frighted the Soldiers, that no Words could induce them to joyn with them in Battle; whereupon Sir *Orlando* and Sir *Ewin*, in whose Breasts were sown the Seeds of true Magnanimity, to show them an Example of undaunted Resolution, leap'd on Shoar, and with their strong Cuttle axes made of the purest Lydian-steel, they laid about them with as great Strength and Courage, as did *Alcides* when he encounter'd with the Cyclops, or the magnanimous *Hector* fighting against the Greeks in the Plains of *Ilium*. Whilst they were thus occupied in these Martial Adventures, the Magician *Bandito* knowing by his Spells that he must quickly render up his Body a loathed Carcase to the Disposal of the infernal Furies, was resolved in the mean time to do what Mischief he could; and first he raised up a Spirit in the Likeness of a flaming Fire, which encompassing the two Knights, so heated their Bodies as if they had been fighting in the scorching Desarts of *Africa*. Next appeared a terrible Monster in the Shape of a Lion, having Eyes as large as Saucers, and Teeth longer than the Tusks of a Boar bred up in the Calcedonian Woods, who assaulted the two Knights with great Fury. In the mean space the Soldiers landed themselves, and in a Warlike Posture came to the Rescue of the two Champions, who by this time through the scorching Heat of the Fire, and the Strength of the Monster began to faint. Whereupon a selected Party of the chiefeſt of them, being arm'd with Coats of Mail, and having in their Hands steeled Javelins which would penetrate and strike through any Armour, although as strong as that which *Vulcan* by the Request of *Venus* made for *Achilles*; These with a valiant Resolution ran towards the Monster, but coming at him, he vanish'd away, leaving behind him such a horrible Stink, as if it had proceeded from the Lake *Avernus*, one of the poison'd Rivers of Hell: In the mean time the loud Artillery of Thunder sent forth such loud Noises as rent the Air, and made the Ground whereon they stood to shake, attended with dreadful Flashes of Lightning, when presently follow'd a serene Sky, and a seeming Castle which stood before them immeditaely vanish'd; whither approaching, they found the dead Carcase of the Magician, his Joynts all dislocated, and the Trunk of his Body as black as the sooty Moor, or Cimerian Darkneſs. The Duke and the two Lovers were eas'd from their Torments, whom they congratulated for their happy Deliverance. These three Persons though much amazed at what had happened, yet could hardly believe themselves delivered from their persecuting Tormentors; but being made sensible of their Preservation by the two noble Captains, their Joy was inexpressible; the Duke returning them his grateful Thanks in these Words:

Most

Most Magnanimous Heroes, to whom I am indebted for the Remainder of my unfortunate Life, you have so far obliged me for this Favour, and that so perfectly, that I must be your Debtor all the Days of my Life: All that I can offer unto you is, That you would employ me in your Service, that I might testifie unto you in some part a Requital of your Favours; which I acknowledge you have so undeservedly conferred upon us.

Most Courteous Prince, (replied Sir Orlando) all the Requital we shall desire at your Hands is, That you will pardon what is past, and freely bestow your Daughter on this Gentleman, whose Desarts did far transcend Bandito's Wealth, (for know we have heard the Story of their Loves) and in so doing we shall think our selves sufficiently requited for what we have undertaken and performed for your Freedom.

Sir, (said the Prince) Your Words, like Musick, please me so well, that it shall be the greatest Joy of my Heart to have it so; and thereupon embracing Sir Dyon, as also his Daughter, who humbly kneel'd at his Feet, desiring Forgiveness for what she had done; Dear Daughter, said he, May thy Joys with him hereafter be as comfortable, and more during than thy Troubles and Afflictions have been hitherto; and know it repenteth me for my Unkindness to thee, which hath forc'd thee to do what thou hast done. After these Words spoken, with many other Expressions of Love and Forgetfulness of what is past, they all went to view the Body of the Magician, which they found so fearfully dismembred as cannot without Horrour be expressed; here lay his Brains in one place, in another an Eye, there a piece of his Jaw-bone, here an Arm, there a Leg, in another place a piece of his Buttocks, wrapped up with some of his rotten Guts, and all stinking so abominably, as the Smell thereof was not able to be endured. And now there being no Entertainment in that Island for so many People as they had with them, they resolved upon their Departure; but before they went, they erected up a high Pillar near to the Place where the Magician was rent in Pieces, on which Pillar these Verses were inscribed:

*Wicked Bandito bent unto all Evil,
Who for Revenge did sell his Soul to th^e Devil;
Whose whole Delight was Blood and Cruelty,
And as he liv'd in Blood, in Blood did die;
Who e're thou be, that dost this Writing read,
Of Magick Arts, and wicked Acts take heed;
Lest like unto Bandito that same bloody Wretch,
The Devil for thy Deeds thy Soul do fetch.*

And

And a little underneath was this written :

*Wretched Bandito, near unto this place,
was by the Devil all in pieces torn;
Thou that read'st this, learn to have more Grace,
or better far it were thou ne're wert born.*

The Pillar being erected, the two valiant Captains Sir *Orlando* and Sir *Ewin*, with the Duke of *Candy*, the Princess, and Sir *Dyon*, took Ship, and having a prosperous Wind, in a few Days arrived on the fruitful Coast of *Candy*, and with speed marched to *Cidonia* the chief City thereof, where they were entertain'd most joyfully, the Bells rung, the Bonfires blaz'd, the Walls, Windows, Roofs, Towers, Steeples and Battlements, all beset with People to behold the sight: The Windows were hung with rich Arras and curious Tapestry, and the Conduits ran with Greekish Wine. Thus in great Triumph did they march through the Streets until they came to the Duke's Palace, which for stately Bravery, and brave Stateliness, was erected according to what the Height of Fancy could express; the Camfred Pillars, strange Colosses, Ascents and Statures were wonderful to behold. Here were they entertain'd by the Duke with all Delights imaginable, each Day was honour'd with a Feast, where nothing was wanted to crown the Appetite with Content; the Boards were served with Princely Dishes; and the Juice of the Grape flow'd in Cups of Burnisht Gold. But these two valiant Captains, in whose Breasts were sown the Seeds of true Magnanimity, soon grew weary of these Carpet-delights, and therefore inform'd the Duke of their Intention to depart; who, though very loth, as Persons to whom he ow'd whatever he was, yet condescended thereunto: But before their Departure in a grateful Acknowledgment of the great Kindness he had receiv'd from them, he presented Sir *Orlando* with a rich Sword, the Pummel whereof was enchafed with Diamonds, Rubies, and other Stones of rich Price; upon the Blade was this Motto engraven,

*The Benefit receiv'd shall not
By me for ever be forgot.*

To Sir *Ewin* he presented a rich Silver Target, beset on the sides with Emeraulds, Saphires, and other Stones of great Value, of such a refulgent Lustre, as gave a Light in the Night like unto so many
Wax-

Wax-candles: In the middle thereof was portrayed *Hector* and *Achilles* in a single Turnament, the one breathing these Words out of his Mouth,

In a just Cause, who would refuse to fight?

The other answering,

But then you must be sure your Cause is right.

To the other Captains and Soldiers was also given Gifts of great Value, so that they departed away all of them very well satisfied. In their Way homewards, they met with certain Pirates, who roving upon the Coasts of *Italy*, took many of the Inhabitants Prisoners, amongst others was the beautiful *Ciropa*, Sister unto Sir *Orlando*. With these Pirates they engag'd with much Resolution, who made a very stout Resistance, so that the Air was made dark with their flying Darts, and the Sea colour'd with Blood issaing from the Scoop-holes; many were slain, and more wounded, before the Pirates would hearken to yielding; but at last seeing themselves not able to hold out, they cry'd for Mercy, which the generous Captains Sir *Orlando* and Sir *Ewin* freely granted them. And so the Pirates delivering up their Weapons to the Conquerours Hands, they enter'd their Ships: but when Sir *Orlando* beheld his Sister amongst the Captives, he was intranced with Wonder, and stood like a Stag at a Gaze, as if his Soul had been gone upon some serious Errand and left the Corpse in pawn till it came back. She on the other side was as much surpriz'd to behold her Brother and Deliverer, whom she ran unto and kindly embraced. But if Sir *Orlando* was surpriz'd with Admiration, Sir *Ewin* was stricken into an Extasie in beholding her divine Perfections, esteeming her to be Nature's chief Master-piece, whose rare Composure modelliz'd forth the Height of all Beauty, so transcendently did she show in this low Estate, that he esteem'd her to be the Magazine or Commonwealth of all Perfections, and the very true Elixir of all Beauty.

These Excellencies shot a thousand Darts of *Cupid* into the Heart of Sir *Ewin*, so that being imboldened by Love, he accosted her in this manner:

Most Divine Lady, Who art inspir'd with all the Excellencies that the World can bestow upon your Sex; I shall account it an Honour to me to become your Servant; my Resolution herein being so Magnanimous, that I suppose no ill Fortune can attend upon it: Daign then, Madam, to accept me for such, which may prove a Spur to my Courage, in fighting under so divine a Beauty.

To whom the Lady *Ciropa* with a smiling Countenance replied in this manner :

Sir, I acknowledge my self doubly engag'd to you, as for your Love, so also for my Liberty, for which I cannot in the least make you a Requited ; but since you do establish your Content upon my Acceptance of your Service, your Hopes cannot deceive you much, if an Acknowledgment of my Affections to you may be any ways the Means of making you happy.

These loving Passages betwixt Sir *Ewin* and the Lady *Ciropa* were very pleasing unto Sir *Orlando*, who desired nothing more than the Alliance of so valiant and good a Knight as Sir *Ewin* : And now was Sir *Orlando* minded to have inflicted severe Punishment on the Captain of the Pirates for stealing away his Sister, but remembering his Promise, which he would not violate for all the Wealth in *Asia* ; he thereupon took the chiefest Riches of their Ships from them, which he distributed amongst his Soldiers, and having releas'd all the Prisoners, he put the Pirates into one of their empty Ships, and sent them away ; whilst their own Fleet with a merry Gale of Wind set forwards for *Italy*, whether in short space they safely arrived ; and to compleat their Joys, not long after Sir *Ewin* was married unto the Lady *Ciropa*, upon whom Sir *Orlando* bestowed many rich Gifts, and sent them away to the Country of *Scotland*, where for a while we will leave them, and return to speak of the strange Travels and Adventures of the seven Champions of *Christendom*.

Chap. IX. How the seven Champions came to a Land where the Men for their Sins were chang'd into the Shape of Beasts ; and how by finishing the Adventure of the Golden Cave, they return'd to their Shapes again.

NOW come we to speak of the seven Champions of *Christendom*, who not long after the Departure of Sir *Orlando* and Sir *Ewin*, being desirous to return to their Native Countries, to repose their Bodies where they had their Births ; taking their Leave of St. *George's* three Sons, they also took shipping in a single Ship, and cutting the briny Face of *Neptune*, for three or four Days were favour'd with a gentle Gale of Wind, which made the Sailers Hearts full merry ; but on the fifth Day, notwithstanding that *Phœbus* sent forth his Beams with much Radiency, until such time as he became an equal Arbitrer of the forepart and coming part of the Day, there then fell a Mist upon the Face of the Ocean, which in an Instant grew to such Darkness that neither Men no Masts on the Deck were discernable, so that the Pilot was at a loss which way to steer ; yet could they perceive that their Ship

Ship moved with a swift Motion, although there was then so great a Calm, and such a gentle Air as not to stir one Hair of their Heads. This continued for the space of seven Days, so that the whole Company were given over to Silence and Sadness, when to comfort their Hearts, the renowned Champion of England, St. George, calling them together, made to them this following Oration:

Renowned Champions, and Fellow-soilders in Arms, Be not dismay'd at this which hath happen'd unto you, since nothing comes by Chance, but what is before pre-appointed of the Gods, and must inevitably come to pass; which things though seeming to us strange and wonderful, yet many times are the Fore-runners and Causes of Good both to us and others; let us therefore be arm'd with Patience, and not think to fight against Heaven, as they do who murmur and repine at any Mischance which befalls them; for know assuredly, whom the Gods love they will protect, and to a valiant Mind no Peril comes unlookt for; and if we perish in this Extremity, let it be our Comfort, that we dye unconquer'd of our Enemies.

This Oration of St. George much comforted the Hearts of all that heard him, but soon after greater Comfort appear'd, for on a sudden the Sky began to clear, and the Sun whom they had not seen in many Days, began to appear, and to shoot forth his enlightning Rays; Their Ship now did not move of it self, nor knew the Marriners in what Coast they were, yet was their Joy exceeding great to behold the lightsome Beams of the Sun, and to converse with their Companions as well with their Eyes as with their Ears. Soon after they espied Land, unto which they made with all the speed they could, and having landed, found it a very fruitful Country, stor'd abundantly with all sorts of Beasts, Birds, and other living Creatures; but neither Men, Women nor Houses, nor any Signs of any that had ever been there. This struck them all into Wonder and Amazement; but that which most of all amaz'd them, was to see these Beasts and Birds flock about them, and with bellowing, bleating, chirping, crying and other signs, seem to make their Moan unto them. Whilst they were thus wondering, there appear'd unto them an ancient Palmer, clad in a Russet Gown down to the Ground, his Hairs as white as *Venus's* Doves, or Snow upon the Scythian Mountains, his aged Limbs supported with an Ebony-staff tipt with Silver; his Looks seem'd to have formerly carried Majesty with it, though now Time's Plough had printed deep Furrows in his aged Face; he seeing this Company made up to them, and addressing himself to St. George as to the Chiefest of them, spake as followeth:

Renowned English Champion, for of your Conntrey I am not ignorant, ha-
I 2
ving

ving in my Youth travell'd thro' most Parts thereof : Know that by the Destinies I was inform'd of your coming hither, and therefore came to this place on purpose to meet you : Come then along with me, and I will shew you things transcending the Power of a strong Belief ; and with that he led them through a spacious Plain, unto an intricate Thicket or Labyrinth, having in the midst thereof a most stately Building which overlook'd all the Plain round about. Hither through unknown Ways, did the Palmer bring them, where he caus'd his Servants (having about twenty of them) to provide for the Champions and their Retinue, such a costly Dinner as was not imagin'd to be gotten in such a desert Place. After Dinner having refreshed themselves with some Bowls of *Leatick* Wine, he led them up to the top of his Palace, which had a Gallery round about it to overlook the Plains : Here having placed the Champions so that they might have a full Prospect of the whole Country, sitting down in a Chair by them, he thus began :

Know, worthy Knights at Arms, that this Country wherein you now are, is called *Scobellum*, of such a fruitful Soyl, that it may well be stil'd the Garden of *Ceres*, and Vintage of *Bacchus* ; such is the Plenty of all things therein ; nor was it less Populous of Inhabitants then Fruitful of Necessaries for to maintain them ; but this their Plenty caus'd Pride, and Abundance of all things caused Abundance of all manner of Vices amongst them, so that as if they had ingrossed the Corruptions of all Nations to themselves, they could not have been a more defiled People than they were, exceeding the Cannibals for Cruelty, the Persians for Pride, the Egyptians for Luxury, the Cretians for Lying, the Germans for Drunkenness, and all Nations together for a generality of all manner of Vices. Such a Mass of Evils call'd for a Mass of Punishments, which the Gods inflict'd upon them, and that according to the Nature of their Deserts, and the Quality of their Crimes ; for those great Plenty of Beasts and Fowls which here you view, were once Men and Woman as in other places, but now chang'd to the Likeness of what you see. Drunkards were chang'd into Swine, who still retain the same Nature, there being no Difference betwixt a Drunkard and a Swine. Lecherous Persons were chang'd into Goats ; and some of those finer sort of lustful People into Sparrows, whose Lives are short through too much Copulation. Proud People were turn'd to Peacocks ; Scolds were Metamorphos'd to Magpies, and chattering Jays. Such as lost their Estates at Cards or Dice, were transform'd to Asses. Those whose Delight was only in Musick and Singing, were chang'd to Thrushes and Nightringales : Envious Persons were Metamorphos'd to Dogs, who lying on Hay will eat none themselves, nor suffer the hunger-starv'd Ox to feed thereon. Those Woman who would work hard, but were troubl'd with other bad Qualities, were transform'd to Milch-cows, who would give Pails full of Milk, but as soon as they had
done

done kick it down with their Heels. Jesters, Buffoons, and Jack-puddings, were transform'd to Monkeys, Baboons and Apes; Dancers on the Ropes were turned to Squirrels; Usurers, Misers, and such like covetous Persons, were changed to Moles. In brief, Worthy Champions (for I would not trouble your Patience too long) there was a general Metamorphosis made of them all, each one according to the Degree wherein they had formerly lived; and this their Punishment destin'd by the Fates for to endure until such time as some hardy Knight shall be so bold as to attempt the Conquest of the Golden Cave, which if he overcome, then shall their Transformations cease, and they return again to their proper Shape.

Now worthy Knights, the Adventure of the Golden Cave is this; About six Miles from this Place lieth a Cave, the Entrance whereinto is through divers Windings and Turnings, like unto a Labyrinth; in which Cave is kept a continual Fire, made by such Art as nothing shall quench it but only the Water of a Cistern at the entrance of the said Cave, which is guarded by two Gyants, and two Centaurs, with whom they must combat before they can attain to the Cistern. Now, worthy Chieftains, if there be any amongst you so adventurous, as for the sakes of these poor transformed People, will adventure your Lives, the Enterprize will not only be honourable to yourselves, but you will also oblige thousands in thankful Gratitude to your Memories for so inestimable a Benefit.

Now by the Honour of my Country England, said St. George, never let me buckle on Armour, if I make not one in this Enterprize; so likewise said the other six Champions, each striving which should have the Honour to accompany St. George in so noble an Enterprize; wherefore, that Emulation might not cause any Strife, they agreed to cast Lots amongst the six, which of the three should accompany him, so accordingly they did, and the Lots fell upon the three famous Champions, St. Anthony of Italy, St. James of Spain, and St. Patrick of Ireland; who glad of their good Fortunes, prepared themselves against the next Day to try the Adventure, and on the Morning no sooner did Aurora usher in the Day, and from the glowing East display her Purple Doors, but the four Champions mounted on their warlike Steeds, who glad of such a Burden, pranc'd under them in as great State as did the famous Bucephalus, when he was bestrid by the warlike Alexander. So taking a Guide with them from the Palmer, they traced to the Golden Cave, where they alighted, and gave their Guide their Horses to lead, resolving to try the Adventure on Foot; when approaching the Gate, they were met by a Dwarf, who spake to them in these Words: Proud Knights, Presume not to come within the Compass of these Gates, lest you repent your Folly, and with the Loss of your Lives pay for your Presumption. To whom St. George answer'd, Dwarf,
Go.

Go tell your Masters, we come to try our Skills with them, to prove which of our Swords cuts sharpest. That shall you soon see, said the Dwarf; and returning to the Cave told the Giants what St. George said; who presently came marching out to them, with each an Oak upon his Shoulder, which when they came near unto the Champions, they brandisht over their Heads, as if they had been Hazel-twigs: *Audacious Villians,* said the Gyants, *do you desire to try the Strength of our Arms, you shall soon feel to your cost what we can do;* and therewithal struck at the Champions with such Fury, us the Earth shook with the force of their Blows. Who would have seen the Picture of *Alecto*, or with what manner of Countenance *Medea* kill'd her own Children, needed but take their Faces for the full Satisfaction of their Knowledge in that Point. The Champions nimblely avoided their Blows, and getting within the Compass of their Oaks, made up to the Gyants, whose sides they so thwacked, and were so liberal of their Blows, that the Gyants feeling the weight of them, betook them to their Heels, and left their knotty Clubs behind them, to be view'd by the Champions with Wonder and Admiration, at the strength of those that could wield such massy Weapons; but minding to prosecute the Adventure, they follow'd the Gyants, who were gotten out of sight, and the Champions found themselves at a loss in following them, the Multiplicity of Paths leading each way, making them doubtful which to chuse; at last they resolv'd each of them to take a several Path, and if they met not together at the Cave, then to return each to the same place again. Now it so chanc'd that as they were going in those Paths, each of them to meet with an Opposer; and first St. George met with one of the Centaurs, being of a terrible Shape, and incredible Strength, betwixt whom began a most fierce Combate with great Courage and Magnanimity, inso much as St. George was never so put to it in all the Battles he had ever fought before; for the Centaur was both nimble and strong, and fought with great Skill and Courage; but St. George having with a Side-blow given him a deep Wound on the Ribs, he sent forth such a hideous Yell as was like the loud Rattle of the drumming Wind, or Cannons when they disgorge their fiery Vomits, and nimblely turning him about, fled amain towards the Cave.

The Renowned Champion St. Anthony of Italy had not gone far in his Path but he met with one of the Gyants, who came now armed in a Coat of Mail, with a great Bar of Iron on his Shoulders, with whom St. Anthony encounter'd with great Courage: Nor was the Gyant backwards of his Endeavours in obtaining the Conquest, dealing such Blows each to other, that who so should have beheld them,

would have thought each Blow had Death attendant on it. This Gyant was twelve Foot high, so that St. *Anthony* with the Point of his Sword could hardly reach his Crown, which Advantage he supply'd with Nimbleness, to that the Gyant spent his Blows in vain, and being now wearied with the Weight of his Armour, the Sun also shining his greatest Glory; he sweat so exceedingly, that it entering into his Eyes, he was almost blinded therewith, and endeavouring to wipe it off with his Hand, St. *Anthony* taking the advantage with a sudden Blow cut his Hand off by the Wrist; whereupon the Gyant yielded himself, and craved Mercy.

In like manner St. *James* the noble Spanish Champion, as he walked along in his Path met with the other Gyant, betwixt whom was fought a most terrible Battle, striking so thick and fast at each other, as if every Blow would strive to be foremost; The noble Champion behaving himself so gallantly with his *Bilbo* Blade made of the purest Spanish Steel that he cut deep furrows in the Gyant's Flesh, from whence issued such abundance of Blood as chang'd the Grass from a verdant Green to a crimson Red; so that the Gyant through the loss of such abundance of Blood, began to faint, which St. *James* perceiving, enforced himself with all his Strength, gave him such a Blow as brought him headlong to the Ground, when smiting of his Head, he left his dismembred Carcase, and proceeded further in his Path towards the *Golden Cave*.

Lastly, The Renowned Champion St. *Patrick* of Ireland, whose Breast still thirsted after honourable Adventures, he also proceeding forwards in his Path, met with the other Centaur, betwixt whom began so fierce a Combat, that to describe the same to the Life, would wear my Pen to the Stumps, although it were made of refined Brass, or the purest Lydian Steel. Here on each side was Strength matched with Skin, Fury with Fortitude, and true Valour with matchless Magnanimity: The Centaur was nimble, and armed with a Pole-ax, struck at St. *Patrick* with great Fury, which he awarded with the greatest Skill he could, and with his keen Fauchion returned the Centaur his Blows with Interest; The Fight as it was sharp, so it endured long, when being both willing to take Breath, they paus'd from fighting for some time, when St. *Patrick* spake to the Centaur in these Words: *Monster if Nature, let me advise thee to yield thy self, and not to oppose us any farther in the Conquest of the Golden Cave, since it is resolved by the Destinies, that I and my Fellows should be the Persons that by finishing the Adventure, should restore the People to their Humane Shapes.* The Centaur feeling himself deeply wounded, was ready to yield, whom St. *Patrick* commanded

manded to deliver up his Pole-ax, which the Centaur accordingly did; so they both marched towards the *Golden Cave*, where they met *St. George*, *St. Anthony*, and *St. James*, and relating to each other their several Successes, they presently fell in hand to the finishing the Adventure, and approaching the Cestern, they each of them filled their Helmets with Water, and being guided by the Dwarf, who now was obedient to the Champions, they came to the Fire, into which they threw the Water, and never left until such time as they had quencht it; which being done, the Cave and all about it vanisht out of sight, and the thick Grove or Wilderness about it was all level and even. So returning to the Messenger whom they left walking their Horses, they mounted on them to return back to the aged Palmer's, meeting by the way with multitudes of People, who by the finishing the Adventure, were now restored to their former Shapes.

In this manner they marched along to the aged Palmer's, who entertain'd them with great Joy, as also they were by the three other Champions, *St. Denis*, *St. Andrew*, and *St. David*; and after they had refreshed themselves with some Victuals, they were conducted to a spacious Room, where they had their Wounds bathed with Wine, Milk, and other precious Oyntments. The next Morning the People were assembled together, to whom *St. George* made a pithy Oration, exhorting them hereafter to lead a better Life, and not to have their Natures addicted to such beastly Vices, as made them, though not in Shape, yet to differ not from Beasts in their Actions, with many other words to the like Effect; all which they promised to perform. And afterwards taking leave of their Host the aged Palmer, they returned to their Ship, and having a gentle Gale of Wind set sail towards *Christendom*.

Chap. X. *How St. George's three Sons were separated by a Tempest, and how Sir Alexander lighted on the Ship wherein the seven Champions were: How he was married to the Princess Mariana, and Crowned King of Thessaly: The Tragical Story of the Duke Urfini, and Death of the seven Champions.*

Not long after the Departure of the seven Champions, *St. George's* three Sons resolving also to see their Native Country, in order thereunto, embarked themselves with their Companies in three several Ships, and for the space of eight or ten Days, sailed with a prosperous Gale of Wind, the courteous Sea all that time smoothing his wrinkled Brow, and the Winds only whisper'd Musick to the Deep;

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but

but about the eleventh Day the Wind and Sea contended in a robustious Rage, the beaten Ships tost like a forceless Feather ; now riding up on the Mountain Waves, as if their top Masts tilted at the Moon, anon falling again with such a precipitate low Descent, as if they were sinking into Hell's low Abyss. In this furious Storm they were separated one from the other, where we will leave two of them, and speak only of Sir *Alexander*, who after the Storm was over, directed their Course as near as they could towards the Coasts of *Christendom*, and and having sailed the space of three Days, they saw before them a Ship in fight with two Gallies, or Men of War, to whom they made up with all the speed they could, and coming near to them, they perceived by the Streamers (wherein was woven the Red Cross of *England*) that it was the same Ship wherein the seven Champions were embarked, which when they knew, they sent forth such a loud and lengthened Shout and Hollow, as reverbrated upon the Waves, or as the Sea makes when it trembles underneath his Banks, to hear the Replication of his Sounds. They in the other Ship answer'd them with the like Hollow, and then joyntly setting upon the two Gallies, they with Pikes, Bills and Darts, plyed Death's fatal Task ; sending many hundreds of the Turks Souls to be transported in *Charon's* Ferry : So that the two Gallies which at first were Assailants, could no longer hold out Defendants, but yielding themselves, craved for Mercy, which the Christian Champions were the more willing to grant them in regard that many of their Company had been fore wounded before Sir *Alexander* came to their Rescue.

So entering the two Gallies, they took from them such things as they needed, amongst which they found some Hogsheads of Greekish Wines, which very much refresh'd the fainting Soldiers ; they also took from them their Armour that they might not be able to offend others, and setting free those few Prisoners they had taken, they let them go ; and having stayed a while in mending the tatter'd Cordage of their Ships, which was much shatter'd in the Fight, with a prosperous Wind they set sail, and in a few Days arrived on the pleasant Banks of fruitful *Thessaly* ; and sending a Messenger to the Court to give Notice of their Arrival, the Message was so welcome to the Princess *Mariana*, (who now was become Queen of that Country, her Father being lately dead) that she caus'd the Bells to be rung, and Bonfires to be made as at a Publick Rejoycing. And sending some of the Chiefest of her Nobles to invite them to the Court, with such Accommodations as she jug'd most needful for them at present, in the mean time she prepar'd to entertain them in the best manner she

could; which at their coming they found to be so costly and splendid, as it raised great Wonder in them to behold it; the Streets all the way they pass'd to her Palace being rail'd in, and guarded on both sides with Companies of Foot-soldiers: The Conduits ran Wine, and from the Belconies was heard all manner of Musick that could be imagin'd: And first before them march'd a compleat Troop of Horse, having between each four Ranks a Trumpeter sounding with a Silver Trumpet; the Troops were all in their Buff-coats with Silver Belts, and the Pummels of their Swords inlay'd with glistering Stones, which sparkled like Diamonds. Next follow'd four Heralds, in four distinct Coats of Arms: After them, the Nobility of the Land in rich Robes, with Coronets on their Heads: Then came the seven Champions, and St. George's three Sons, in five rich Chariots, lin'd with Cloth of Gold, and studded with Studs of Massy Silver: After them followed the Colonels, Majors and Captains, with silken Streamers waving before them, being rang'd two by two, each English Officer with a Thessalian, and mounted on prancing *Barbary* Steeds. And lastly, the Under-officers with the Army in goodly Arms, and accuter'd most richly. In this Order they march'd to the Palace, where they were met by the Queen, attired in a rich Robe of Ermine, with the Crown Impertial upon her Head, who with a smiling Countenance entertain'd them in these Words:

Thrice welcome hither most Renowned Champions, whom the Gods have appointed for the Relief of the Distressed, and the Chastisement of the Vicious. Fame's golden Trumpet hath sounded the Renown of your honourable Actions; and by quelling the Force of the Pagan Armies, given us great Hopes hereafter for to enjoy Halcyon Days of Peace. And applying her self more particularly to the Princely Knight Sir Alexand, Sir, (said she) how much I am bound to the Immortal Powers for your Preservation, my Heart is not able to conceive, much less my Tongue for to express: Now as Heaven has been kind to me in hearing my Prayers for your safe Return, so shall I account it my farther Happiness that leaving off Arms, you now come to enjoy the Fruits of our Amours, and instead of following the Camp of Mars, we solace our selves in the Tents of Cupid. Mistake me not, (dear Sir) I mean not by spending our time in wanton Dalliance, but in the honourable State of Matrimony, that being joyn'd in Hymen's Bands, we may have our Joys crown'd with the Issues of an unfeigned Love.

Most Gracious Princess, (reply'd Sir Alexander) your Speeches are the sole Effects of my Thoughts, and your Desires to me absolute Commands, being such as tend only to my Profit and Welfare; wonder not then, most peerless Madam, if I willingly embrace what I so earnestly covet; and so sealing his

his Love on the red Wax of her Lips, they Hand in Hand paced it into her Palace, accompanied with the seven Champions, as also with many of the chief Lords and Ladies of the Land; where was provided for them a sumptuous Dinner of such costly Viands, as might teach the satiate Palate how to eat; and those plac'd so thick and plentiful, as if the Table would crack with the Pile of such weighty Dishes. All the while they were at Dinner, melodious Harps and Songs saluted their Ears, which was breath'd forth in such a curious Harmony, as charm'd their very Souls to an Extasie. After Dinner, they fell to dancing, trpping it so nimbly, as if they had been all Air, or some lighter Element. In these Delights they wasted about eight or nine Days; but the seven Champions soon grew weary of such Pastimes, and desirous to go home to their Native Countries, was minded to take their Leaves of the Queen *Mariana*; but Sir *Alexander* and she having concluded their Nuptials should be celebrated very suddenly, they were with much Entreaty perswaded to stay until they were over.

The prefixed Day being come, early that Morning by such time as *Aurora* the blushing Goddess which doth sway the dowy Confiners of the Day and Night, began to appear, but both Bridegroom and Bride were saluted with most sweet sounding Musick, which being ended, their Ears were accosted with this Epithalamium:

*Sol thy Beams no longer hide,
Call the Bridegroom to the Bride;
Let each one rejoyce and sing,
Make the Air with Hymen ring.
May all Pleasure and Delight
Crown your Day, and bleß your Night;
And the warm Embrace of Love
Be soft as Down, or Venus Dove;
May your oft repeated Kisses
Bring with them as many Blissess;
And these Joys remain in state
Till your end, and that come late.*

These Solemnities being over, and the Bridegroom and Bride risen from their Beds, they prepared themselves to go to Church; the Bridegroom was apparell'd in a Suit of flame-coloured Tabby, to signify how he burnt in the Flames of a chaste Love; the Bride was attired all in White, to denote her unspotted Virginity, and Maidenly Modesty. Sir *Alexander* was led by two Dukes Daughters, and the Princess *Mariana* by two of the chiefest Barons of the Realm;

having her Train born up by four Ladies of Honour : Thus did they walk in great State unto the Temple, where the Priest joyn'd them together in *Hymen's* holy Rites, which being done, they return'd again in the same Order to the Palace, all the way the People showing such great Demonstrations of Joy as was wonderful to behold.

To rehearse the great Chear prepar'd for this Royal Dinner, the Maskings, Revellings, and other costly Shows, which were solemniz'd by the Lords and Ladies, and other Courtiers, would tire the Pen of an industrious Writer. The next Day was appointed for the Coronation of the Prince *Alexander* and the Princess *Mariana*, which was perform'd in great Splendour ; the Multitude of Spectators that came to behold it being so many, that notwithstanding great store of Money was thrown about in other Streets to divert the People from thronging so thick at the Coronation, yet the People regarded the Money not all, for the great Desire they had to behold their new King.

After the usual Ceremonies were ended which appertain to such Solemnities, the Trumpets sounded, and the People with a very loud Shout, cry'd, *Long live Alexander and Mariana, King and Queen of Thessaly.* The Knights and Barons to honour the Solemnity the more, appointed the whole Afternoon to be spent in Jousting and Turneying, wherein was shown very much Skill and Valour ; but above them all Duke *Orsin*, a near Kinsman to the Queen *Mariana*, carried the chief Credit, having unhorsed fifteen Knights that Day, for which King *Alexander* presented him with a rich Chain of Gold, and St. *George* in reward of his Valour gave him a costly Diamon Ring. And now King *Alexander* being thus solemnly Crowned, was fulfilled that Prophecy which was by the Faery Queen predicted of him, as you may read in the 14 Chapter of the first Part of this Honourable History, which contain'd these Words :

*This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Time's Wonder for Device and Courtly Sport :
His Tilts and Turnaments abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where Nobles do resort.
Queens shall attend, and humble at his Feet ;
Thus Love and Beauty shall together meet.*

After some few Days passed in Royal Triumphs, the seven Champions resolv'd to stay no longer, but to hasten to their own Countries : in pursuance of which their Resolution, they acquainted King *Alexander* and Queen *Mariana* of their Intentions, who were very loth to have

have parted from their Companies; but the seven Champions were so resolute in their Determinations, that no Perswasions could induce them to stay any longer: The King and Queen seeing them so fully bent to be gone, with a great Train of Lords and Ladies attend them to their Ships, where they had caused a stately Banquet to be provided for them; and so after many rich Presents and mutual Embracements passed betwixt them, the seven Champions took Ship, and having a gentle Gale of Wind, had soon lost the sight of the Thessalian Shore; so sailing along on *Neptune's* watry Front, the wanton Mearmaids sporting by the sides of their Ship, and not scarce a wrinkle seen on *Thetis* Face, but the Sea as calm as when the Halcyon hatched on the Sand; they saw before them a Ship, all whose Sails and Streamers were Black, having Black Flags and Penons stuck round the sides of the Ship. The sight of this Ship so strangely thus attired in Black, made them have a longing Desire to know what it should mean; so making up to it, they halled them according to the Sea Phrase, when a Gentleman appearing on the Deck, gave them to understand that they were of *Italy*, and were come from *Scandia*, bringing with them the dead Body of the Duke *Ursini*, Lord of the fruitful Land of *Campania*; which when *St. Anthony* understood, (the Duke *Ursini* having formerly been his loving Friend) he declar'd unto them who he was, and what were his Companions, and also how they were bound for *Italy*; whereupon there was great Rejoycing on both sides, and the Gentleman, and Captain, and Master of the Italian Ship were invited into the other, where after some Complements past on both sides, and a short Collation, the Sea being calm, and like a standing Pool, no Waves nor Billows to arise, they intreated the Gentleman now that their Ships lay thus at Hull, to declare unto them the manner of the Duke *Ursini's* Death, and how he came to dye in so remote a Country: To which the Gentleman willingly condescended, and spake as followeth:

It is not now fully two Years since that the renowned Prince Oswy, Duke of Ferrara, at the Celebration of his Marriage with the famous Lady Lucinda of Mantua, kept solemn Fests and Turnaments, with Royal Entertainment for all Comers, which invited thither not only the prime Nobility and Gallants of the Italians, but also the News being spread abroad into forriegen Countries, several Persons of great Quality resorted thither, amongst others was Jilian the Daughter of Lampasco Prince of Scandia, a Lady of such glorious Eye-surprizing Rays, that in her Face Love seem'd to sit enthron'd in full Majesty; not wanted she therewith the Helps of Art to set forth her natural Perfections, so that she seem'd rather a Divine Goddess than a Humane Creature. These
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her admirable Endowments was look'd on by Duke Ursini, through a Multiplying-glass, which render'd her to him the most admirable of all Creatures, captivating his Heart, such a thrall to her Beauty, that he vowed himself a Servant to her Vertues, and to endear himself the more in her Respects by some Achievements of Honour, he entered the Lists as chief Challenger against all Comers, being mounted on a Milk White Barbary Courser, trapped with Capparisons of Silver, and on his Burgonet a Plume of goodly Feathers: His Armour was Blew, resembling the Azure Firmament, spangled with Stars of Gold, with this Word for his Device, Vertue like the clear Heaven is without Clouds. He encounter'd with sundry Knights of great Worth, against all which he had much the better, which gain'd him both great Applause and Envy. Nor was he less skilful in the Intrigues of Love than in the Management of Arms, and to court a Lady as well as encounter with an Enemy, which he with much artificial Eloquence demonstrated in an Address to the Lady Jilian, who seem'd much affected with his Person; and so far the matter went, that there seemed nothing wanting to the Consummation of their Marriage, but only the Consent of her Parents; which to obtain, he sail'd with her unto Scandia, where he was most nobly entertain'd, and his Suit very well lik'd on. Now it was so, that a young Baron of that Country named Lamprido, had formerly born a great Affection unto the Princess Jilian, and had so far prevail'd with her, that he was in great Hopes of obtaining her Love; but his Means not being answerable to her high Dignity, it was kept very close from Prince Lampasco's Ear, yet hoped he in time, that either by the Death of Lampasco, or some secret Stratagem, he should compass his Ends; but now seeing Prince Ursini in so great Favour, he began utterly to despair in his Suit, unless by some means he could find a way to deprive him of his Life. It happen'd not long after that Prince Lampasco proclaim'd a general Hunting of the wild Bore, to which Princely Exercise resorted all the Flowers of the Nobility, and every one whose Breast was fir'd with Desire of Glory and Renown; amongst others, none was more forward to this Royal Sport then Prince Ursini, who at the appointed time came into the Field, arm'd with his Bore-spear, and mounted on a Spanish Gennet, who for their Swift-ness are said to be ingendred of the Wind. Being come within View of the place where they were to hunt, each Man was order'd according to his Stand, when a Brace of lusty Beagles were let loose to rouse the Bore; In the mean time every Man prepared himself for the handling of his Weapons, and with a nimble Eye to catch all Advantages that might be taken: It was not long before the Beagles had rous'd the Bore out of his Den, who seeming to regard no Danger, nimbly turning round about, with a kind of a wallowing running pace, ran where he could see any Company. The first that struck at him was an Italian Knight, who accompanied Prince Ursini in his Voyage to Scandia, who broke

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his Spear, but wounded him not, for his Skin was scarcely penetrable, being as hard as a Bull's Hide when it is tann'd. Leaving this Italian, he ran against a valorous Knight named Piaſter, who encounter'd with him very courageously; yet could not his Courage, Strength nor Skill, (all which he was in a full measure Master of) prevail any thing; yet was his Performance ſo much, that giving him a ſmall Wound on the Leg, feeling the Smart, he ran towards Baron Lamprido, who uſed his utmoſt Strength and Skill to withſtand him, but the Smart of his Wound in his Leg ſo exaſperated him, that he ran with ſuch fury againſt Lamprido as turn'd him Horſe and Man to the ground, and undoubtedly had ſlain him, had not Duke Urſini come to his Reſcue, who with undaunted Courage ſet upon the Bore, and with great Strength, guided by Skill, ſo follow'd his Blows, that he made the Bore begin to ſtagger; who yet with open Mouth came towards him, which advantage Duke Urſini ſpying, thruſt his Bore-ſpear down his Throat, and therewith reſt his Heart in ſunder, yielding unto him the abſolute Victory. By this time divers Knights were come in to him, amongſt others Lamprido having recover'd his Fall, came in with the thickeſt; but when he ſaw that the Bore was kill'd, and by the Hands of Urſini, his Blood boil'd within him for Anger, out of Envy that he had done it, which he knew would more endear him in Affections of the Lady Jilian, as alſo that his own Overthrow would much leſſen her Opinion of him. Hereupon a Deſire of Revenge entering into his Heart, his Study was how to effect it with Privacy, not only for Danger of the Law, but Dread of Duke Urſini's Valour, whom he knew he could not match in ſingle Combat, he therefore concluded to do it by Treachery, which not long after he brought to paſs in this manner:

Amongſt other Exerciſes which Duke Urſini much delighted in, one was the Art of Angling, in which he would oftentimes ſpend many Hours, and that with as much Privacy as he could, becauſe Multitude of Perſons was a hinderance to the Sport: It ſo chanc'd one Day that he accompanied only with one Servant, and having no other Armour but his Sword, went in a Boat unto a ſpacious River a fiſhing, which being known unto Lamprido, he thought it now a convenient time for him to accompliſh his purpoſed Ends; and having engaged ſeven or eight other ſtout Perſons to his ſide, they armed themſelves, and in two Boats (to prevent Suspicion) betook themſelves alſo to the Water, taking two different ways the better to ſurround him in the middle. Duke Urſini was all this while ſo buſie at his Exerciſe, that he took no notice of their Intentions; yea at laſt, not perceiving they had any Armour, being hid under linnen Frocks, he permitted them to come ſo near his Boat, that one or two of them leaping in, began to lay hold of him; when ſnatching up his Sword, he defended himſelf ſo gallantly, that he had well near ſent their Souls to attend at Charon's Ferry, the biting Steel being purſued by ſuch Streams of Blood, that his Boat was all
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bestain'd with a Crimson Dye. In the mean time the other Villians leap'd in, and surrounded him so on every side, that he had no room to wield his Weapon; however, as if he had been a Man made all of Fire, having a Courage that knew not how to fear, he resisted them all, and in a while (though over-matcht) had sent four of their Souls to the Stygian Bay; whereof Lamprido was the third: Thus for a short space did the Goddess Victoria seem favourable to him; and now his Man who all this while had done his utmost in Defence of his Master, having grasped one of the Villians, they chanc'd both to fall overboard into the Water, when Duke Ursini endeavouring to help his Man, the other Villian gave him a mortal Wound on the Head; yet before he fell, he tumbled that Villian also into the Water, to accompany his Fellow, which was no sooner done, but through the loss of so much Blood which issued from his Wounds, he fell down in a Swoond, when at the very instant there came thither a Boat with some Citizens in it, intending also to have fish'd there; but seeing the latter part of this Skirmish, they made up to them, where they found in Duke Ursini Death's pale Flags advanc'd in his Cheeks, and he ready to take his Oath to be Death's true Liegeman. The Citizens did what they could in staying his Soul, which was now making a Separation from his Body, but all their Endeavours were in vain, for Death, Nature's bold Pursivant, had taking an absolute Possession of him; Whilst they were thus abusied in seeking to recal Life unto him again, they heard one of the two Parties with which he had encounter'd withal at first, to give a great Groan; whereupon using their helping Hands for to revive him, they at last brought him to his Speech, of whom they ask'd who were the Persons, and what was their Difference; which he declared unto them in manner as we have before described, and having made an end of his Relation, he presently therewith expir'd.

Hereupon the Citizens taking along with them the Boat wherein were the dead Bodies, return'd to the City, and declaring the News, there was great Sorrow and Lamentation for Duke Ursini, especially by the Lady Jilian, who from her drown'd Eyes shed many vain Offerings to the Dead: Nor can you think, most noble Champions, but that the Grief which then siez'd upon us who accompanied him in this his Voyage, was any thing less than what possess'd the Hearts of the Chiefest, for hearing the News, we sat in such a given-over Posture, as who had beheld us would have thought Silence, Solitariness, and Melancholy, were come under the Ensign of Mishap, to conquer Delight, and plunge us into the deep Abyss of Misery. After some little time, being raised as it were out of this Trance of Sorrow, we crav'd leave to depart home, with the Corps of our dead Master; which the Prince Lampasco freely granted, and furnish'd us with all things fitting, as here you see. At which words grief stopped the passage of his Speech, that he could proceed no further.

The Seven Champions heartily condol'd this Mishap, that so worthy

thy a Knight should fall so treacherously ; and now with all the speed they could they sail'd to *Italy*, where being arriv'd, Duke *Ursini* was interr'd with all the Funeral-pomp that could be devis'd ; where the other six Champions leaving *St. Anthony* behind them, they each one posted to their own Country, where they had not long remained, but that they dy'd, and was interred in their former Sepulchres.

Chap. XII. *What happen'd to St. George's eldest Son, Sir Guy, after he was parted from his two Brothers ; the woful Story of Selindus, how he was depriv'd of his Barony by Euphemius, and restor'd again by the Valour of Sir Guy and Capt. Bolus.*

NOW shall our Pen endeavour to describe the valiant Acts of *St. George's* eldest Son, *Sir Guy*, whose honourable Atchievements were so many and great, that to declare them in full, I might as well attempt to empty the Sea with a Spoon, or to scale *Olympus* with a Ladder of Sand. This valiant Knight being with his Ship seperated from his two Brothers, as you heard in the former Chapter, they sail'd through many and dangerous Straits and Passages ; and as they sail'd thus along, they came to a broad Sea, in the middle of which they thought they saw a small Island, to which they made up, and landed some of their Men, who made a Fire thereon to dress some Meat: Now when the Fire grew hot, and that the Meat was nigh sodden, the Island began to move, which made them all sore afraid, that they run with all the speed they could again to their Ship. Now this which they thought to be an Island, was only a great Fish nam'd *Lupus*, which laboureth Day and Night to put his Tail in his Mouth, but by reason of his Greatness could not ; which when they understood, they fetch'd their Kettle and Meat from off the Fish's Back, and so sail'd forwards till they came to a very fair Island, nam'd *Miconicum*, in which liv'd the famous Enchantress, the wise *Medea*, who gave out Prophecies concerning future Events, which being understood by *Sir Guy*, he with his chief Captain nam'd *Bolus*, went to her Habitation, being in a dark Valley, beset all with Mirtle-trees, the Building was fair and sumptuous, having a Brazen Gate for entrance thereunto, on which was depenfill'd these Veries :

*You, who would with the wise Medea speak,
Blow with the Trumpet which doth hang hereby ;
And e're you can a Question to her break,
She will your Doubts resolve assuredly.
Such Power the Fates did unto her bestow,
For Benefit of those which live below.*

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Whereupon Sir *Guy* set the Trumpet to his Mouth, and with a strong Breath blew such a Blast, as ecchoed in the Air like a Peal of Ordinance, when immediately the Gate of its own accord flew open, where stood a Dwarf ready to entertain them, who conducted them into a spacious Hall, which was adorn'd with many Statues of antick Work, and wherein in a huge Frame hung the Picture of *Medea*, how she by letting out *Æson's* old Blood, and by infusing new into the room, made him young again. In another Table was portray'd King *Midas*, who for preferring *Pan's* Pipe, before *Apollo's* Harp, was for his Pains rewarded with a pair of Ass's Ears. Whilst they were viewing these Pictures with Delight, the Enchantress *Medea* came down from her Chamber, who beholding Sir *Guy* with a fix'd Look, thus said unto him :

*Sir Knight, return unto thy Ship,
Let not Advantage from the slip ;
For now the time is nigh at hand,
Thou must be joyn'd in Hymen's Band,
Thy Constancy to her is known,
Who seeks to have thee for her own :
But e're these things to thee betide,
Thou many Troubles must abide.*

Having thus said, she vanish'd out of their sight, leaving them much wondring at what they had heard : Then taking their leave of the Dwarf, they return'd again towards their Ship ; but in their way, as they pass'd along by a River's side, which gently running made sweet Musick with the enamel'd Stones, and seem'd to give a gentle Kiss to every Sedge he overtook in his watry Pilgrimage ; there came crossing a Meadow towards them, an antient Shepherd, who by the Down-fal of mellow Years, seem'd as if Nature had brought him near to the Door of Death ; yet were not his Hairs so gray by Years as made by Sorrow, which his blubber'd Countenance gave a doleful Copy of his Thoughts, what he was about to speak : *Sir Knights*, said he, *if ever Compassion harbour'd in noble Breasts, let my aged Years and extream Misfortunes crave your Pity ; who from a contented, and not despicable Estate, am now become Fortune's Tennis-ball, by the Unconstancy of that blind Goddess. Know then, worthy Knights, my name is Selindus, once possed of the wealthy Barrony of Mompelior, scituate in this Island of Miconicum, a place which for the Richness of the Soyl, and Pleasantness of the Situation, is scarcely parallel'd in all the Country. These fair Possessions of mine, left unto me when I was young, soon procur'd me a Wife, of which*

which yet I had no Cause to repent, being a Lady replenish'd with all the Ornaments and Endowments of Nature, which might make her in every wise Compleat. Happily we liv'd together for some short space of time, when the Fruits of her Womb gave us great Hopes of more future Joys; but the Fates had decreed otherwise, for upon her Delivery, the Birth of the Infant prov'd the Death of the Parent, and she to bestow a Gem on the Earth, became herself a Pearl in the starry Firmament. What should I say more? I lost a Wife, and gained a Daughter; and indeed a Daughter of such superexcellent Parts, as might put a Cessation of Sorrow for the Mother. This Daughter, whose name was *Praxida*, did I bring up in all vertuous Education, who in short time became the Wonder of her Sex, having in her such Perfections as did yield Subject to Admiration, and as she grew more in Years, so did she add more to her Perfections, which admirable Endowments attracted to her many Adorers, who su'd for her Favour, amongst whom was one whom she most fancied, whose name was *Euphemius*, a Knight of *Placida*, being an Island not far off, under the Queen *Artemia*, who had made him sole Governour thereof.

Betwixt this *Euphemius* and my Daughter, unknown to me, had pass'd a solemn Contract, she belike fearing to disclose it to me, as doubting my Consent, his Estate not being answerable to my Revenues, wherefore they got privately married together. Now it happen'd not long after, upon some Offence against the Queen, *Euphemius* was committed to Prison, and having lain there some few Days, was brought before the Queen to be examin'd, who beheld him with great Wonder and Astonishment, for indeed he was a Person of a lovely Countenance, and in whom Dame Nature had done her utmost to the making of him in all Parts compleat; which so wounded her Heart with an Affection towards him, that instead of his being her Captive, she became his; and in part to manifest the same unto him, she frankly gave him his Freedom, and with many kind Words entertain'd him very graciously into her Favour; yet could not all this Kindness endear her unto him; but the more she shew'd Love to him on the one side, the more was his Hatred to her on the other; and that not so much in respect of his to my Daughter, as the mortal Spite he bare to her for his Imprisonment; so that having a fit Opportunity offer'd him, he fled from the Court, and confederating with some Friends, intended to levy War against the Queen.

The Queen understanding of his Departure, fared like unto a distracted Woman, wringing her Hands, and beating on her Ivory Breasts, she cast herself upon the Ground, tearing the lovely Tresses

from her Head. Her Ladies comforted her the best wise they could, but that cherisht Fire which blindly crept through every Vein of her fluent Blood, would suffer her to take no Rest; but being at last inform'd in what place he was, she sent to him this following Letter:

Could I in the least imagine what should cause your so sudden Departure, if it lay in my Power, the Cause thereof should be remov'd; but the Sore not being known, how can the Remedy be administ'r'd! If you think upon your Restraint, think also upon free-given Liberty, and not write the one in Marble, the other in Sand. That I seek for Love to you, impute it not to Lightness, but to a real Affection; and let your Return again to me demonstrate that your Heart is not inexorable, when perhaps my Presence may plead more in my Excuse then can this Paper-messenger; so wishing you, what she want herself, Health, she remains ever yours,

Artemia.

This Letter she sent by a trusty Messenger; but his Mind was so fully bent against her, that instead of Liking, it caus'd Loathing. Wherefore taking his Pen in hand, he sent her again this bitter Return:

What should cause you to Dote where you are Hated? I cannot imagine Love but Lust; therefore I shall not esteem of your Syren's Tongue, knowing that Bees have Stings as well as Honey: Nor think not to entrap me any more by your suger'd Baits; but know, that none so much Hates the Memory of you, as doth your sworn Enemy

Euphemius.

This Answer was to Artemia as a Dagger piercing her Heart, so that she immediately fell into such a deadly Swoond, as her Ladies about her could hardly recover her: Unhappy Artemia, (then said the Queen) and must I live to be despised, and he to triumph in my Overthrow! Ungrateful Man, can all my Courtesies reap no other Profit but only Disdain? Is it possible that I can continue to Love thee, that deservest rather to live in my Hatred! But why do I thus exclaim against him, who perhaps doth this only to try me; No, no, Artemia, he slights thy Love; Then dye fond Queen, defer not to live any longer; yet, dear Euphemius, in my Death shall I make it known how near thy Love was to my Heart, and how highly thou we're priz'd in my Affections.

In this manner did the woful Queen spend her Days until Sicknes coming on, put the Armony of Nature out of tune in her Body, which
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by little and little languish'd away in such sort, that she became a meer Skelton or Anatomy ; and now finding that Death by degrees began to sieze on her Vital Parts, she call'd her Nobles unto her, and spake to them these Words :

My Lords, I am now taking my last Leave of you, the spent Hour-glass of my Life is near at hand, and now at my parting Ghost I do adjure ye, as you will answer it before the Higher Powers, whither I am now going to appear, That ye invest Euphemius King when I am dead and gone : And though I doubt not of your Performance herein, yet for my more Assurance, and that my Ghost may quietly rest hereafter, I shall desire you to take an Oath to do it ; which if you should fail in the Performance, know assuredly you will both wrong your selves and him, him in depriving him of his Crown, and your selves of a good King, he being a Prince kind, wise, just and merciful, and only unkind unto me.

The Nobles, to satisfy her Request, freely took their Oaths to be true to *Euphemius* ; and now the Queen being fully satisfied with what was done, willingly yielded up the Ghost, whom the Nobles buried in most sumptuous manner ; which being done, they sent an Honourable Messenger to *Euphemius*, to certify him of the Queen's Death, and how she had bequeath'd her Crown to him ; which Messenger set forth *Artemia's* Love in such pathetical Words, as wrought in him a strange Alteration ; for when he thought upon her unalterable Affection towards him, the Constancy of her Love, her matchless Beauty, rare Endowments, and superexcellent Parts, he began to reflect upon himself, his Unkindness to her, his vile Ingratitude, that could wrong her which dyed for Love of him. These Considerations made him to like, where before he loathed, and to loath where before he lov'd ; for whereas before, he us'd to give many private Visits to my Daughter, protesting all Constancy and Loyalty towards her, now the Poyson of Hatred entred into his Heart against her, as taking her to be the chief Obstacle which hindred him from the Enjoyment of the Queen, and might be also the same of the Kingdom, if it should be known he were married unto her ; wherefore he departed along with the Messenger, never so much as bidding her Farewel, or sending any Messenger unto her.

The Nobles entertain'd him very splendidly, and with great Solemnity crown'd him King ; In the mean the poor *Praxeda* was well near distracted with Discontent, finding herself to be with Child, fearing to discover it unto me, and finding such an Alteration of Love from him ; Her Case being thus desperate, knowing it impossible to be long conceal'd, she sent to him this following Letter :

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My dear Euphemius,

MEn doth tax our Sex for being Unconstant, but now I must apply that Fault to you, I say to you, whose Oaths did give so great a Testimony of your Fidelity, that I durst not doubt them for fear of injuring myself. Ah Euphemius, doth Honours change Manners? can you so soon forget Praxeda, whom you swore so firmly to love? Now if thou hast no Pity for me, take some Compassion on the Fruit of my Womb, the Seal of our Loves, wherein thy lively Image is implanted; and if thou hast any thing of Nature in thee, thou canst not but deplore its Condition, and provide a Remedy for the same; we still hoping thou wilt remain Constant, I rest thine own,

Praxeda.

Euphemius receiv'd this Letter with great Indignation, vowing Revenge; the *Rhamnusia* Nemesis possessing his vengeful Breast in all her blackest Forms, and now his enrag'd Blood being tickled with the thoughts of pleasing himself, for as he thought it his Disgrace in her claiming him to be her Husband, he intended the Destruction not only of she, but of all her Kindred, and that to be perform'd as soon as he could find any pretended Cause of a Quarrel with her. In the mean time to deter her from any further Prosecution of her claim, he return'd to her this invective Answer.

HAh your Impudence no other Person to Father your Bustard-brat upon but me, whose known Reputation is such, as will free me in the Consciences of all honest Persons, from the known Calumnies of such a vile Strumpet? Was it not my Vertue preferred me by a general Consent to a Kingdom; and do you think by Detraction to bespatter my good Name? Cease then, perverse Monster of Womankind, to prosecute any further Claim unto me, lest it prove the deserved Destruction of thee and thine.

Thy deserv'd Enemy, Euphemius.

But before she received this Letter, feeling the Burthen of her Womb to grow great, she desired leave to go visit an Aunt of hers, named *Milefia*, pretending Indisposition of Health, to which I readily granted, knowing my Sister very careful over her for her good. To this her Aunt she discover'd all what had passed betwixt Euphemius and she, desiring her Aid and Secresie therein; and indeed it was but high time, for within three Days after her coming thither, she was delivered of a goodly Boy, whom her Aunt named *Infortunio*, and put him out to Nurse to one of her Tenants.

Soon

Soon after she received the Letter from *Euphemius*, which when she had read, her Grief and Sorrow, were so great, that she deemed herself the very Map of Misery; and falling into a Swoond, it was long ere her Aunt and the other Attendants could recover her to Life, such a sudden Grief had her Soul contracted, that who so had beheld her, would have thought her Spirit ready to descend into *Charon's* Boat, to be transported into the *Elizian* Fields; but coming a little to her self, she thus began for to exclaim:

And is it possible such Perjury can remain in Man! Do they think Oaths are not binding, or that Divine Vengeance doth not follow upon Breach of Promise? Ah Euphemius, can thy Heart prove so disloyal; were all the Protestations thou so often didst reiterate unto me, only feigned Baits to entrap me to my Destruction? Then glory in thy Triumph; but know, accursed Caitiff, my Soul shall haunt thee after Death, as did the Ghost of Queen Dido, follow the Body of Perjur'd Æneas; and saying these Words, she stabbed herself to the Heart with a Bodkin, which she had hidden within the Trammels of her Hair, and fetching only two or three deep Groans, she presently dy'd.

Praxida having acted this woful Tragedy on her self, put all the Household in a great Uproar, especially my Sister *Milesia*, who fared like to one of *Bacchus's* frantick raging Nuns, or like a Tartar, when in a strange Habit he prepares himself to a dismal Sacrifice: *Ah Praxida*, (said she) *how hath thy Actions straid from Reason's Center, thus to give thy Soul a Goal-delivery? Abhorred Euphemius, accursed maist thou be that wer't the Causar of all this Mischiefe: Hast thou a Heart more obdurate than Tygers, or the Panther's Whelps, whose Healths are Mourning-draughts in Blood; couldst thou be so unkind to her who loved thee so dearly? And must thy Revenge extend to Blood? O savage Rigour, more cruel then a Turk or Troglodite.* In this manner complain'd the woful *Milesia*, shedding abundance of Tears, which yet were but barren Shadows to express the Substance of her Grief. At last, the Extreimity of her Passion being over, she sent me word of what had happen'd; which into what a distracted Grief it put me, let them be jage who are the Parents of an only Child: My greatest Comfort in this distressed Condition was, to study Revenge against *Euphemius*, but how to accomplish it there was the Difficulty, as knowing my self too weak to oppose him by open Force: whereupon I sent a Letter to the chifest of the Nobles, declaring how unworthy he had done by my Daughter, and imploring their Aid to revenge his Disloyalty; who greatly pitying my Misfortunes, and remembring how he had been the Death of their good Queen *Artemia*, they by a joynt Consent banish'd him their Kingdom;

dom; who by this means being implacably incens'd against me, accompanied with a Crew of Fellows of as desperate Fortunes as himself, he warred against me, and quickly outed me of my Barony; I in vain imploring Help from his Nobles, who upon his Extirpation were warring one against another for Superiority: Wherefore being destitute of Friends, and hopeless of ever attaining my pristine Glory, I betook my self to a Shepherd's Life, the better to be shrouded in Obscurity; yet being assured by the wise *Medea*, that there should one Day come a Knight out of a far County who should restore me again to my Barony.

Sir *Guy* having heard the Shepherd's Discourse, it wrought in him great Ruth and Compassion; and turning himself to Captain *Bolus*, he thus said, *Now by the Honour of my Knighthood, and by the Love I bear to my Country England, I will not enter into my Ship until I have defeated him again in his Barony*; and to make good his Promise, he took with him a hundred of his choicest Soldiers, and being guided by the Shepherd *Selindus*, they marched to *Mompelior*, where they heard how *Euphemius* was lodg'd in a strong Castle, and guarded with five hundred Soldiers, having also in pay a certain *Morisco*, of a wonderful Stature and Strength, armed in a Coat of Mail, and using a Bar of Iron of forty pound weight for his Club. Having approached within half a Mile of the Castle, Sir *Guy* sent a Messenger to *Euphemius*, demanding to restore the Castle with all that belong'd to it, to *Selindus*, or else to expect the worst that should happen upon such Refusal; But *Euphemius* was so far from granting his Request, that he bid the Messenger to charge his Master forthwith to depart his Territories, or else his Life would pay for his Presumption in seeking to meddle with what he had nothing to do withal. Hereupon both sides prepared themselves for fighting: *Euphemius* himself, with the Gyant *Morisco*, accompanied with three hundred of this choicest Soldiers, setting upon Sir *Guy* with such Fury, that had he not been of undaunted Courage, and always watchful against such desperate Onsets, he had undoubtedly overthrown him; but Sir *Guy* having with great Valour stood the Shock of their Fury, fell upon *Euphemius* and his Men with such undaunted Resolution, that notwithstanding he made a notable Resistance, yet his Soldiers began to give back; which the *Morisco* perceiving, he singly set upon her Sir *Guy*, and with manly Courage dealt about such Blows, that who so should have beheld him, would have thought the great *Alcides* had descended again upon the Earth, to teach Mortals the Way of Mankind's Destruction; but Sir *Guy* so nimbly avoided his Blows, and with such dexterious Skill set upon the

the Gyant with his never failing Sword, that he made many Wounds in his Flesh, whereby Death to enter in at; which *Euphemius* perceiving, he made up to Sir *Guy* to succour the *Morisco*, but before he could get up to him he was set upon by Captain *Bolus*, with so great Courage, that he found he had enough to do to defend himself. At last Sir *Guy* enforcing himself with all his might, gave such a Blow on the Gyant's Helmet as piercing the same, it came forth all embued with his Brains, who without speaking any word fell down dead to the Ground.

Euphemius seeing his Friend the *Morisco* fall, would have fled away, but he was so environ'd by Soldiers, that all means was taken from him to escape; whereupon he was forced to yield himself a Prisoner, and was both by Sir *Guy*, and Captain *Bolus*, entertain'd with great Civility. In the mean time Sir *Guy's* Soldiers had pursued their Enemies with such Vigour, that those who were in the Castle, opening their Gates to entertain their flying Friends, before they could shut them again, Sir *Guy's* Soldiers also entered with them: And now within the Castle began a most desperate conflict, neither Defendants nor Assailants expecting any Mercy if overcome; wherefore each one were busie in plying Death's fatal Task, their Swords making such sad work that every place was over-fill'd with Slaughter, and their mingled Blood made a Purple Flood that overflowed in each place they fought. Whilst thus Death was Inning his plenteous Harvest, and the Soldiers so throng'd as they could scarcely wield their killing Hands, Sir *Guy* and Captain *Bolus* coming amongst them, soon turn'd the Scales on the Assailants side; so that the Defendants being more overcome by Valour then Number, yield themselves and the Castle to the Mercy of the Conquerours, the Possession whereof Sir *Guy* freely surrender'd into the Hands of *Selindus*, together with the Disposal of all the Prisoners: But *Euphemius* remembering how discourteously he had dealt by *Selindus*, falling on his Knees, desired of Sir *Guy* that he might remain still with him, promising him faithfully to be his true Prisoner; but his Crimes were so notorious, that Sir *Guy* would in no wise consent thereunto; whereupon Captain *Bolus* begg'd him of him, which was granted, he having before presented the Captain with a Jewel of an inestimable Price. And now did the Friends of *Selindus* come flocking unto him, whereby he was in a Capacity to maintain his Barony against all Opposers: Whereupon Sir *Guy* took his leave of him, and return'd to his Ship, his Soldiers according to their Merits, having been before richly rewarded by *Selindus*.

Chap. XIII. *How Sir Guy arrived in Sicily, where he overcame the Rebels, which after the King of Sicily's Death, had rebelled against the Queen Urania; How he was Married to her, and afterwards Crowned King of Sicily.*

SIR Guy having restored *Selindus* to his Barony, as you heard in the last Chapter, he took Ship, together with Captain *Bolus* and his Prisoner *Euphemius*, and having a prosperous Wind, they in a few Days arrived on the Coasts of fruitful *Sicily*, to the great Joy of Sir Guy, it being the happy Port whereto his Desires were directed; but it happened clean contrary to his Expectations, the Scene of Actions was quite alter'd there; for soon after his departure from thence, to his Expectation against the Infidels, the King of *Sicily* dyed, whereby the Crown came to the Princess *Urania*; but one *Nefario* a potent Nobleman of that Country, and who had many Dependents belonging to him, great Worth and Quality, raised a strong Rebellion against her, pretending (as the Custom of Rebels) the ill Management of the Affairs of the Kingdom, and so well had Fortune hitherto favoured his Endeavours, that he had gained from the Queen several strong Places, insomuch that many of her Captains seeing his Success, revolted from her, and sided with him. Sir Guy understanding the Badness of her Affairs, prepared all he could for her speedy Relief; and taking with him three hundred of his stoutest Soldiers, he marched with them towards the City of *Syracusa*, wherein he was inform'd she was besieged by a great Army of her Enemies. Willingly he would have given her Notice of his Arrival, but all places were so stopped that he could not possibly do it; whereupon dividing his Men into two Companies, he gave the one of them to the Command of Capt. *Bolus*, and the other he led himself; and so in the dead of the Night set upon the Enemies; who not in the least dreaded any Danger; and now was nothing but cutting, hacking and slashing throughout the Camp, so that in every place you might see a Throng of Carcases, whose liveless Eyes were closed with Dust and Death. Sir Guy remembering that he was now rescuing his dear Lady and Mistress out of the Hands of Rebels, did with his Sword do Wonders; striking so thick and deadly, as if he meant the wounded Soldiers should Row to *Charon's* Boat in Streams of their own Blood. And now had the cries and Shreeks of the Soldiers alarm'd *Nefario*, who put himself forward to withstand this Inundation, which he perceiv'd was ready to overwhelm all his former Successes. In the mean time

Capt.

Capt. *Bolus* had taken an eminent Commander Prisoner, by whom he understood the State of the Army; whereupon joyning with Sir *Guy*, they with united Courage set upon *Nefario*, and that with such Fury, that he not able to withstand them, was forc'd to give ground, whom Sir *Guy* did not eagerly persue, but sent a Messenger to the City to enform them of what was done; who thereupon presently issued out, killing many, and bringing in more Prisoners. But when the Queen *Urania* understood how Sir *Guy* was come to her Aid, her Joy was so great, that she was transported therewith into an Extasie, sending the chief of her Nobles presently unto him, for to conduct him to her Presence, whom she no sooner beheld, but she ran to him, and embracing him said, *Thrice welcome to me most honoured Knight, who wer't born for the Good of our Country: O how are we wound to the immortal Powers for thy preservation, and sending thee in this very Nick of opportunity to do us Good.* Most gracious Princess, (reply'd Sir *Guy*) *I did account it my greatest Happiness that I can in any wise serve you, though I wish it had not been upon this occasion; but since it is so, let not this Opportunity be slipp'd, but whilst the Enemy is in a Maze, let us fall upon him with a Resolution worthy the Justness of our Cause.* This Proposition being with great Reason applauded, the Soldiers were order'd to have a sudden Refreshment, having been wearied in the late Fight, the the Queen herself entertaining Sir *Guy*, who whilst he fed on those Viands she brought him, she feasted herself in the Contemplation of his admirable Perfections. Whilst they were thus at their Repast, they heard from a far the sound of Trumpets, at which they much marvelling, sent a Messenger to know what was the matter; who returned with this Answer, *That there were six thousand Thessalians come to the Queen's Aid: For King Alexander soon after his Coronation, earing how the Queen Urania was oppressed by her rebellious Subjects, resolved to succour her, and to that end sent these six thousand Soldiers first, resolving if they would not do, to follow himself with a sufficient Army.* Sir *Guy* hearing this welcome News, sent word to him instantly to refresh themselves, and he would joyn his Forces with them to set upon the Rebels; whilst this general Fear and Consternation was upon them, and having joyned to him four thousand of the choicest Sicilians, he was marching to them, but behold a sudden Change put a stop to his Proceedings, for in their way they met with about a hundred of the adverse Party, who hearing that Sir *Guy* was come to the Queen's rescue, knowing his Manhood, not only by former Exploits, but also by dear-bought Experience in the last Battle, to secure their Lives and Fortunes at the Queen's hands, they

siezed on *Nefario*, and as a Peace-offering intending to present him a Prisoner to the Queen: Sir *Guy* understanding what they had done, sent a Herald to the Residue, promising them the Queen's Pardon if they would lay down their Arms and submit to her; which undoubtedly they had done, but that at the very instant of time, *Grimaldo*, Brother to *Nefario*, was come to enforce his Army with ten thousand Soldiers more, which he had gotten up out of the adjoining Countries thereabout; but when he heard how his Brother was carried away by his own Party, and of the Defeat they had receiv'd the last Night, he was very much troubled in Mind; but that his Army might not take any notice of it, he encouraged them in the best wise he could, telling them such Defeats were but the Chance of War, and for his Brother's Imprisonment, it might be made good by taking some of the Chiefest of the other side Prisoners: That now they had so far drawn their Swords, there was no other Course to take but to throw away their Scabbards; all Hope of Reconcilement with the Queen being clean taken away, and therefore no other means but to use their utmost Manhood, either to conquer or dye honourably: With these and the like Speeches did he so encourage the Rebels, that when the Messenger came to them with the Queen's Pardon, it was rejected with Scorn: which being made known unto Sir *Guy*, he presently joyned with the Thessalians, and having complemented the chief Commanders, he encouraged the Soldiers in such a pithy Oration, that throwing up their Caps, they gave such a Hollow, as the Earth reverberated with the Sound of the same.

And now both Armies faced each other, when presently began such a terrible Fight, that *Mars* himself might have been a Spectator thereof. In one place stood a well-ordered Body of erected Pikes, like a young Leaf-less Wood to oppose the invading Horse: In another place were Bands of Archers, whose feather'd Arrowes out-run the piercing Eye, and cut a Passage through the flitting Air, repelling the Brains of the insulting Foe. Here stood Horses prancing with their Feet, raising such Clouds of Dust, as cover'd the Face of the darkned Sky; when presently Pikes, Bills and Darts, like a moving Wood, rushed against each other. The Horses angry in their Master's Anger, with Love and Obedience brought forth the Effects of Hate and Resistance, and with Winds of Servitude did as if they affected Glory. And now all Hands were busied in killing, the poor Soldiers stood with Fear of Death, as dead struck; the thirsty Earth drank up whole Streams of Blood, and Mounts were made of slaughtered Carcases. Sir *Guy* did Wonders that Day with his
Sword,

Sword, sending thousand of Souls to the Infernal Regions. As thus he made Lanes of his Enemies dead Bodies, he came at last to meet with *Grimaldo* with whom he enter'd into Combat, and notwithstanding his Body was enclosed about with glittering Walls of Steel, yet made he such Breaches therein, as Death had many Ways to enter, and Life as many Holes whereby to creep out; and now *Grimaldo* craved for Mercy, which Sir *Guy* refused, saying *No, Varlet, thou mightest have taken it when it was proffer'd thee; but now nothing but Death can satisfy for thy Disloyalty*: and therewithal reacht him such a Blow, as brought him headlong to the ground, and redoubling the same, the second sent him post-hast to Prince *Pluto*, to keep company with his Fellow-Rebels.

Grimaldo being thus kill'd, the whole Army betook themselves to Flight, whom Sir *Guy* and his Company pursued in eager wise, killing and destroying whomsoever they overtook, without any Remorse or Pity, so that there was more slain in the Chase then in the Fight. Having obtain'd this signal Victory, Sir *Guy* order'd a part of the Army to pursue the Residue of the Rebels, whilst he with the rest march'd back unto the City: And now was such a universal Joy amongst the Citizens as was not to be credited; all the way as Sir *Guy* passed along the Streets, the People sending forth such loud Acclamations as the vast Air was deafned therewith, and that their Joy should resound to the *Antipodes*. When they came to the Palace-gate, they were met by the Queen, accompanied with a great Train of Ladies, and Nobles that attended on her; before all which the Queen could not forbear, but taking Sir *Guy* about the Neck gave him a Kiss: *My dearest Love, (said she) what recompence can our Country afford thee in Retribution of such inestimable Benefits as the Divine Powers, by thy victorious Arms, have bestowed upon us! How had our Weal been buried in Woe, our Plenty in Penury, our Riches in Ruine, hadst not thou rescu'd us from Rake-hells and Rebels! Consider this, my honoured Nobles, and so submit to him as your King, whom I intend very speedily to make my Husband.* And so in Hand in Hand they marched up to her Palace, where he was entertain'd with a stately Banquet: Sir *Guy* behaving himself so affably and courteously to the Nobles and Ladies that he won their Applause, they accounting him to be the very Mirrour of true Magnanimity, and Pattern of noble Chevalry.

And now all things being thus quieted, and the two Princely Lovers assured of each others real Affection towards one another, their Hearts and Minds were very well satisfied: The Thessalian Army being richly rewarded, were sent home, and with them an honorable

The Famous History of

able Messenger to King *Alexander*, to return him Thanks for his Aid, as also to invite him to the Wedding of Sir *Guy*, and the Queen *Urania*, the perfix'd Day whereof was suddenly to be : And now tell that long-wish'd for Day came, did they mix Time's Wings with pleasant Discourses, and delightful Sonnets : Amongst others Sir *Guy* contemplating the Perfections of his Mistress, breathed forth her Praises in this Sonnet :

*Appelles like when Nature did thee make,
She view'd the Beauties of the Earth each one :
And from them all the best of all did take,
That thou should'st not excell'd be by none :
And for to make thee super excellent,
She joy'n'd in one what many Beauties lent.*

*And thus with Venus Beauty she endow'd thee,
And Pallas like she Wisdom to thee gave,
The Learning of Cornelia she allow'd thee,
That thou no Lack of any thing should'st have :
And more than thus thy better Parts to grace,
Infus'd a divine Soul to a fair Face.*

*Some (though but few) as beautiful may be,
Others and those not many) may as wise,
Others may be as learned, but in thee,
All Nature's Jewels in one Casket lies ;
That who so views thy looks a Lover makes him,
Either thy Vertues, or thy Beauties takes him.*

The appointed Day being now near at hand, the Nobles and Knights prepared a solemn Jufts to be holden against all Comers, and many costly Pageants and delightful Shews were prepared by the Citizens; the Ladies got them many costly Jewels, and other rich Ornaments to adorn themselves against that Day ! And to compleat the Solemnity, King *Alexander* with a splendid Train of Followers came to *Sicily*, who were most magnificently entertained by Sir *Guy* and the Queen *Urania*. On the Marriage Morning, the Bride and Bridegroom were saluted up with most sweet sounding Musick; the Palace was hung round about with Garlands, and rich Perfumes cast into Fires which gave a most odoriferous Smell ; melodious Harps and Songs tickled the Ears with Delight. In brief, every, thing was
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so well order'd as befitted such a Royal Solemnity. All the way as they went to the Temple, the Ways were strow'd with Flowers of *Flora's* chiefeft Pride, and the Priest having joyned them in *Hymen's* Nuptial Bands, as they returned, there was great store of Money thrown amongst the poorer sort of People, that they also might participate the Gladness of the Day; the Bells rang, Trumpets sounded, Cornets flourish'd, and the Acclamations of the People were so great, as would have silenced the Fall of *Nilus*, or Thunder-shot from a divided Cloud. In this stately manner they marched back to the Palace, where was provided for them a most magnificent Dinner, which for Variety of Dishes, and most artful Deoffing, is far beyond my Skill to express, the Variety of the Dishes being so many, as if this Feast would as the Flood, destroy all sorts of Fowls and Beasts. The Afternoon was spent in Dancing, Masking, Revelling, and other delightful Sports, until such time as *Morpheus*, the drowsie Sergeant of the Night summoned them to Bed, there to take their Repose.

Next Morning, no sooner had *Aurora* from the East displayed her purple Doors, and the rosie Morning drawn away his sable Curtain, and let in the Day, but the Knights and Nobles prepared themselves to Just; Sir *Guy*, King *Alexander*, and the Queen *Urania*, with divers Ladies and Peers, seating themselves on Scaffolds to behold the same: The first that entered the Lists was a Sicilian Knight named Sir *Albert*, mounted on a Horse of a fiery sorrel Colour, with black Feet, and black List on his Back, who with open Nostrils breathed forth War before he could see an Enemy. His Armour was Green, like to the Earth, when it begins to put on its Summer Livery: In his Shield was pourtrayed the Resemblance of a Garden, with divers springing Flowers, and this Motto, *Still encreasing*. Against him entered a Corinthian Knight named *Agelastus*, mounted on a milk-white Horse, but that upon his Shoulders and Withers he was freckled with red Stains, as when a few Strawberries are scattered into a dish of Cream. His Armour was Blood-red, denoting Terrour to his Enemies; and on his Shield was depend'd a Hawk siez'd on a Pigeon, yet hurting it not, the Word was, *True glory the only Prize*. At the Sound of the Trumpets (which was by the Appointment of two reverend Judges) they ran fiercely against each other, breaking their Staves with much Gallantry, but at the second course *Agelastus* was driven quite from out of the Saddle, which Disgrace he would have revenged with his Sword, but that the Judges forbid it, it being quite contrary to the Order set down.

To Revenge this Disgrace, there entred the Lists a Laconian Knight named *Lyfander*, riding on a *Barbery* Horse of a Cole-black, his Armour answerable to the same, representing the dark Shades of Night, through which yet peeped some Stars, as if a comfortable Day would ensue : On his Shield was pourtrayed the Goddess *Fortune*, who *Jannus* like, looked two ways, to denote that nothing in this World is so certain, but that if Good went before, as Ill might come behind, the Word was, *The End Crowns all*. These two encounter'd each other with such invincible Courage, as made the Spectators to surmize, that the warlike *Mars*, and invincible *Alcides* were come to try their martial Prowess upon Earth, and fighting thus with equal Courage a long space, Sir *Albert*'s Horse leaning heard upon the other, and wining ground, the other Horse feeling himself prest, began to rise a little before, as he wont to do in his Cornet ; which Advantage, Sir *Albert* taking, set forward his own Horse with the further Spur, so as *Lyfander*'s Horse came over with his Master under him, giving to Sir *Albert* the Honour of the Victory.

Many other Knights and great Personages were by him worsted, as Sir *Egre* of *Sparta*, Don *Zarasof* of *Argos*, *Wildamore* of *Crete*, and many others, but as we have seen the Sun in a serene Day disperse his Beams with great Splendour, enlightening the World, to the Content of all the Beholders, and towards the Evening his radiant Lustre set in a darkned Cloud ; even so the Glories gained by Sir *Albert* were darkned by his last Enterprize, with an Encounter against an Arcadian Knight named Sir *Selvador*, who at such time as was the Ebb of Day, when *Phabus* bright Chariot had run past the proud Pillars of *Alcmena*'s Son, and with his Earth born Shades began to cloath the Earth with Night, enter'd the Lists, in an Armour representing only Confusion, no Piece answerable to the other, yet all so well compacted as if Art had made Order in Confusion. At the Signal of the Trumpets sounding they set spurs to their Horses, encountering each other with such well-guided Valour and Courage, as showed them each to be a Master of Martial Prowess ; but at the third Course it was Sir *Albert*'s ill Fortune to miss his Rest, which he could not recover, before Sir *Selvador* had met him, and by main Strength cast him to the Ground.

The Honour of the Day remaining thus to Sir *Selvador*, the approach of Night put a Period to those Martial Exercises for that Day, which yet were continued with manly Courage and Resolution for several Days after. And now before King *Alexander*'s return home to *Theffaly*, the Coronation of *Guy* with his Queen *Urania* was ap-

appointed, which was performed with all Art and Splendour imaginable, which also made good the Propheſie that the Fairy Queen had predicted of him, as we mentioned before in the 14 Chapter of the First Part of this History.

*A Soldier bold, a Man of wonderous Might,
A King likewise this Royal Babe shall dye :
Three Golden Diadems in bloody fight,
By this brave Prince shall also conquered be.
The Towers of fair Jerusalem and Rome,
Shall yield to him in happy time to come.*

The Coronation being thus over, King *Alexander* with his Retinue returned to *Theſſaly*, being accompanied part of the way with King *Guy*, and his Queen *Urania* ; Capt. *Bolus* also with the English Soldiers departed to their own Country, being highly rewarded by the King and Queen. And now here must we leave these worthy Captains to relate what befel to the Heroick Knight Sir *David*, after he was separated from his two Brothers in the Storm, as you heard before said.

How Sir David and his Company were almost famish'd with Hunger : How they came to the Isle Fortuna, where Sir David slew a Dragon, and deliver'd the Island Ancona from Enchantment.

After the angry Seas had by the Fury of the Tempest separated the three Brother as you heard declared before, the magnanimous Knight Sir *David* was with his Ship by the force of the Storm driven upon unknown Seas, where they sailed for several Days in great Want and Penury, being necessitated both for Victuals and fresh Water, having nothing but their own Tears to quench their Thirst, and ready to eat one another to satisfy their Hunger impetuous : Famine, that pinching Fury so Lording it over them, as nothing was expected now, but to dye a lingering, and of all others the worst kind of Death : The Sailers were growing so feeble they were not able to handle their Sails, and the Soldiers instead of encountering their Enemies, ready to embrace their Hands in their Fellows Bloods, and like Cannibals to devour those whom they slew : The disconsolate Sir *David* seeing his Soldiers thus with weakned Limbs, and barking Stomachs, thus complained to himself :

O you Immortal Powers, why did you reserve us thus from the Hands of our

Enemies, to perish by a more lingring and ignoble Death! O why was I born to see this Day! far better it had been for us to have been slain by the Swords of the Infidels; then had we dy'd in the Bed of Honour, and not thus miserably to end our Lives, by that which Valour cannot encounter, nor the stoutest Courage be able to resist. In this manner did the noble Knight Sir David make his Complaint, but not willing the Soldiers should know his inward Grief, he comforted them in the best wise he could, although his own hopeless Misery could present no Comfort to himself: But now at last, when all Hope seem'd desperate, and every Woe that could by Despair be brought, presented it self to the troubled Thought, it chanc'd that one of the Company as he thought spyed Land, which he imparting to his Fellows, they upon View imagined the same; whereupon some Sparks of Comfort began to enter in at the Crannies of their Hearts, and making towards it, as well as their weak Bodies was able to guide the Ship, with much ado they got on Land; which, to their great Comfort they found plentifully stored with Sheep, Conies, and divers sorts of Fowls, with which they refresh'd their almost-famisht Bodies. Then searching up further into the Country, they found divers Trees laden with Fruit, very delightful to the Eye, and seem'd as delicious to the Taste; but no sooner had they eaten of it, but they presently fell down into a dead Swound or Trance, bereaved both of Sense and Motion, which put Sir David and the rest who had not tasted of it, into great Grief and Consternation of Mind, thinking themselves only reserved from Famine, to dye by this strange and unknown Operation of poysonous Fruit.

As they were thus deploring their miserable Condition, there presented himself to them an aged Hermit, clothed in a long Gown of Gray, his Head cover'd with an hoary Fleece, and his silver Hairs speaking Experience: In his Hand he lead two pretty Children, a Boy and a Girl, whose tender Looks pleaded Innocence. The old Gentleman without any Fear came boldly up to them, demanding what Chance had brought them thither; whither not any Mankind had come before in threescore Years, save only that Boy he led in his Hand, together with the Girl, who were brought thither by the working of the Sea in a little Boat, and by him miraculously preserved.

Sir David with Teas standing in his Eyes thus answer'd the Hermit: *Most reverend Father, We may well be said to come from the Land of Sorrow, our Exceß of Grief scarce giving way to the Relief of Words, such has been our so pinching Want of Victuals at Sea, and Death here on Land as*
has

has deprived me of most of my Followers; for coming for Succour unto this Island, the greatest part of my Men by eating of some deadly Fruit unknown unto them, were soon arrested by Nature's bold Pursuant, grim gastly Death, under whose Dominion they lye, if no other Remedy can be procured then what we have knowledge of.

Most Courteous Knight, (replied the Hermit) both Cause and Cure are well known unto me, and which I shall experience to you presently: So desiring some part of them for to accompany him, he went unto a little Grove hard by, where grew great store of an Herb whose Leaves were much like our English Sassafras, this Herb he did stamp betwixt two Stones, and straining the Juice of it into their Mouths, who thus lay for dead, they presently revived, to the great Joy and admirable Wonder of Sir David, and the rest of his Followers: Those who were thus seemingly dead, reported after their reviving, what extraordinary things they had seen in their Trances, for the Nature of that Fruit (belike) was such, as they imagined to themselves that they were transformed to the Shapes of sundry Beasts, as Bulls, Dogs, Wolves, and the like, and that they encountered strongly against each other. After Congratulations for their happy Revival, the aged Hermit conducted them to his Cell, which was pleasantly seated by a River's side, that ran upon so fine and delicate ground, as one could not easily judge whether the River did more wash the Gravel, or the Gravel purifie the River; the Banks on either side were fring'd with most beautiful Trees, that resisted the Sun's Darts from over-much piercing the natural Coldness of the River, which ran not forth right, but continually winding as if it had a delight to play with itself.

Here did the old Hermit fetch out what Victuals he had, but that nothing sufficing, they kill'd some Sheep, Goats, and other Beasts, which they dressed in the old Man's Cell. After they had sufficiently refreshed themselves, Sir David requested the old Man to enform them where they were, and of the Condition of the Place; to which he readily condescended, and began after this manner;

Now worthy Gentlemen, that this Island wherein you now are, is called Fortunia, not large for Circuit, but plentiful for Sustenance, supplying with her Abundance the Country of Ancona, not far distant from the Island, and of which once I was the unhappy Governour; being blessed with a beautiful Wife, and more beautiful Daughter, named Estrilda; Living for a long time together in great Love and Abundance of all earthly Blessings, until the Fates envying our Happinss, sent thither a famous Negromancer named Orpino, who rode in a burning Chariot, drawn by flying Dragons, and who

was so expert in his Devilish Art, that all the Infernal Furies were at his Command, and the subterranean Spirits obeyed his Charms and Spells. This wicked Magician tempted by the evil Spirit Aimodeus, burn'd in Lust towards my Wife, and the better to accomplish his Desires, having ingratiated himself in great favour at my Court (for such then it was) he thought nothing impossible to hinder his Designs: But my Wife being as vertuous as she was beautiful, not only resisted his Temptations, but also acquainted me with his lustful Intentions; whereupon I was resolved to sieze on him, and by severe Justice to bring him to condign Punishment; but knowing the great Power he had in the Black Art, I was fearful in what manner to accomplish my Desin; At last I resolved to invite him to a Banquet, and after he had been fully inebriated with the Juice of Bacchus, to have an armed Guard to set upon him, but in vain were all the Attempts which I devised against him; for no sooner did they lay Hands on him, but he was rescued by Spirits, which presently appeared in a full Army, over-spreading the place thereabouts, and sending forth such Horrour and Amazement amongst all my People, as happy were they could get farthest off from their sight; In these hellish Shapes did they pursue my Men all the Island over, not leaving till such time as there was not one Man left but only my wretched self, whom they detained Prisoner: Then did these infernal Spirits convey all the Male-children away, but all the Females, guarded by Divine Protection, they had not the least Power to hurt or touch. Next did he by his Magical Arts upon a Rock adjoyning to the Island, erect a Citadel or small Castle, which is kept by a Dragon, that each Morning out of his Mouth sendeth forth such a poysonous Breath, as killeth all the Males which are upon the Island, but over the Females his Breath hath no Power. Just over against this Castle standeth a Pillar, whereon are inscribed these Verses:

What Man foe're sets foot within this Isle,
 He by our Charms immediately shall dye,
 Which shall remain in force until the while,
 A Knight shall overcome the Enemy.
 For then great Orpin's Charms and Spells shall cease,
 And then the Land shall peopled be in Peace.

Having proceeded thus far in his Devilish Arts, he next by his Spirits brought me into this Island, where I have now remained the space of ten Years, not having the Company of any either Man, Woman and Child, save only of these two, which were sent to me in a most miraculous manner.

For walking by the Sea-side one Morning, at such time when the heavenly Team begins his golden Progreß from the East, and guilds the Horizen with his Radiance; as I cast my Eye upon the briny Face of Nuptune, I beheld
 some-

something floating on that glassy Deep ; and staying to take better notice of it, I perceived it to be a Boat, which without the help of either Man or Oars made towards the Shore, and being come near I drew it to Land, wherein were laid these two Children fast asleep, and betwixt them a Tablet written in Letters of Gold, which contained these Words :

Left to Queen Chance two Babes of Knightly Birth,
Are to the Rage of Wind and Seas exposed,
If that they gain a habitable Earth,
By this their Parents dear may be disclosed ;
Fonteious Children, whom Death Prisoner keeps,
Their Motheir in the *Inchanted Castle* sleeps.

Their Step-father Sir *Vnylon*, who did owe
A Grudge unto them for their Mother's sake,
To end their Lives his Malice did bestow,
On whom the Queen of Chance did Pity take :
Declaring they shall by an English Knight,
Restored be unto their Father's Right.

Thus Fate decree, and those do strive in vain,
Who e're they be to alter Fate's decree,
By unkown Means our Ends we oft attain,
And furthest ways to thought, may nearest be.
Learn then for to be Just without Offence,
Heavens punish Evil, protect Innocence.

Now from what place these Children came, I am as ignorant as they themselves, whose tender Age was such as made them incapable of any Knowledge, either of Parents or Country ; yet was I much revived by the Writing, which promised there Restoration by an English Knight, in which I also hoped my own was included ; wherefore ever since I have carefully brought them up, and fostered them in the best manner I could ; And now I hope is the time come about, wherein what was promised by the Queen of Chance will be performed ; not doubting but that such magnanimous Resolutions as I see seated in your noble Breasts, joyned with a just Cause, will make you courageous to perform the Adventure, and to free me from his tedious Trouble and Thraldom.

Sir David hearing this Story with much Admiracion, remembered how he and his Brothers had freed there Mother from the *Enchanted Castle*, as also of the Knight, which told how Sir *Vnylon* had exposed these two Children to the Mercy of the Sea ; all which he related to the

the ancient Gentleman, and withal promised him his utmost Endeavour for finishing the Enchantment, and restoring him again to the Island of *Ancona*.

And now was much Mirth and Joy on all sides: Sir *David* was entertained into the Hermit's Cell, together with as many of the prime Commanders as it would convenient sustain; the rest of the Soldiers cut down Boughs from Trees, and therewith made them Huts to shelter them from the Heat of the Sun, when his hot Steeds from their Nostrils vomit Flame on the parched Earth: Sheep and Goats they killed abundance, so that there was store of boyling, broyling, frying, roasting, stewing, and other ways of dressing Dishes to refresh their Bodies, after their sore and bitter Hunger sustained at Sea. This continu'd for a Week's space together; but then Sir *David* remembering his Promise made to the aged Hermit, he buckled on his Armour, and putting himself into his Ship-boat, rowed with two Marriners, and guided by the old Hermit, he undauntedly landed before the *Inchanted Castle*, and marched directly towards the Gate thereof, whither no sooner he was come, but the Dragon most fiercely issued out, when presently began betwixt them the most fierce Encounter that ever was heard of, so that to describe it to the full I want the Skill of *Orpheus*, that sweet Thracian Singer, or the Invention of *Homer*, in describing the Battles of the Greeks and Trojans. The Dragon most furiously assailed Sir *David*, seeking to catch him in her Paws, which he nimbly avoided, and lent the Dragon many Blows, who lifting up her Head, sought to through the whole weight of her Body upon Sir *David*; which he perceiving, slipping aside, gave her a wound on the Belly, wherein she only was penetrable, and made her give forth a hideous Yell; which Advantage Sir *David* espying, he thrust his Sword into her Mouth, which she so strongly bit with her Teeth, that had it not been made of the purest *Lydian Steel*, it would have been in great danger of being bitten in two, so that Sir *David* to draw it out was forc'd to use great strength, but withal it so cut her Tongue, that the poysonous Blood came pouring forth of her Mouth, which so enraged the Dragon, that turning her about she gave him such a blow with her Tail, as made him to stagger, and as if stounded, the Sword was ready to drop out of his Hand; so that the aged Hermit and the two Marriners, who all this while sat in the Boat to behold the Combat, began to doubt of the Success thereof: But Sir *David* recovering himself, against she came to assail him again with her Tail, taking his Sword with both his Hands, he struck such a stroak as cut off two Yards in length of her Tail:

Tail: And now the Dragon being thus wounded, began to use her first Play, and sought to sieze upon Sir *David* with her Paws, but her strength was so enfeebled through the loss of so much Blood, that her Force availed her not: On the other side Sir *David* gathering Strength at the sight of her Weakness, ran against her with all his Might, and by main Force tumbled her all along, and e're she could recover, thrust his Sword into divers parts of her Belly, which was as big as any Tun, and in Colour like to the burnisht Gold, whereout issued such Abundance of poysoned Filth, and withal stunk so abominably, as not able to endure it, he retreated to the Boat, who were ready to receive him, where they beheld how the hugly Monster rolled about his own Goar, and beating the Earth with the remainder of her Tail, until at last she dyed, when was heard a mighty Clap of Thunder, and immediately the Castle vanished away.

No sooner had they beheld the Castle vanished, but they put forth to land, where Sir *David* on his Knees gave Thanks to the Immortal Powers for this Victory; and then going up higher into the Land, they came to a little Village, the Inhabitants whereof were greatly astonished, some of the younger Sort thereof having never seen a Man before in their lives, and those that were elder, in not many Years before. By them they understood that the Queen, Wife to the aged Hermit was dead, and that her Daughter, the beautiful *Rosetta*, did govern the Island; whereupon they determing to go to the young Queen, sent the two Marriners back for the chieft of their Company to go along with them. Now whilst they staid there, many of the Country came to see them, some of the eldest of which remembring their King, fell down at the aged Hermit's Feet, rejoycing to have seen that Day they might behold again their Sovereign: Then was great enquiry made for the rest of the Men, some for their Husbands, some for their Brothers, and other Relations, to whom the aged King *Antenor*, for such was his Name, and by which Title we shall now call him, could give no other Account, but that he could give no account of them at all. In the meantime some of them had posted to the Court, and acquainted the young Queen where her Father was; who at first could not believe their Reports, such an Unlikelihood did the Truth of the Story carry with it; but being confirmed by so many, at last she believ'd what she most desir'd to be true; and taking with her some of the choicest of her Maids, she hasted to him with all the speed she could; but it was a most rare sight to behold into what Wonder and Admiration they were both stricken at the first sight of each other: for she having never seen a Man before that, she could

remember, thought his long Beard and other Attire most strange to behold; and he on the other side having not seen her in so many Years, the Remembrance of her was quite out of his Memory. However, she having been instructed in the Honour that Children should do to their Parents, humbl'd herself to him on her Knees, whom he most lovingly embrac'd; and now Tears through the over-excess of Joy, stopp'd for a while the passage of their Speech, at last the King *Antenor* spake as followeth:

Most dear Daughter, In whose sight methinks I behold the Perfections of thy Mother; the Joy which I have to behold thee is enough to blot out all the Story of my Misfortunes; For, what thing can there be under the heavenly Canopy that can bring more Gladness to my Soul, or can present my Genius with a fuller Blandishment of Transporation, than by pouring my self forth into Labyrinths of Joy to behold the Fem of my Desires, whom I despair'd ever to have seen? But now that I have seen thee, I have my Desire, and shall the more willingly descend to my Grave, when I shall lye every Minute expecting Death's sad Summons.

Much other talk had they concerning the Death of the Queen, and of what Occurrences had pass'd in the mean space; all which time Sir *David* beheld the Princess *Rosetta* with Admiration; so that Love through his Eyes stole into his Heart, and there took a full Possession, becoming so enamour'd of her, that an old Man doth not love his Heap s of Gold with a more doting Superstition than he doted on her Perfections, and so becoming Love's Chaplain, thrust himself into that Yoak, which is justly term'd the Harbinger of all Unrest, a freezing Fire, pleasing Flame, fond Fancy, and self-chosen Snare; but having not an Opportunity now to disclose it, and the Queen inviting them to her Palace, whilst they were preparing to set forwards, the rest of the Ship's Company came up to them, together with the two Thracian Children destined to Destruction by Sir *Vnylon*, and who were preserv'd by *Antenor*, as you heard before.

All the way as they went to the Palace, they were entertain'd with great Joy, a Troop of Maidens cloathed all in White, going before them with Timbrels in their Hands, with which they play'd very melodiously, singing of Songs, and answering one another in pleasant Roundelays: The People all the way as they passed came flocking about them, the younger Sort wondring at the Men, as if they were Monsters; and the Men wondring as much to behold in every place nothing but Women. The Queen *Rosetta* entertain'd Sir *David* with very high Respects, who return'd her Kindness with oblidging Civility. The chiefeft Commanders were accommodated with Tents
pe-

peculiar to themselves, and stor'd with delicious Viands and Wines. Nay, the very meanest Soldiers were so well gratified and entertained, that they thought themselves very much obliged both the Queen, and the rest of her Subjects. In this Condition we will leave them for a while, to tell you what happen'd soon after in the Island.

Chap. XV. *How Sir David was married to the Queen Rosetta ; how he overcame the Remnant of the Pagan Army : Sir Pandrasus with his Men landing in Ancona ; and how they hang'd a Sagittary upon a Tree.*

CONquering and imperious Love had so wounded the Heart of Sir David, that he could take no Rest Day nor Night ; all Sports and Pastimes seem'd tedious to him, and he gave himself over to such excessive Melancholy that he seem'd like a Statue, had not his Sighs breath'd from his heav'd-up Heart, shew'd it to be a kind of living Death ; yet were his Affections so merciful to him, that his very Tears were of a sovereign Use, which as they gulsh'd forth, seem'd to quench those Flames his Mistress's Eyes had kindled, which otherwise would have scortcht him to Ashes. In this lingring kind of Life did he live for some time, seeking to suppress those Passions which Love had kindl'd in his Breast ; but the more he strove to suppress it, the more it encreased, so that not able any longer to contain himself, finding a fit Opportunity when Rosetta was alone, he brake his Mind to her in this manner :

Madam, I see so many Perfections residing in you, that not to Love you would argue a Stupidity of Knowledge, and obleges me to Honour your excellent Endowments to the utmost of my Power ; for, believe me, Madam, my Desires are good, and my Wishes flow from a sincere Affection towards you, that if you please to yield to me your Love, you shall find me both Constant in Affection towards you, Faithful to deal Honourably with you, and Loyal not to do any thing that shall be disagreeable to your Will.

Most Courteous Knight, (reply'd the Queen) to whose Valour we are so much indebted, as we want Words to express a due Thankfulness for what you have done for us ; for your Suit in Love, though it be a thing strange unto me, as not acquainted with any Men before your coming hither ; so cannot I promise you any thing in it, as not being at my own Disposal, my Father and Country claiming a Knowledge thereof, before I give a final Consent to a thing of such Consequence ; Yet as I would not have you hope too much (since your Merit might command more) so would I not have you to Despair, since you shall not find me, who am most concern'd in it, the most Obnoxious to your Suit : Account me not (dear Sir) over-found in my Expressions, since such high Deservings,

servings, joyned with such Manbood and Courtesie, cannot but attract a willing Acceptance of that which is so vertuously offer'd.

My Ssecond-self, (said Sir David) my Ambition is no higher to climb but by a Ladder of Desert; though all I can do were it far higher than what I have already done, must needs come far short as the Enjoyment of so Divine a Jewel as yourself. As he would have proceeded further, the King Antenor missing the Company of Sir David, in which he took a most special Delight, came unto them, and finding Sir David in Parley with his Daughter, he pleasantly said to him,

Most worthy Chieftian, If you are as Fortunate in conquering at Amours as you are at Arms, it is not in the Power of any Lady to withstand thee; And therefore, Daughter, it is in vain to resist the Gunshot of his Eloquence, since his Arguments like Arrows, are not swifter of Flight then sure of Aim.

Sir, said Sir David, If my Eloquence were as able to conquer as her Beauty, I should not despair of obtaining the Victory.

Rosetta smiling, said, In the Conjunction of so many Arts and Arms, it is no Disgrace at all to be conquer'd.

Whilst they were thus discoursing, there came towards them a Woman on Horse-back, who by the haste that she made, proclaim'd that her Errand was of a great Importance; and so it prov'd, for coming near to them, she cry'd out, *Arm, arm, with all the speed you can; for Enemies are upon our Coast, who have already done much Mischief, and if not prevented, are like to do much more.* These Enemies which thus molested this Island, were the Residue of the Pagan Army, which had escap'd from the Battle fought against them by the Christians, and were conducted by the Horse-fac'd Tartar, who had escap'd from the Sword of Sir Guy, as we told you before in the seventh Chapter: These Vagabond Fugitives being headed by this Monster, as also by a Sagittary, who came with the Prince of Tripoly, having gotten some Ships, intended to escape to *Persia*, but by a Storm at Sea were driven they knew not whither amongst several Islands, where they maintained themselves by robbing, killing, and other inhumane ways handling the Inhabitants, who joyned altogether, set upon them, and by the slaughter of some of them, forced the rest to put forth to Sea again. After several Turmoylings, they chanc'd to land on this Island, upon which they no sooner set foot, but they fell to their old Trade of Robbing and Killing, so that the affrighted Inhabitants run from their Presence as the fearful Sheep from before the devouring Wolves. Sir David understanding of what had passed, commanded his Men presently to arm, and taking a gentle Farewel of Rosetta and Antenor, he march'd directly against the Pagans, being guided by

by the Woman which brought the News. As he march'd along, he was met by divers Women, who all fled from the merciless Hands of their Enemies, praying for the good Success of the English, in whose victorious Arms depended all the Hopes of their Safety.

The Pagans seeing none but Women to oppose them, thought themselves secure, and therefore never minded their Arms, but fell to Eating, Drinking, Ravishing of Women, and all manner of Outrages that a barbarous Nation could act; when Sir *David* with his Men set upon them, killing and destroying them at their Pleasures: The Horse-fac'd Tartar and the Sagittary seeing this, betook them to their swift-pac'd Heels, thinking to get away in their Ship; but there was none to help them put forth to Sea, so that being pursu'd by a Party of Soldiers, they were both taken Prisoners, and carried in Triumph back to Sir *David*, who with the rest of the Soldiers had by that time wearied their Arms, and blunted their Swords with the slaughter of those Infidels, so that few or none of them were left remaining.

But now all the Wonder and Amazement of each Person was, to behold the strange Shapes of these Monsters, resembling as much Beasts as Men; and therefore the better to secure them, and that they might freely be beheld of the People, the Soldiers made them a great wooden Cage, which running on Wheels, they drew about with them whithersoever they went; and in this manner they led them along until they came to the Queen's Court, where Sir *David* and his Men were entertain'd with unspeakable Joy: And now did the Queen *Rosetta* manifest her Love by the kind Reception she made Sir *David*, which she express'd so openly, that not only her Father, but many of the Ladies that attended on her, took notice of it; Love being of the Nature of Fire, which cannot be hid, unless it be deeply cover'd over with Ashes of Dissimulation; yet this was the Comfort of it, their was not any that thought but wisht it so, which they outwardly declar'd by the great Content they receiv'd at the meer Report thereof; but when it was made known to King *Antenor*, he was overjoy'd at the News, desiring it might be consummated as soon as possible.

And now all Hands were preparing to do something worthy such a Solemnity; some in making Tents to feast in, some in preparing choice Viands to feast withal, others tuning their Instruments against the Day came; and because there was no Men for the Exercise of Arms, either for Jufts or Turnaments, as at such Cases commonly used to be, it was concluded, for the Divertisement of the Spectators,

that there should be a Battle fought betwixt the Horse-fac'd Tartar and the Sagittary; in order to which, a square place was rail'd in with Ropes, with Seats of curious Workmanship for the Gentlemen and Ladies to sit and behold it.

All things being thus prepared, upon the prefixed Day the Bridegroom and Bride were led in great state unto the Temple, he attended with a choice Band of English Soldiers, and she waited on by a Troop of beautiful Ladies; after the Priest had joyn'd their Hands in holy Wedlock, they were conducted back in the same State as they went, all the People sending forth loud Acclamations of Joy: At their return to the Palace, they feasted in most sumptuous manner, all the Afternoon being spent in Dancing, Masking, and such like Revelings.

Next Morning was design'd for the Combat betwixt the Tartar and Sagittary; to behold which *Antenor*, *Rosetta*, *Sir David*, and all the Chief of the English Commanders, and *Ancona* Ladies took their places on the Stages provided for them: About nine of the Clock the two Combatants were brought forth, the Tartar had on a quilted Jacket, wrought full of Eyelet-holes, at every of which hung a Needle fastened by Thread; on his Head for a Helmet he wore a Cap made of Tortoise Shells, and so interwoven with steel Wire, that it was not penetrable; he was armed with an Ebon Javelin, headed with Steel, yet something blunted, as designed more for Sport than Hurt. The Sagittary had on a Garment made of a Panther's Skin, so hard and tough as no Sword would pierce it; his Javelin was of Laconian Ash, studded with Ivory, with a Head of burnisht Silver. Great was the Expectations of the Spectators concerning this Combat; but they knowing that their own Ruine was only intended for the Mirth of others, resolv'd rather to spend their Lives to the Destruction of their Enemies; and therefore nimbly leaping o're the Rails, despite of all Opposition that could be made, they hasted away as swift as if their Veins run with Quick-silver, turning about as doth a Swallow, being here and there, and here, and yonder, and all at once.

Sir David and the other Men of War seeing the Agility of the Monsters, thought it high time to bestir themselves; and thereupon getting on Horse-back, made what speed they could after them; but their flight was as swift as if they had been freed from the Drags of the Earth, and were as nimble as Fairy Elves, so that in an Instant they had the lost the sight of them. And now being at Liberty, and armed, they made each place they came at a Stage of Slaughter, so that they might be follow'd by the Tracts of Mischief, which every-
where

where they did ; and though Sir *David* and the other Pursuers were oftentimes very near them, yet could they not fasten on them, nor hinder them from doing an extraordinary deal of Mischief. It happen'd at that very same time that Sir *Pandrasus* with his warlike Danes having been a long time tossed about on the Sea, and relieved at some of the Islands where those Pagans had been plundering before, they in Requital of such Courtesies, promised to pursue after the Infidels, and to revenge the Outrages they had done them ; and hearing they made towards this Island, they follow'd after ; not knowing that Sir *David*, or any English Man was upon the Coast. Great was the Wonder both of the English and Danes to see one another so unexpectedly ; but the English informing the Danes of their Chase after the two Monsters, they resolved to joyn with them in the Pursuit. The Danes had at that time in their Ship a Scythian Dog, more stout of Courage than an English Mastiff, and far swifter then an Irish Greyhound : This Dog being fetch'd from the Ship, they led in a String until they came within View of the Monsters, who were still practising their old Trade of Mischief. The Dog being let loose, ran with as nimble Speed as the Shafts fly from a Parthian Bow, or as if his Flight were supply'd by Wings ; and now the Monsters were to seek in their Shifts, for the Dog soon overtaking them, siezed on the Sagittary, who roared like a Bull, striving (but in vain) to disentangle himself of the Dog.

In the mean time the Horse-fac'd Tartar scuded away as swiftly as a well-driven Javelin flies, or as a Hawk pursues the fearful Dove : Sir *David* with some others siezing on the Sagittary, he commanded him to be hang'd upon the next Tree ; and then with Sir *Pandrasus*, and those others who were nimblest mounted, they pursued after the Tartar, who now more wary by his Fellow's Harms, stay'd not in any place, that they should not suddenly overtake him, never ceasing till he came to a Rock near to the Sea-side, in which espying a hollow Vault or Cave, he crope therein, and so shelter'd himself for a time.

Escaping thus their Hands, after much search made in vain for him, Sir *David* taking order for a Watch to be laid all about the Island, that he might do no further Mischief, he invited *Pandrasus* to the Court, who went along with him, accompanied with several Danes of great Rank and Quality, and were most courteously receiv'd by Queen *Rosetta*, who thought herself the happiest Woman, and most favour'd of Lady *Fortune*, that had sent her such a noble Hero, to her Husband, who had doubly rescu'd her Country from Destruction.

After

After two or three Days spent in Feasting, and no News heard of the Tartar, it was judg'd by all, that he had drown'd himself in the Sea, and therefore they began to cease watching more after him: And therefore that Sir *Pandrasus* with the Flower of the Danish Commanders were there, it was concluded on to Crown Sir *David* King of *Ancona*, and all those Islands which belonged to it; which *Antenor* was the most forward to do, seeing in Sir *David* such excellent Accomplishments both of Body and Mind, as shew'd him to be rather descended of the Gods, than the Off-spring of a Humane Creature.

The Day prefix'd for the Solemnity being come, before the Palace-gate a stately Show was presented, perform'd by three English Knights, three Danish, and six *Ancona* Ladies; who in a kind of Warlike Dance seem'd to contend; the Knights amongst themselves which of their Ladies was the most Beautiful; and the Ladies, which of their Knights was most Valourous: This was done in a kind of a double Matachin Dance, for every single one had two Enemies; at last there issued to them a Shepherd and a Nymph, who were to decide all the Controversie, which they did in a Dialogue Song, of which this was the Conclusion of every Verse:

*Valour doth Beauty Honour and Regard,
And Beauty is to Valour a Reward.*

Many other Devices they had, with other stately Pageants and Shows all the way they went to be Crown'd, where ascending a Scaffold prepar'd for that Purpose, and Sir *David* and *Rosetta* plac'd on two rich Thrones, after some set Speeches and Ceremoines us'd, two Boys in the Shape of Angels descended from the Battlement with each a Crown in his Hand, which they placed on the Heads of Sir *David* and *Rosetta*, which was no sooner done, but the People gave a Shout, crying, *Long live David and Rosetta, King and Queen of Ancona, with all the Islands belonging thereto.* Then did the Trumpets sound, and several sorts of Instruments play, which being finish'd, they march'd back again in great State unto the Palace, where was provided a most sumptuous Banquet, in which neither Art nor Cost was wanting to please the Appetite of each several Guest. In the Afternoon was a Just held betwixt an English Knight, and a Dane, which was perform'd with such Valour and Resolution, as gave great Satisfaction to the Beholders, and gain'd great Honour to themselves.

And thus Sir *David* being Crowned King, was fulfilled the third Prophecie which the Fairy Queen had predicted on him, being this which follows:

The

*The Muses Darling for true Sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his Days,
Kings shall admire his learned Eloquence,
And write in brazen Books his endleß Praise:
By Pallas Gift he shall achieve a Crown,
Advance his Fame, and lift him to Renown.*

The rest of the Afternoon of this Coronation-day was spent in Variety of Pastimes, each one studying some quaint Device to set forth the Glory of so magnificent a Triumph; and thus they continued until such time as the Midnight-Bell with his Iron Tongue and Brazen Mouth, proclaim'd the Night was far spent, which summon'd every one to their Beds, where we will leave them for the present, and afterwards present to you what happen'd the next Morning.

Chap. XVI. *The taking of the Horse-fac'd Tartar, as also of the Negromancer Orpine; the Relation of Sir Prandrasus, concerning his strange Adventures after his Departure from the Seven Champions of Christendom.*

NExt Morning no sooner had *Aurora* kiss'd the purfum'd Cheeks of dainty *Flora*, and that the Sun had taken Repossession of the Hemispher, heaving his golden Locks from off the Pillow of his Saffron Bed, but they were alarm'd with the dreadful Outcries and Shriekings of several Woman, who in great Multitudes came running towards the Palace; for the Tartar, constrain'd by Hunger to come out of his Hole, rang'd up and down for Sustenance; and finding none to resist him but feeble Women, he fell again to his Occupation of Rapine and Mischief: This being made known to those noble Commanders, they presently arm'd themselves for the Encounter, but only with offensive not defensive Weapons, as knowing their Enterprize to consist more in Pursuing than Fighting. They took also with them the Scythian Dog, to whose Swiftnes they trusted more than any thing else, knowing that Catching of him was half the Victory. Marching in this Equipage, more like to Hunters than Soldiers, they spread themselves about, but the chiefest of them kept together, going in that Road they were directed by the affrighted Women; when at last they spy'd him upon a Hillock, whose barking Stomack was gormandizing upon a Sheep which he had newly siez'd on; but having a sight of his Pursuers, he left his Prey, and run away as swift

as

as a Stag, who scorning the Earth with his Heels, runs from the shrill Cries of the full-mouth'd Hound; but the Scythian Dog having gotten a sight of him, scowred after as swift as the Flight of Lighthening through the Air, so that in an instant he had nigh overtaken him; which the Tartar perceiving, turn'd about, and seeing he must dye, resolv'd yet to give one Breath of Valour before his Expiring; and with his Ebon Javelin ran against the Dog with all his Might, and gave him a Wound upon the Shoulder, whereupon the Dog nimble turning about, flew upon his Face, and catching hold of his Ear, made him bellow most hideously; and rising up on their Hind-feet, tumbled over one another, in which fall the Tartar got his Ear loose from the Dog, and withal gave him a Wound on the Flank; but then the Dog catch'd him by the Leg, and there held him till the Company came up to him, who seiz'd on him; and sending for the wooden Cage wherein he was before, put him into the same again, and carrying him back to the Palace, hung it upon one of the Arms of a stately Oak, where he remain'd for a Spectacle for the People to gaze on.

Whilst they were thus busied about the Tartar, another Party who had been out in search for him, return'd, bringing with them the Negromancer *Orpine*, whose Charms and Spells upon Sir *David's* conquering his Inchaned Castle, became of no Effect; so that now instead of riding in his burning Chariot drawn by Dragons, he Vagabond like wander'd about upon his Feet, being almost starv'd for want of Sustenance, dreading to come near any Habitation, his wicked Life being so notorious as deserv'd no Pity nor Compassion. *Antenor* seeing him, could hardly forbear running him through with his Sword, such a deep Impression had the Wrongs he receiv'd imprinted on him: Nor would the Negromancer have been unwilling to dye, had not the Fear of going to a worser Place made him willing to enjoy the Priviledge of Breath a little longer. But that they might make his Life as Uncomfortable to him as he had made others to them, they clogg'd him with Irons, and casting him into a Dungeon, there sustained him with Bran and Water: and now lying in this deplorable Condition, he breath'd forth his doleful Lamentation:

O Heavens, why do you thus prolong my Life in Misery! What Heart so flinty that will not grieve to hear my Moans, being the direst Tragedy that ever challeng'd Wonder, which who so hears, his Eyes may spare to weep, and learn to bleed Carnation Tears. Who can look upon my Woes but must there in behold the Prospekt of consuming Grief; for there is nothing can sooner make a Worker of Miracles, then to see that there is any thing like to my ill

Fortune : Come then, Death, and my Miseries ; if so be that Death could end it ; But how can he think to come to Heaven, that always travell'd the Road to Hell ? How can he think to converse with the Heavenly Hierarchy of Angels, whose Practise was only to converse with Infernal Spirits ? O the Horrors of a Guilty Conscience ! The Pains of Sisyphön, Ixion, nor Tantalus ; are not comparable unto mine ; and yet should I end this Misery, alas, it is but the beginning of a worse ; and this Momentary Death but an entrance into eternal Death ; O what hath my wicked Ambition brought me to ! What my Desire of Revenge, but a worse Plague upon my own Head.

In this manner complained the woful Orpine, wishing for Death, yet afraid to dye ; laughting Life, yet desirous to live ; such was the miserable Condition of this wicked Wretch, freezing in Fire, and burning in Ice ; feeling grievous Tortures without, and more within, through the Horrour that he had deserved it.

And now that the Monster Negromancer were both secured, for Joy thereof *Antenor* prepared a costly Banquet, to which were invited King *David* and Queen *Rosetta*, with Sir *Pandrasus*, and the chief of the English and Danish Captains : After the Banquet was ended, King *David* desired Sir *Pandrasus* to give him a Relation of his Travels after they had parted from the Christian Army ; to which he readily condescended, and began as followeth :

Know then most worthy Audience, That after we had taken our Leave of those Magnanimous Heroes, the seven Champions of *Christendom*, whose Names shall live for ever inrolled in the Books of Fame ; we intended to steer our Course directly for *Denmark*, whose fruitful Banks we greatly long'd to behold ; but Fate had otherwise decreed, for our Pilot being unskilful in those Seas, after much Wandrings to and for, we at last arriv'd in an Island nam'd *Barcona the Warlike*, for that both King and People of the same inure themselves continually to the Exercise of Arms, and whither People from all places resort, as unto a School of War. Here were we courteously entertain'd ; the next Day was held a solemn Just, wherein the King and twelve others, were Challengers against a Prince of a bordering Island, and twelve of his Partners ; in these Conflicts were broken betwixt the Parties five hundred and eight Spears : On the next Day was kept a Turnament for all Persons to try their Valour, which was done with great Courage and Magnanimity on both sides ; this being done, they fought with much Eagerness and Courage at the Barriers, and in these Exercise did they commonly spend their time. After some Communication had with the King of our Travels and Adventures, he knowing us to be Soldiers, and that I was Commander in Chief, challeng'd me to Just with him, and to

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that Purpose furnish me with Horse and Arms: At these Juſts it chanc'd by ſhivering of a Spear, that one of the Splinters entering the King's Helmet, pierc'd his Brain, ſo that he fell down preſently dead: The Nobles ſeeing their King thus kill'd, were in a marvellous Rage, and vowing Revenge, fought to lay their Hands upon me; but I perceiving their Intentions, defended my ſelf as well as I could; ſo that ſome Blows began to bedeaſt amongſt us, when my Men ſeeing what Danger I was in, arm'd themſelves, and ſtoutly ſtood in my Defence: And now much Michief might have enſu'd, had not one of the ancient Noblemen ſtep in betwixt them and us, and deſiring us to forbear until ſuch time as he had ſpoken a few Words, he then delivered himſelf in this manner:

Let not, dears Friends, ſudden Paſſions ſo prevail over Reaſon, as without Cauſes thoroughly weighed, and mature Deliberation taken, to enage in ſuch a Quarrel wherein the Victor muſt needs ſuffer: Here is nothing of premeditated Malice; and ſhall we go about to murder thoſe for doing that which they themſelves wiſh had never been done? Therefore in ſeeking to do Juſtice to the Dead, let us not go about to do Injury to the Living; but that without any more Miſchief, we may argue the Caſe by Argument, rather than Arms, ſince it is a well known approved Maxim, That were the Sword bears Sway, Juſtice for that time hath no place.

This Proposition was well receiv'd on both Parts, and the next Day was the time appointed wherein all Controverſie ſhould be decided; which being come, and the Matter argued, I was acquitted by the moſt of thoſe who were then preſent, as a thing only accidental to the Exercise of Arms; but whilſt theſe things were arguing, in a large Plain before the King's Palace-gate; which was the place where the accuſtomed Juſts uſed to be held, there came a Trumpeter, attended with two other Perſons clad in Armour, one of them being of a Gigantick Stature, who declared, That hearing of the Martial Proweſs of this King *Belphegor*, (for ſo was he nam'd) they came on purpoſe to try their Manhood with him. The Nobles with a ſad Countenance declared unto them the Miſchance which had befallen their King; however, they told them their Challenge ſhould be answer'd; and I requested I might have the Honour to Juſt with him in the biggeſt Armour, which was granted, and one of the Nobles who was moſt eager in proſecuting me, undertook the other, and ſo we prepar'd for the Encounter.

I was mounted on the ſame Horſe, and in the ſame Armour, wherewith I had juſted againſt the King, with which I enter'd the Liſts, wherein I had not been long, but my Antagoniſt came, riding
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on an Iron-gray Horse, of a marvellous great Strength and Bigness, his Furniture was made into the Fashion of the Branches of a Tree, from which the Leaves were folling, and so artificially were the Leafs made, that as the Horse mov'd, it seem'd indeed that the Leafs wagg'd, as you may behold when *Zephyrus* with a gentle Breath plays with them: His Armour was Black, and in his Shield he had for his Device a *Phoenix* rising out of her spicey Nest, with this Word; *Ver-tue ever lives*:

At some little distance from us, did the Nobleman and other Champion also enter the Lists, well prepared to encounter each other: At the Trumpet's sounding we set Spurs to our Horses, and with eager Fury each one assail'd his Adversary; and here I must confess did I use my utmost Endeavour for obtaining the Victory, not only out of Desire of Glory to encounter with so potent an Adversary, as also to regain the good Opinion of the Natives, which now I seem'd to have lost: Whilst each of us thus striv'd for the Palm of Victory, and to purchase Fame by our Well-deservings, we more wearied ourselves than got any Advantage each of other; and in this equal Fight did we continue until such time as the parted Day held an equal Ballance betwixt the foregoing and ensuing Light, and that bright *Phabus* had half way mounted to the highest Story of this *Olympick* Palace. And in this equal Condition of Fight we both parted, when I greatly desiring to know who it was that had so valiantly encounter'd with me, he pulling off his Helmet, to my great Wonder, I found him to be the Gyant *Wonder*, who come with us out of the Land of *Denmark*; and that his Second, a Captain who came likewise along with us: Hereupon we most lovingly embrac'd each other. Now you must understand that when we parted from the Seven Champions, as I told you before, we embark'd in two Ships, but it chanc'd that that Ship wherein he was, in the Night-time, running upon a Rock, was split in pieces, most of them perishing in the Sea, only he with some few others getting astride upon the main Mast, by the favourable working of the Sea, were driven on shoar in a small Island near adjoyning, the Inhabitants whereof receiv'd them kindly, and furnish'd them with such Necessaries as they wanted. Long had he not been there, but hearing of the Renown of King *Belphegor* aforesaid, he sold some Jewels which he had reserv'd from the Wrack of the Sea, and with his Companion putting themselves into Arms came to try their Fortunes at the Island of *Barcona*, and where my chance to encounter with him, as I have declar'd unto you.

Here did we stay until the Exequies of the King was over,

Funeral was solemniz'd with all the Rites that belong to Martial Discipline. Afterwards we are feasted by several of the Nobles : At one of which Feasts a Gentleman there present, was declaring that in an Island not far off, was a Fountain of pure Wine, both delicious to the Taste, and extraordinary wholesome to the Body ; about whose Banks grew Trees that bear Fruit which heal'd all manner of Sores and Diseases whatsoever : This Fountain was guarded by a Gyant, and a Lyon of a Monstrous Proportion, and for the more defence thereof, surrounded with a Wall of such stupendious Height that it was impossible to climb over it : Having no entrance but only a narrow Wicket, which was so order'd by Negromancy, that only two at a time should enter therein, for so it was declar'd by a Tablet, which hung over the Wicket, to this Effect :

*Two for to try their Valour here may venture,
But a third Person is forbid to enter.*

Sir *Wonder* and I having heard this Relation, resolv'd to undertake the Enterprize ; and declaring our Minds unto the Company, they applauded us for our Heroical Resolutions : So the next Day, being furnish'd with Armour according to what we desired, guided by the Gentleman who had given us the Relation, we came before the Incharnted Fountain, and having read the Writing, we spy'd by the side of the Wicket a Silver Horn, for them to blow which would have Entrance, which Sir *Wonder* putting to his Mouth, it gave forth a Sound as loud as when Canons disgorge their fiery Vomits, or that which *Nilus* maketh when the Water falls from the precipitated Cataracts, when immediately the Wicket open'd of it self ; and no sooner were we enter'd, but it shut again of its own accord ; being thus enter'd, we heard the Lyon send forth such a hideous Yell, as for the Noise thereof might be heard to *Antipodes* : Whereupon we prepar'd ourselves for the Encounter, and high time it was, for immediately we perceiv'd both the Gyant and Lyon come marching against us. The Gyant had on a Coat of Mail of wonderful Strength and Goodness, with an Oak-tree in his Hand for a Club : The Lyon had on his Neck a Collor of Brass, wherein the Negromancer had written these Verses :

*Who me doth Overcome, he for his Pain
The Conquest of the Fountain shall obtain.*

The Lyon came directly towards me, and the Gyant march'd against Sir *Wonder*; and then began a most terrible Conflict on all sides, for knowing our Lives depended on the Success we obtain'd, there needed no Spur to whet on our Courage: The Lyon being most nimble, came first up to me, thinking with his Paws to have fasten'd upon me, but I nimbly avoiding his Grasps, which I knew to be deadly, stepping aside, gave a Side-blow against his Ribbs, which being as hard as Brass, or as impenetrable as the Adament Stone, which nothing can soften but the Blood of Goats, wrought no Effect upon him, only made him a little to stagger. The Gyant on the other side came flourishing with his Oak against Sir *Wonder*, intending with one Stroke to have made a Separation betwixt his Soul and Body; but e're he could strike, Sir *Wonder* gave him such a Blow on the Elbow, as he had well near dropt the Club out of his Hand. The Lyon having miss'd his Aim at me, with a short turn whisking his Tayl about, gave me such a Blow on my Waste, that I was almost half perswaded I was cut in two by the Middle; but recovering my self, I thrust at him with my Javelin, which notwithstanding it were made of the strongest Ash, yet shiver'd into a thousand Splinters; whereupon drawing my Sword, and the Lyon coming fiercely at me, I gave him such a Blow on the Foreleg, as cut it well near half way off; but in the mean time the Gyant had so wounded Sir *Wonder*, that he began to faint, which I perceiving, thought it high time to use my utmost Endeavour, and striking at the Lyon with all my Might, it was my chance to cut him a deep gash on the Eye, whereupon he roared most horribly, and retreated back, gave me Opportunity to succour Sir *Wonder*, who now was upon the point of falling, being deeply wounded, and having lost abundance of Blood. The Gyant seeing the Lyon retreating towards the Fountain, desired a Parley; but I would hear of no Conditions, but only an absolute Submission of himself to my Mercy, which at first he refused to do; whereupon we entred into a fresh Combat, giving and receiving many Blows on each side, so that being almost wearied, I resolv'd to make quick Dispatch, and getting within compass of his Club, closing with him, we both tumbld down together, I falling uppermost, for should he have tumbld down upon me, he would have well near crush'd me to pieces.

The great Weight of the Gyant bruised him much in his Fall, so that he was scarce able to rise, when I getting upon my Feet presented my Sword unto his Throat; but then did he bellow out to spare his Life, and he would reveal all the Secrets of the Fountain unto me,
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and deliver me the Possession thereof; which I was the willing to do, because I saw the Gyant *Wonder* lying at that time upon the Ground like liveless Coarse; yet doubting of his Truth, I could hardly believe him, whereupon he swore by *Mahomet*, *Termagant*, and *Apollo*, that he would be true to me; upon which I promised him his Life, which easily I might have taken away, he being scarce able to stand on his Feet; but my care for Sir *Wonder* made me apply my self wholly to him, who was now ready to cast off the Robes of Clay, and to be rak'd up in Death's cold Embers; but I now to try the Faithfulness of my new Servant, commanded him to fetch me some Wine from the Fountain, which immediately he did, together with some of the Fruit which was growing on the Banks thereof, which he had no sooner pour'd down his Throat, but he presently revived, such was the soveraign Vertue thereof, and in a little space got upon his Feet, and being as it were waked out of a Trance, he wondred to see the Gyant and I stand so lovingly together; when after some little Pause he breath'd forth these Words:

What am I awake, or is this some Apparition which appeared to my deceased Ghost? Art not thou my Friend, Pandrasus? And were we not engaged in fight with a Gyant and a Lyon; if this then be the Gyant, what is become of the Lyon? or how cometh it to pass that instead of fighting we without Blows commune so lovingly together? and how came my Soul which was just now sinking into Charon's Boat, to take Possession again of my Body!

Thus for a while did he expostulate, when we made known to him what had hapen'd; and by Direction of the Gyant we made towards the Fountain, where by the way we met with the Lyon, who seeing the Gyant without Harm in our company, he also fawn'd upon us: Now when we were come to the Fountain, and had tasted of the Fruit, it seem'd unto us that we were as whole and as sound as ever we were before the Fight.

All this while did the Gyant with great seeming Submission wait upon us, showing us all the Varieties that belong to the Place; but under these Ashes of Dissimulation lay harbour'd a canker'd Heart, which burn'd with the Fire of Revenge. It now began to be the Ebb of Day, when the bright Charioteer of Heaven began to draw to towards *Thetis* watry Bowers; wherefore we resolv'd to repose there that Night; and were conducted by the Gyant to a spacious Chamber, wherein stood a stately Bed: But dreading the Gyant's Perfidiousness, we slept not both of us together, but one always stood upon his Guard, which no doubt prevented him from further Mischief at that time, and therefore what he could not do one way, he

he sought to act another way ; and knowing of a poysonous Fruit which grew within six Miles of the Fountain, the Nature of which was, that being no sooner eaten but it cast them into a deadly Sleep for the space of eight Hours after ; he therefore to accomplish his devilish Design, travell'd thither that Night, and early the next Morning, before the radiant Sun pear'd through the Golden Windows of the *East*, he came unto us with as smiling a Look (as his ill-favour'd Countenance could afford,) and presented to us some of the Fruit to eat ; but at the same time from my Nose there fell three Drops of Blood, and a Diamond Ring which I had on my Finger, sweat, and look'd as pale as Ashes ; Whereupon foreboding some Treason, I commanded him to taste first thereof himself ; which with an obstinate Denyal he refus'd to do ; and perceiving his Treachery was discover'd, he thought now no way but to conquer by Arms or dye, and thereupon struck at me with all his Might, which I awared as well as I could ; however he gave me a slight Wound on my Arm ; hereupon snatching up my Sword, *False Villian*, (said I) *now shall thy Life pay for thy Treachery ; not all the Wealth of the Indies shall redeem thee out of my Hand.* And now he being out of his Coat of Mail, I could the better deal with him, laying on load upon him with all the Strength and Skill I had, making such deep Furrows in his Flesh, that the Blood fluc'd from him as from a crack in a strait Pipe of Lead.

Whilst we were thus fighting, the Lyon with like Fierceness assailed Sir *Wonder*, who was newly awak'd from his Sleep, hearing the clattering which the Gyant and I made with fighting ; but the Gyant did not long endure my Blows, but made towards the Fountain, to have tasted some of the Fruit, the Vertue whereof he knew to be such, that it would have cur'd him of all his Wounds in an instant ; but e're he had gotten half way thither, I run him in at the Back with my Sword, whereupon turning him towards me he gave me such a Blow on my Wrist, which so numbed my Hand as my Sword was ready to drop out of it ; but I having the use of one Hand as well as the other, quickly recovering my Sword, gave him such a deep Gash on the Ham, as he came tumbling down like to a great Timber-log, enough to shake the Ground and make an Earthquake ; when running my Sword into his Bowels, I left him, as I thought, for dead, and returned to the Succour of Sir *Wonder*, who by this time had overcome the Lyon, and laid him for dead, and was coming towards me ; at our meeting we kindly embraced each other, thanking the Divine Powers for our so notable a Victory.

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Returning back towards the Gyant, we found he was not quite dead, who before his expiring confessed unto us his Treason, that if we had eaten of the poysonous Fruit, as soon as we had fallen asleep, he would have digged a deep Pit, and therein have buried us alive, so near we were to the Jaws of Destruction. By this time the Gentleman that conducted us to the Island, attended with some few resolute Soldiers, came (but not without much Doubting) to see what was become of us, intending with their best Aid in helping us to the obtaining of the Victory, but finding the Work done to their Hands, they rejoyc'd exceedingly at our good Fortune.

And now being thus happily met together, we resolv'd to try an Experiment of the poysonous Fruit upon three Dogs which our Gentleman Conductor had brought with him; and in order thereunto, we gave to one Dog two Apples, to the second three Apples, and to the third four; when in an instant they all presented fell asleep; but we resolving to find whether the Effects were answerable to what the Gyant had told us, staid to see what would be the Event: Now it so happen'd, that the first Dog which had eaten two Apples, at six Hours time awak'd, and as if suddenly rais'd from a Trance, like to one frantick ran away from us, whither we could never see him after. The Second Dog having lain about the space of seven Hours, giving great Groans, began to stir and tumble about, but came not to himself till about an Hour after, still continuing very sick, but we giving him one of the precious Apples, he presently reviv'd and became well; but the third Dog who had taken three Apples, never came to himself again, by which we experimented the Nature of that poysonous Fruit, thanking the Immortal Powers for our escaping so eminent a Danger.

This being done, we went all of us to the Fountain, where we carous'd of the Wine very freely; and soon after came to us divers of the Nobles and Knights from *Barcona*, who beholding the Bodies of the Gyant and Lyon, highly applauded our Courage in the Attempt, and with a general Consent proffer'd us the Government of the Fountain, with all the Island thereunto; which Sir *Wonder* freely accepted of: but I being desirous to return home, as I had faithfully promis'd to those of my Followers which remain'd, having furnish'd my self with what Necessaries I wanted, took Ship, and after many Difficulties, arriv'd in this Island.

Chap. XVII. *How Sir Pandrasus in his Return homewards came to an Island where Sir Phelim and Sir Owen had kill'd a great Gyant, and taken his Castle, and what Torments the Gyant inflicted on his Prisoners.*

Sir Pandrasus having finish'd his Story, they all very much marvel'd at the Vertues of that rare Fountain, each one censuring of it according as his Fancy led him. King David resolving after some time to go and see it, with a Desire also to visit his old Friend Sir Wonder: But Sir Pandrasus being desirous to return home, furnish'd himself with all Necessaries thereunto, which were freely given him by King David and his Queen Rosetta; and so taking his solemn Leane of them both, he with the rest of the Danes took Ship, and with a prosperous Gale cut the briny Face of Neptune, and not meeting with any Adventure remarkable, until they came to an Island call'd *Micomicon*, where they landed, and leaving some of the Company to guard the Ship, Sir Pandrasus with the rest march'd up into the Country, and came to a high Hill, which was beautified with many stately Trees, whose curl'd Tops seem'd to brave the Skies; at the Foot of this Mountain lay the Body of a Gyant newly kill'd, of a marvelous Sieze, his Eyes being as big as Foot-balls, his Mouth six Foot wide, his Scull so large, that being empty'd it would hold five Pecks of Wheat, his Shin-bones six Foot in length, his whole Body full eight and twenty Foot long: They very much marvell'd at the vast Propotion of this Gyant, but much more at the unmatched Strength of him that kill'd him; and being desirous to be further inform'd, they saw a plain beaten Path leading up to the Top of the Hill, by which they ascended, and found on the Top thereof a Castle of a curious Building, beautifi'd withall the Cost and Cunning that the Height of Fancy could expresse, upon the Front whereof was a large Table of Brass, wherein these Lines were written:

*Within this Castle lives the Scourge of Kings,
The Gyant Briomart of wondrous Might;
That to his Power he doth subdue all things,
Who ever dares encounter him in Fight:
As hundreds by their Deaths have plain made known,
Who by his Martial Might have been overthrow'n.
Let none then dare to enter in this Gate,
Lest for his Folly he repent too late.*

Pandrasus having read the Writing, notwithstanding he saw the Gyant slain, yet not knowing what Danger might ensue, commanded all his Company to arm themselves before they enter'd into the Castle, which being done, himself went foremost with his Sword drawn, when from the Battlements a Knight call'd to him to know what he was, and for what Business he came thither; to whom *Pandrasus* made answer, That he was of the Country of *Denmark*, and being necessitated of Provisions at Sea, was come thither for Succour. And that shall you have freely, said the Knight, please you to stay, whilst we come down to you; when presently they were met with several Persons unarmed, who with a smiling Countenance came unto them; two of which Company chanc'd to be *Sir Phelim* of *Ireland*, Son to *St. Patrick* and the Vallant Welch Knight, *Sir Owen* of the Mountains, Son to *St. David*; who after their return from *Cyprus*, being separated from *Sir Turpin* of *France*, and *Sir Pedro* of *Spain*, chanc'd to arrive in this Island; and coming to the Castle, having read the Writing aforesaid, they resolv'd to encounter with the Gyant, where after a long and tedious Fight valiantly performed on both sides, he was at last overcome and slain by them.

This Gyant was of Nature as Cruel as those Tygers who are nourish'd in the *Hircanian* Wood, to whose Heart Nature had set a Lock to shut out all Pity, delighting to bathe and paddle in the Blood of Men; so that the Dread of him ran all the Country round about, for whomsoever he took, he so tormented, that Death was to them the least Punishment. He kept only one old Woman for his Domestick Servant, as cruel as deform'd, and so deform'd, that I want Art to describe the same; you could hardly perceive she had any Eyes but by the Holes only, which were crept further into her Face, than her Nose was out of it; her quarrelling Teeth of such a Colour that they themselves fear'd one another; her Breath able to infect the Air, and cause a Pestilence; and all the rest of her Body like to the Chaos of an unlickt Bear's Whelp. This deform'd Trot, whose Face was enough to proclaim her a Witch, all the time the Fight was betwixt the Gyant and *Sir Owen*, and *Sir Phelim*, was mumbling the Devil's *Pater Noster*, for the good Success of her Master; but when she saw that he was slain, she exclaim'd against Heaven, and curs'd all the Infernal Powers, wishing the Ground might open and swallow them up, although she herself were invelloped in their Destruction; nay, her Desperation was so much, that she would have cast herself from the Walls, and given her Soul a loath'd Sacrifice to the Devil, had she not been prevented by *Sir Phelim*; who as soon as he saw the Gyant fall, ran in at the Gates, for fear they should have been shut against them;

them; and ascending the Castle, found this old Witch ready to have executed Vengeance upon herself; but he lizing upon her, found in her Custody a great Bunch of Keys, such as the Poets feign that *Cerberus* is posselt of, the Porter of Hell. And now Sir Owen seeing the Gyant quite dead, was all come up to the Castle, where partly by Threats, and partly by Force, they compell'd her to shew them the several Rooms that they might release such as were Prisoners therein; but to see what Variety of Tortures this Tyrant inflicted on those poor Creatures, it would make a Man to bleis himself to behold it. In the first Room he open'd, there lay four Knights bound Neck and Heels together: these were four Brothers, Sons to a certain Baron named *Overmunder*, who coming to revenge themselves upon the Gyant who had ravish'd their Sister, were by him taken Prisoners; we having unbound them, and told them how the Gyant was kill'd, they were transported with an Extasie of Joy; yet could hardly be perswaded of the Truth thereof, thinking it too high a Blessing for them to obtain. In the next Room they enter'd, there lay a young Man loaden with Irons of so vast a Weight, that he was not able to stand upright, and level'd thus low with disgrac'd Calamity, he seem'd to be only a living Corse; with much ado they knock'd the Irons off his Legs, who, whilst they were doing it, oftentimes swoounded away, but being revived by some Cordial Spirits of rare Waters which they had brought with them, they at last brought him to himself; and demanding what he was, and what Misfortune brought him thither, after two or three deep fetcht Sighs, he thus said:

I am (said he) one whom the Fates have markt out to be a Feeler of the Extreame of Misery, all whose Torments should Men but know, you would say they had no Mercy that could wish for me a Days Breath more: Born a Native of this Country, my Father a Count thereof, who in a Quarrel having kill'd a Peer of the Realm, sought to fly into another Land, but in his Passage thither was drown'd at Sea, which my Mother hearing of, fell distracted; and to add to our Miseries, the King seiz'd upon his whole Estate: But this was not all, for as if Fate were resolv'd to use her utmost Spight against me, my only Sister, who was then upon her Marriage, being thereby disappointed of her Portion, desperatily stabbed herself, so that now all the Happiness which remain'd to me, was a Security that I was so miserable as Fortune could not make me worse.

Yet the King commiserating my Condition, took me to be one of the Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber, and withal allow'd me a com-

petent Estate for my Maintenance, so that my Sorrows seem'd in some part to be mitigated; but as if my Heart were nought but a Stage for Tragedies, the serene Sky did not last long, for I attending the King a Hunting, (a Pastime in which he took great Delight) he was on a sudden surpriz'd by this Gyant, none but I standing to him, although follow'd by a great Company, the Ugliness of his Proportion so affrighting them, that they recommended the Protection of their Lives to their Feet, and fled as swift as trembling Doves before the swooping Eagle. And now the King and I thus left to his Mercy, nothing would redeem our Lives but the delivering up this Castle to him, which then was the Royal Mansion of his Majesty; and though this was done according to his Desire, yet this perfidious Lump of Flesh retain'd us both Prisoners; which how he us'd the King is to me unknown; but for my self, my Miseries under him were so great, that Nature's rude Sarjeant, Death, should have been very welcome to have arrested my Body, and laid me in the cold Prison of the Grave.

This sorrowful Relation wrought great Compassion in the Hearts of Sir Owen, and Sir Phelim, who with wrathful Countenances commanded the old Hag to show them presently where the King was; but she denying there was any such one there, they threatn'd her with Words, and that not prevailing, they cut off one of her Fingers, telling her they would cut her in pieces Joynt by Joynt, if she did not perform it; whereupon she promis'd them that she would, and leading them up to the Top of the Castle, as if he had been imprison'd in one of the Garrots, she cast herself from the Top of Battlements to the Ground, dashing her Brains out against the Pavement, and so made an end of her damnable Life. Sir Phelim and Sir Owen taking the Keys from this wretched Corse, open'd many Doors, and in every Room they went to, beheld sad Spectacles of the Gyant's Cruelty; at last they came to the place where the King lay, whom they found making his Moan in this manner:

O ye Immortal Powers, what have I deserv'd to have this Punishment inflicted on me? How is it that Death seizes on those who would willingly live, and flies from him who would court it Embraces! O that Atropos would cut in twain the Thread of my Life, to put a Period to my Miseries, but they are as inexorable as this Monster of Mankind, whose Adamantine Hearts will not hearken to my Request: Come, gentle Death, O come, come, for it is thou alone who canst ease my Misery.

When they open'd the Door, he seeing the Keys in Sir Owen's Hand, thinking they were come to torment him afresh, with a wrathful Countenance thus spake unto them: *Monsters of Nature, whose*
wan-

wanton Cruelty knows no end, and who please yourselves in making others to feel the Effects of your Tyranny; now satiate your selves in Cruelty, for you shall not be readier to inflict, than I to suffer what the utmost of your Malice can lay upon me. Whilst thus he was proceeding in his Exclamation, the young Man who was taken Prisoner with him, came towards him as fast as his trembling Legs would carry him, and falling on his Knees, he said, *Most Gracious Soueraign, Blame not these matchless Heroes, whose invincible Manhood hath gain'd our Freedom, and whose peerless Prowess hath overcome our insulting Enemy, making his Carcase become Food for hungry Ravens, who used to feast his Eyes in beholding our Miseries: What Thanks can we render to those Persons equal to the Benefits they have bestowed upon us!*

The King seeing young Clodius (for so was the Gentleman nam'd) was in a strange kind of Amaze, not thinking any Humane Power possibly able to overcome the Gyant; but being by them assur'd that he was slain, to confirm their Words, they carried him to a Window out of which he might behold his dead Carcase; and at that time it was when as Sir Prandrasus came unto 'em: Great was the Joy amongst these valiant Knights for their so happily meeting together; but being informed by the King that there were many more Prisoners behind, they resolv'd not to take any Repast until they had set them all at Liberty; and so entring into several Rooms, and setting free divers Prisoners, they came at last to a Room alone by it self, wherein was enclos'd a beautiful Virgin, whom Grief had almost made distracted; who at their entrance into the Room took no Notice of them, but like to an intranc'd Soul stood as one with Ghosts affrighted: *The Miseries (said the King) that this Virgin hath endur'd, might move a Heart of Stone to Pity, and cause the most obdurate Soul to lament: She is the only Daughter of a wealthy Knight, endur'd as you see with Nature's chiefest Ornaments, so that before Grief had made a Transmigration of her, the Queen of Love might have serv'd as a Foyle unto her. It was her Chance (a fatal Chance) to fall in Love with a young Gentleman that waited on her Father, one answerable to her in all Respects, had his Estate been equal with his Parts; and he answering her Love with like reciprocal Affection; but as it is incident to Lovers to meet with Crosses, so did these at the very beginning thereof; for her Father coming to have knowledge of it, this young Gentleman, whose name was Matheo, was soon turned away, and forbid ever after from coming near unto the House, and she confin'd to a Chamber without any other Liberty; but as Love will creep where it cannot go, so did he find means to persue his Snits in Love unto her, and as he thought in a safe way, and that in this manner:*

There

There was growing just by the Chamber-window where she lay, a stately Tree, upon which in the dead of the Night he used to ascend, and there had parley with his Love: This they continu'd for some time to their great Content and Satisfaction; but it so chanc'd upon a Night he was espy'd by one the Servants, who immediately inform'd his Master thereof; which when he heard, he was so transported with Rage, as if all his Humours had turn'd to Choller, and kindled up in Agonies as hot as Flames of burning Sulphur; like to the chafe Boar whom eager Hounds have at a Bay; and being thus transported with Rage, he takes a Cross-bow, and aided with a glimmering Light, by Madam Cynthia the pale-fac'd Lady of the Night, he sent a Bullet into his Belly, which wrought such Effect, that tumbling from off the Tree, he only said, *My Dear I dye for Love of thee*; and presently expir'd.

But when the Lady saw what had happened, she fared like unto mad *Orestes*, or like unto *Progne* when she knew of her Sister's Rape, Impatience louring in her Face, so that had she not been prevented by a Maid that came into the Chamber at that present, she had by a Knife given herself a Period to the Race of her loath'd Life; but being hinder'd of her Design, she fell into such a Swoond, as if her Soul had made a total Separation from her Body. Lying in this Trance, the Maid who came to her, ran and cry'd out for more Help; but notwithstanding all the means they could use, it was long before her fallen Soul would re-enter her Body, or that any Hopes of Life was perceiv'd; yet could not all this mitigate the Rage of her incens'd Father, but commanded she should be confin'd still to her Chamber, and not any one suffer'd to remain with her; wherefore in the Night she uncorded the Bed, and tying the Line to a Pillar of the Window, by the help thereof she slid down to the Ground, and wandring she car'd not whither, so she were out of the Reach of her Father's Cruelty, she chanc'd to come near this Castle, whom the Gyant spying, caught her flying from his loathed sight, and brought her into the Castle, where ever since she hath remain'd in this deplorable condition which you see.

Chap. XVIII. *How Sir Phelim and Sir Owen, with Sir Pandrasus, fought with the Gyant Curlo, who came to be reveng'd for the Death of his Brother Briomart: How they slew him and all the rest that came with him; with others things which happen'd.*

THE King having ended his Discourse, it wrought great Compassion in all them that heard it especially, Sir Pandrasus, who much pityed her sad Condition, and therefore to comfort her, he having brought a Bottle of the healing Wine from that precious Fountain, whereof Sir Wonder was now Governour, he gave her some part thereof to drink, which she no sooner had receiv'd, but her Spirits reviv'd, and her Colour came to her as if fresh Roses budded in her Cheeks, so that she seem'd of so Divine a Feature, that Envy's self could not but dote upon her; and now as it were revived out of a Trance, she breath forth these Words:

Am I awake, or is this only some fantastical Vision? Can Fortune afford one Smile unto me? or may I hope to see one serene Day in my Life? O ye Immortal Powers! that govern the Affairs here below, give me one Spoonful of Sweets, to those many Gallons of Bitterness which I have swallowed. But they telling her that now all Danger was past, that the Gyant was kill'd, and she at Freedom, Joy began by little and little to enter in at the Crannies of her Heart. And now all Parties being surrounded with Joy; Messengers were sent to all Parts of the Kingdom, to declare to them the joyful News of their King's Delivery; whereupon, soon after a wonderful Number of Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, came to congratulate their Prince's Freedom, and to express their Joy for the Death of the Gyant, whose dead Body they beheld with great Wonder and Admiration. But in a few Days it began to stink so abominably that they were forc'd to bury it; however, the King to perpetuate the Memory of so great a Deliverance, caus'd his Proportion to be made out in Wood, and plac'd in the Front of his Castle, instead of the other Writing, and at the Feet whereof were these Verses:

*Behold the Gyant's wondrous Greatness, who
With Cruelty o're People tyrannized,
Making them so much Miseries undergo,
As greatest Tyrant's e're could have devised
By lingring Torments putting them to Pain,
That happy were they who outright were Slain.*

*Long time thus did he use his Cruelty,
And longer we his Force must have endured,
Had not two Knights of Valour stout and high,
Our Liberty and Freedom both procured,
By killing of that Monster fierce and fell,
And sending of his loathed Soul to Hell.*

*Those famous Worthies who this Act did do,
Sir Phelim of Renowned Ireland's Isle,
And Valiant Owen of the Mountains, who
Did kill this murdering cruel Tyrant vile:
Whose Fame shall last whilst Time shall cease to be,
For this their great and glorious Victory.*

But should I go about to express the great Joy of the Commons for this wonderful Victory, had I as many Tongues as *Argus* had Eyes, or were all *Helicon* infus'd into my Breast, yet were I not able to express the same; the Heavens were struck with the Sound of the trembling Bells, Mirth digg'd her Pits in every Cheek, Grief and Sorrow were buried, Care was cashier'd, and every Soul was chear'd with Gladness. Amongst other News that came to the Castle, one was, That the Knight, Father to the distressed Lady, was newly dead, whereby she became Heiress to his whole Estate; who having Notice thereof, notwithstanding his great Unkindness to her, yet did she make great Lamentation for him, showing therein the right Nature of a dutiful Child. After some few Days passed, through the earnest Solicitations of the King, Sir *Phelim*, Sir *Owen of the Mountains*, and Sir *Pandrasus*, she was perswaded to cast her Affections upon the young Count that was her Fellow-prisoner, in Consideration whereof the King restor'd him to all his Father's Estate, and made him an Earl.

The Marriage was solemniz'd with great Splendour; when on a sudden was a great Uproar, and cry of the People, who came running towards the Castle, as swiftly whirling as the whisking Wind, and with as much Speed as *Daphne* fled, when as she was pursued by *Phebus*; for this Gyant *Briomart* had a Brother named *Curlo*, who liv'd in an Island hard by, where he us'd as much Cruelty as his Brother did in this: He hearing of the Slaughter of *Briomart*, rais'd what Force he could, and landing in the Island, kill'd all that he could catch, sparing neither Men, Women nor Children. This being

being made known to these valiant Knights, they arm'd themselves with all the speed they might, muster'd what Forces they could raise at present ; and being prepar'd, they stay'd near unto the Castle, expecting the coming of the Enemy, who with great Pride and Confidence came marching towards the Castle ; the Gyant *Curlo* in the Head of them. Sir *Phelim* seeing the Gyant marching in this manner, with a strong Pole-ax came up to him, betwixt whom began a most fierce Encounter. In the mean time the two Battels joyn'd together, with as much Rage and Fury as was possible, each striving to exceed the other, who should cloy Death's Jaws the soonest, so that the Field was strow'd with dead Carcases, and Mounts of slain Bodies surrounded with Moats of Blood : Sir *Owen* and Sir *Pandrasus* making Lanes for them to pass wheresoever they went, as if they altogether minded Mankinds Destruction : None was taken to Mercy, but every one sacrificed to the Sword.

Whilst they were thus in the Heat of the Fight, the King with the new Bridgroom-Earl, came with those whom Desire of Liberty, and Allegiance to their Sovereign, had brought to take up Arms with him, and giving a furious Onset to the adverse Party, they were forc'd a little to retire : But the Gyant *Curlo* had so far prevail'd against Sir *Phelim*, that he was forc'd to recoil ; whereupon our new Earl, to add to his Honour enter'd, and in Retribution of those great Courtesies he receiv'd, in the Combat with the Gyant ; but, alas, his Strength was not answerable to his Heart, having been so much enfeebled by his long Imprisonment, so that notwithstanding Sir *Phelim* did all he could in his Rescue, yet was he slain by him ; which Sir *Owen of the Mountains* perceiving, with great Rage, guided by Courage, and govern'd by Discretion, joyn'd with a manly Resolution, opposed himself against the Gyant, and so lustily laid about him, that in the end he brought him down headlong, who in his Fall made such a horrid loud Noise as wounded the Air with Terror, like the Roar of a whole Herd of Lyons, enough almost to make an Earthquake ; but Sir *Owen* knowing the Success of the Battle depended upon the Gyant's Life, nimbly leaping on him, with his keen Fauchion cut off his Head ; which when the rest of his Soldiers perceiv'd, they thought to save themselves by Flight, but these valiant Knights were so exasperated by the Death of this new Earl, that banishing all Pity from their Breasts, like enraged Lyons they fell upon them, and without all Remorse never ceas'd till they left not one of them alive.

And now having obtain'd such an absolute Victory, they return'd back again in Triumph, carrying the dead Body of the Corse ;

she was like to one quite straid from Reason's Center, as *Athamas* and *Ino* when the Snakes crawl'd in their Bosoms, or like to a Bull stung by Hornets, or as rag'd *Dido* when *Aeneas* left her: *And am I* (said she) *capable of more Sorrow? Can all the compass of the Light show a more unhappy Creature than I! Did I no sooner receive a Glimpse of Comfort, but on a sudden to be thrown down again into a Dungeon of Misery? Ah, my dear Lord, since I could not live with thee, I will not live without thee; and with that she would have struck a Knife to her Heart, had she not been prevented by those that stood by her: And will you also* (said she) *become my Enemies? What Injury have I done ye, that you deprive me of the only Benefit I desire to enjoy? And now again she would have kill'd herself, but was the second time prevented. But the King, Sir Phe-lim, Sir Owen, and Sir Pandrasus, with much Entreaty so perswaded her, that she engag'd to them not to lay violent Haeds upon herself; and the better to divert her from any such Thoughts, and to chear up her Heart overladen with Grief, the King made a most sumptuous Banquet to which were invited all the Lords, Knights, and chief Captains then present, against which time divers Pastimes were devised, and costly Shows perform'd, with most excellent Musick, rare Dancing, and other Delights to provoke her to Mirth; but all was as Water spilt on the Ground, it took no Impression upon her Soul, such indelible Characters of Sorrow had Grief engraven on her Heart.*

And now these Warlike Knights being minded to go into their own Countries, took their solemn Leave of the King, who rewarded them with many rich Gifts and Presents, giving them many Thanks for their Valours shewed in his Defence; so taking Ship, they lanch'd from Shore, when soon the Sails grew big belly'd with the wanton Wind, and the Ship glided safely on *Neptune's* briny Face, [capering for Joy upon the silver Waves, until such time they each of them arrived in their own Countries, where they were receiv'd with much Joy, and where we will leave them for the present, to relate what befel to *Sir David* in going to see *Sir Wonder* at the Fountain of Health.

Chap. XIX. *How Sir David sail'd to the precious Fountain, rescu'd Sir Wonder: How he put to death the Tyrant Almantor, and settled aged Pamdion in his Estate.*

THE Valourous and Renowned Champion *Sir David* being now well settl'd in his Kingdom of *Ancona*, as you heard in the fifteenth

teenth Chapter, was very desirous to see Sir *Wonder*, and to experiment the Effects of the precious Fountain, as Sir *Pandrasus* had declar'd unto him; wherefore selecting out a choice number of approv'd Soldiers, and taking his Leave of the Queen *Rosetta*, he took Ship, and having a prosperous Wind, he in few Days arriv'd in that fertile Island; but quite contrary to his Expectation, instead of being receiv'd with great Friendship, and Acclamation of Joy, no sooner was he landed, but a number of Knights and armed Soldiers came marching against him, bidding him either to depart the Land, or to yield up his Arms into their Hands, or else to abide what their Force could compel him to: For so it was, that soon after the Departure of Sir *Pandrasus*, that those of the *Warlike Island*, understanding the rare Vertues of the Fountain, and the Fruit that grew on the Banks of it, that they resolv'd to become Masters thereof; and to that Purpose in friendly manner visited Sir *Wonder*, seeming to applaud his happy Fortune in being possess'd of so rare and precious a Jewel as was that Fountain; and so far did they insinuate into his Favour, that he trusted them with all his Secrets, which they wrought unto his Ruin, for by a Wile they locked him into an inner Room, and seiz'd on his Servants by a Party which they secur'd in a private place, and to that time while Sir *David* landed had kept them close Prisoners.

But now was the time of their Deliverance come about, for Sir *David* understanding there was no way to be us'd but Force, setting his Men in order, gave them such a lusty Charge, as put them all to the Rout, the greatest part of them being slain in the Chase; the Residue of them that escap'd flying to the Fountain, rais'd all their whole Force, who having armed themselves, speedily march'd against Sir *David*; and now began a most terrible Fight betwixt them, with such a cruel Slaughter of Men, that the Earth which was wont to bury the Dead, was now its self buried with dead Bodies; the clashing Armour rang the Knell of many of those that wore it, and crimson Paths of War pav'd all with slain Corps: Sir *David* with his keen Fauchion hewed his way through his Enemies, until he came unto their General, with whom he encounter'd Hand to Hand; and after many Blows exchang'd betwixt them, slew him out-right; whereupon the Residue sought to save themselves by Flight, but were so eagerly pursu'd that very few of them escap'd, not above there Persons reserved alive. And then giving Thanks to the Immortal Powers for this great Victory, they went the next way to the Fountain, and releas'd Sir *Wonder*, and the rest of his Men from their Captivity.

Great was the Joy at this their meeting, for Sir *Wonder*, notwithstanding his vast Strength and invincible Courage, yet was so strongly imprison'd, that he despair'd of ever regaining his former Liberty, which being so unexpected, made him the highlier to prize it. Then did Sir *David* with his Soldiers drink of the Wine of the Fountain, when presently they felt the powerful Vertue thereof, being in an instant as fresh and lively, as when they first began the Fight. Afterwards Sir *Wonder* banqueted them with the Fruits of the Trees that grew upon the Banks thereof, which were of such various Tastes, and yet all of them so delicious, as gave great Satisfaction to the most indulging Pallat. But they were not only delightful to the Taste, and pleasant to the Appetite, but also of that super-excellent Vertue, that whoso tasted of them was immediately cur'd of all the Hurts and Wounds he had about him, were they never so deep and deadly.

That Night they slept soundly, and the next Morning went forth to behold the Rarities of the Country. In every place they came they heard the Birds, the Airs wing'd Choristers, warbling forth their Ditties most harmoniously, as if with their chirping they sung Carrols to the rosie Morn, and with their Musick courted the sullen Wood, and invited Mortals to walk abroad. The Earth was beautified with Nature's choicest Tapestry, so that it seem'd an *Elizium*, or Earthly Paradise: Here grew Muskmillions, Sweet William, Time, Maiden-blush, Peagles, Cowslips, Tulips, Oxlops, Lady-smock, Sops in Wine, Start up and kiss me, Sweet Basil, Marjerum, tufted Daizy, fix leav'd Primrose, True-love, Lillies and Violets: In another place, was the Ground bedeckt with azure Hare-bell, Roses, yellow King-cups, tawny Columbines, Orange-tawny Marigolds, Pansies, Honey-suckles, Piony, Monk's Hood, Bugloss and Pinks: In a third place was Bear's foot, Batchellor's Buttons, Burrage, Crow's foot, Crow's toes, Daffadils, Dendelyon, Priest-crown, Eglantine, Gelly-flowers, Flowerdeluces, Heart's Ease, London-buttons, Lady-gloves, Rose-parfly, Liticumphancy, Wake-Robin, Rosemary, Prick-Madam, Rokcet-gallant, Capon's tail, Shepherd's pouch, Tansie, Yarrow, Nose-bleed, Wood-bine, Kiss me at the Garden-gate, and a thousand other sorts of Flowers, which I want both Art and Skill to describe. At every Walk's end were shady screen Arbours, whose Shadows seem'd to woo the Love-sick Passenger to come and sit, and view the Beauties Nature bestowed on them.

Besides the singing Birds nam'd before, there was an infinite number of Pattridges, Pheasants, Quails, and Phenixes which are not to be found in other Countries, were here very plentiful, all which were

so tame that you might take them up in your Hands, and being kill'd, and held up against the Sun, would be instantly roasted, needing no Basting but their own Fat, but in the eating they were so delicious, that the choicest Viands which your curious Cooks with much Art prepare, came far short of their Goodness. There was great Store of Beefs, Muttons, Hares, Conies and other sort of Beasts, so gentle, that when they had any Mind to take them, they would come to them at their first Call, never making any Resistance, but submitting to any thing you would do to them; and of every thing such Plenty as was sufficient to maintain a Multitude of People.

Being thus extraordinarily well satisfied in beholding the Curiosities of this incomparable Island, they drew down to the Sea-side, where they sat beholding how the Ocean's Frie were playing on the briny Face of *Neptune*; and casting their Eyes a little farther, they might behold a Boat come rowing towards them, wherein sat an old Man whose Hairs did wear the sober Hue of Gray, and whose wrinkled Countenance did seem to cast the Account of many Cares: They came rowing directly towards them, and being landed, the old Gentleman desired to speak with the Chiefest of their Company; and being brought unto Sir *David*, he spake to him in this manner:

Most worthy Knight, whose Fame resounds as far as Phœbus darts his golden Rays; and whose valiant Acts are memoriz'd all the World over; let melting Pity creep into your Heart to give some Comfort to my Calamity: Know then, most worthy Chieftain, that in my Native Country, being an Island hard by, there liveth a cruel Tyrant, one whose Will is his Law, and who seldom sleeps soundly, unless he hath Blood for his Bolster, thinking nothing unlawful that makes for his Advantage; and to that Intent keeping a constant Kennel of Blood-hounds to accuse whom he pleaseth, and who are so desperately wicked for his Purpose, that they will depose whatsoever he would have them; by these Men was I accused to have conspired against his Life, and though there were neither plain Evidence, nor any Circumstance conducive thereunto, yet being Judge in his own Cause, I was condemn'd, and presently had my Estate seiz'd on, which indeed was the main Cause of my Accusation.

I was then blest with a beautiful Daughter, named Tremelia, of whom this Tyrant burn'd in Lust, who took her from me, pretending to keep her as a Pledge of my Fidelity; but having her in his Keeping, sought to deflower her, but she resisting his unchaste Desires, and having given him some opprobrious Words, he in a great Rage stuck her to the Heart with his Dagger. I having Notice of what was pass'd, thought it high Time to provide for myself, and daring trust no body, I laid hid for two or three Days and Nights amongst

amongst Bushes, Thorns and Brakes, when disguising myself, I went to a Village hard by, where I heard of your notable Achievements in conquering this Island, the Garden of Ceres, and Orchard of Pomona, hoping according to your former Favours to others in Distress, that you will afford me some Succour in redressing my Wrongs.

Sir David hearing this sad Relation of the ancient Gentleman, was mov'd to great Pity towards him, so that he vow'd by the Honour of Knighthood, to which all that bare Arms are sworn unto, either to revenge him of the Tyrant, or to lose his Life in the Attempt; and so giving the ancient Gentleman some of the Water of the Fountain to drink, and some of the Apples to eat (which to that purpose they always carried about them) he was so refresh'd, as he seem'd to forget his former Sorrows, and to have new Life and Vigour inspir'd into him, as had old *Aeson* when the Sage *Medea* infus'd young Blood into his aged Veins. Next they began to consult which ways to accomplish this Enterprize, for should they take too great a Strength along with them, they might endanger the losing of the Island; for well they wist that when the Fellows of those who were slain, came to hear of it, they would endeavour not only to revenge their Friends Blood, but also if possible to recover again so fruitful an Island; they therefore agreed to send for more Succour to Sir David's Country, intending to stay there until their Return; but in the mean time this ambitious Tyrant (whose Name was *Almantor*) having heard how this Island was conquer'd by a few Persons, and of the rare Qualities belonging thereunto, he thought in an Instant to surprize it; and to that purpose manned out what Force he could make, and with great Bravery and Ostentation sail'd towards this fruitful Island, having conquer'd it in Conceit before he came thither. Sir David seeing this Fleet of Ships, which upon a smooth Sea danc'd Levalto's on the briny Main, not tossed by any Rage of *Eolus*; he therefore having laid an Ambush to surprize them, upon their first landing seem'd to fly, until he had brought them into the Net prepared for them, when turning Head, he gave them such a brisk Charge, as gave them a fatal Rout, not sparing any in the Chase, but by several Ways of Deaths made Passages for their Souls into the other World; so that all the Way as they were chas'd, the Spectacle was ugly and grievous to behold; here lay Bodies torn in Pieces, mangled Limbs cut and hack'd in divers manners; so that a Man beholding such a Sight, might say, That War is an Exercise not of Manhood, but of Inhumanity. *Almantor* himself fought most valiantly, doing what in him lay to have obtained the Victory; and as

if

if he had had a Spirit that durst war against the Fates, seem'd to dread no Danger, but with an undaunted Courage to meet pale Death with Triumph in a Tomb ; but all his Valour would not bear him out against the unresistable Force of Sir David, who coming up to him with handy Blows, after a smart Fight took him Prisoner ; few was sav'd alive besides ; for the Soldiers were so enrag'd against them, that all Compassion was for the present banish'd their Breasts.

The Victory being thus clearly obtain'd, and the Soldiers Swords glutted in Blood ; they led *Almantor* towards the Fountain, where first they refreshed themselves with some of those healing Fruits, and afterwards sat in Judgment upon him ; where was laid to his Charge all the Tyrannies, Cruelties, Murthers and Rapines which he had committed ; all which he could not excuse, nor very well deny, and therefore he was adjudg'd for his Crimes to be put to Death.

And now did the Horrour of a guilty Conscience plainly appear in *Almantor*, repenting not so much for his Crimes, as exclaiming against the Punishment of them : and yet in that Punishment might he behold what Cruelty he used to others ; although the greatest Smart to him, was to think that he justly deserved it, whereas they suffer'd innocently. And now to save his Life, what did he not promise, what Protestations use, what Vows, what Oaths, what Asseverations, that he would hereafter use Justice, mix'd with Clemency, not doing, nor suffering any Wrong to be done by others, that he would deliver up to the ancient Gentleman his former Estate, and repossess him in all his Inheritance, with many other flattering Speeches, to move their Hearts to be inclineable to Pity ; but his Crimes were of too sanguine a Dye to be forgiven, and all his Repentance and Sorrow only feigned ; they therefore concluded he should be put to Death, and gave him Choice of eight several sorts of Ways whereby to dye : *Viz.* 1. To be hang'd on a Gibbet. 2. To be put into a Sack, and thrown into the Sea. 3. To have his Head smitten off. 4. To be poison'd. 5. To be burned to Death. 6. To be stung to Death with Snakes. 7. To be cast down Headlong from a high Tower. Or, 8. To be shot to Death with Arrows.

Sad is the Choice (said the wretched *Almantor*) *chuse which I will:* For, 1. To be hung'd on a Gibbet, is to dye the Death of a Dog. 2. To be put into a Sack and drown'd, is to be devour'd by Fishes, and want decent Burial. 3. To have my Head smitten off, is indeed the Death of a Nobleman, but which no Nobleman would willingly have. 4. To be poyson'd, is to be a stinking Carcase before I am cold in my Grave. 5. To be burn'd, is of

all Deaths the most cruel. 6. To be stung to Death with Snakes is a painful lingring Death. 7. To be cast down from a high Tower, uncertain Death. What then remains, but the last kind of Death, to be kill'd with Arrows, and that is the Death of a Soldier, which I shall soonest choose; Come then, seeing you think me not fitting to live, quickly dispatch me out of the World.

Then rending open his Doublet, he ty'd a Handkerchief before his Eyes, and leaning his Back against a Tree, he cry'd out, *Now do your worst*; whereupon immediatly some Soldiers who were planted on purpose, sent a Flight of Arrows into his Breast, so that in an Instant he fell down and died. Then digged they for him a Grave into which he being put, they cover'd the same with a Heap of Stones, and on one broad Stone which lay on the Top, they inscrib'd this Epitaph:

*Who in his Life-time still for Blood did crave,
Was at the last sent bloody to his Grave.*

Whilst this was in doing, the Soldiers which Sir David had sent for, arriv'd in the Island, whereupon Sir David leaving some few of them for the guarding of the Island under the Conduct of the Giant Wonder, he with the Residue sailed towards the Island where *Almantor* lived, taking along with him the ancient Gentleman for his Guide, and sailing thither in the same Ships wherein *Almantor* came, which they of the Island espying, seeing their own Ships afar off, began to rejoyce; but when they perceived Strangers in them, they began to arm themselves with all the speed they could, and to put themselves in a Posture to resist their landing: But Sir David, nothing daunted at their Appearance, landed in despite of all the Resistance they could make, and being on Land, he with his Sword quickly made Way for his Soldiers to follow him, who encourag'd by his Example, as soon made Lanes of their slaughter'd Enemies, that fled before their conquering Swords like Flocks of Sheep before the devouring Wolves. But now the Fury of their Rage being over, Sir David scorning to insult over a vanquish'd Party, caus'd a Retreat to be sounded, and sent Messengers after them, that he would parley with them; to which they willingly condescended, and to that purpose sent three or four of the Chiefest of them, to whom Sir David spake as followeth:

Bodies

The Cause of my sending to you, is to offer you Peace and Liberty: Liberty from the Thralldom of an insulting Tyrant, to whose insatiable Avarice your Bodies and Estates were made Thrall; one who not only delighted in Cruelty, but took Delight in executing the same; who hath now paid his just Deserts by the Stroke of Justice, being shot to Death for his cruel Tyranny; instead of whom we shall present for your Governour, one well known (and here he presented to them the ancient Gentleman) whom if you refuse to accept, then expect no other but what the Sword and a conquering Arm will enforce you to do.

The Messengers having heard these Words, with a loud Voice cry'd out, Long live our Lord Pandion, (for so was the ancient Gentleman call'd;) and thereupon they desired Leave to go immediately to acquaint the rest with their Determination; which when they had done, there was such an Acclamation and Shout of the People, as surpass'd that which the Thracian Boreas makes amongst the Pines of *Ossa*, or as when the Artillery of Heaven are discharg'd along the cleaving Sky: And thereupon coming all to Sir David, they submitted themselves, promising faithful Obedience to the aged-Pandion, which he most lovingly embraced, giving them many wholesome Admonitions, and desiring Sir Pandion to be a gracious Lord unto them. And thus having settled him in the Tyrant *Almantor's* place, he return'd to the Island of the precious Fountain; where leaving a sufficient Guard with Sir *Wonder*, and taking with him some Store of the Fruit, as also some Vessels of the healing Wine of the Fountain, he return'd back to his own Country, where he was very welcome to his Queen *Rosetta*, and joyfully entertain'd by the rest of his Subjects.

Chap. XX. How the three Sons of St. George, Sir Guy, Sir Alexander, and Sir David, met at great Justs at Constantinople, as also Sir Turpin of France, Sir Pedro of Spain, Sir Orlando of Italy, Sir Ewin of Scotland, Sir Phelim of Ireland, and Sir Owen of Wales, where they obtain'd the Victory over all that justed with them, being richly rewarded by the Emperour for their high Valour.

Long had not Sir David been in his Kingdom of *Ancona*, but there arriv'd an Herald, who by Sound of Trumpet proclaim'd a solemn Justs to be held by the Emperour of Constantinople, in Honour of his Son's Nuptials, who was contracted to the King of *Trebizond's* Daughter, the beauteous *Lucinda*, whose Fame resounded all the World over. These Justs were proclaim'd in all the Kingdoms of the Earth, so that at the Time appointed there arriv'd at

his Court the most approved Knights for Valour and Prowess that were then living: Amongst others were St. *George's* three renowned Sons, Sir *Guy*, Sir *Alexander*, and Sir *David*: Thither also had Fame's Trumpet invited the valiant Sir *Turpin* from *France*, Sir *Pedro* from *Spain*, Sir *Orlando* from *Italy*, Sir *Ewin* from *Scotland*, Sir *Phelim* from *Ireland*, and Sir *Owen* from *Wales*. Being come to the Emperour's Palace, they were by him most kindly entertain'd; and having had Knowledge that they were the Sons of the seven renowned Champions of *Christendom*, whose Acts had eterniz'd their never-dying Memories, he thereupon commanded them all to be lodged in one Chamber, wherein were provided for them nine most sumptuous Beds, adorned with the richest Furniture that could be procured; and because the Jufts lasted only nine Days, he appointed each of them to be Champion his particular Day.

But before the Jufts began, the Prince *Rosinda* Son to the Emperour, was with great State and Magnificence married to the beautiful *Lucinda*; great were the Triumphs performed that Day by Pageants, Fire-works and other costly Devices, far surpassing the Skill of the most elaborate Writer to describe, all which we shall overpass, and come to speak of the Warlike Acts performed by our nine renowned Heroes, which was celebrated in order, as followeth:

On the first Day of the Jufts enter'd that valiant Knight at Arms, the renowned Sir *Guy*, King of *Sicily*, mounted on a *Barbary* Steed, who pranc'd on the Ground, in as great state as *Bucephalus* the Horse of King *Alexander*; his Armour (like the Colour of his Horse) was of a dark Brown; and for his Device on his Shield was an Anchor, with this Word, *Anchora spe*. Against him enter'd a Phrygian Knight named *Dorosus*, upon a Sorrel Horse of an Epiran Breed, with flaming Nostrils; his Armour was Green, and for his Device he had in his Shield a Laurel-tree, with this Word, *Ever flourishing*. At the Trumpet's Sound they encounter'd each other with great Skill and Violence, breaking their Staves that the Splinters flew into the Air: But at the third Course Sir *Guy* ran against him with such Might, that both Horse and Man fell to the Ground. With like Valour did he overcome twenty five Knights, and was with great Triumph conducted home unto his Lodging.

The next Day Sir *Alexander* enter'd the Lifts as chief Challenger against all Comers: His Horse was of a *Morecco* Race, with Tusks out of his Mouth like to a Boar: His Armour was Red, and for his Device in his Shield, was an Ox bleeding, with this Word, *Such to Opposers*. The first that run against him was a Macedonian Lord
named

named *Lentulus*, of Gigantick Stature, and approved Manhood; but by the Valour of Sir *Alexander* he was overthrown, as also nineteen other Knights of Prowess and Fortitude.

The third Day Sir *David* appear'd in the Lists chief Champion against all Opposers: His Horse was of a Chesnut Colour, his Armour Azure, and on his Shield was painted a serene Sky, with this Word, *Without Clouds*: This valiant Knight behaved himself so well that Day, that he brought to Ground thirty four Knights, to his great Commendation and Honour; being conducted to his Lodging by the Prince *Rosinda*, with Sound of Trumpets and other Musical Instruments.

On the fourth Day appear'd for chief Champion against all Comers, the renowned and valiant Knight at Arms Sir *Turpin* of *France*, mounted on an Arabian Courser, of a Strawbury Colour, and so lively were the red Spots on him intermingled with White (like unto Strawberries in a Dish of Cream) that it seem'd rather Natural than Artificial: His Armour was of a Tawny Colour, and on his Shield was painted an Orange-tree, with this Word *Fruitfully Comforting*; This valiant Knight behaved himself so gallantly that Day, that the Emperour in Reward of his Magnanimity, threw unto him a Gold Chain, at the end whereof hung a rich Meddal all beset with Pearls and Diamonds; and so with great Acclamations of the People, he was conducted to his Lodging.

On the fifth Day the most Heroick and Invincible Knight Sir *Pedro* of *Spain* enter'd the Lists, mounted on a Spanish Gennet: His Armour was of a Flame Colour, so Artificially wrought, that to a not skilful Eye, his Body seem'd to be all on a Fire, for so well had the Artist contrived the same, that by the moving of his Horse, the Wind seem'd to fan up the Flames to a greater Blaze: His Device in his Shield, was a Salamander living the Fire, with this Word, *Not so consumed*. This renowned Knight by his Martial Prowess overthrew no less than thirty four Champions that encounter'd with him, inso-much that the Princess *Lucinda* gave him her Glove to wear, and commanded that thereafter he should be call'd her Knight.

Upon the sixth Day as Sir *Orlando* of *Italy* was entring the Lists, there met him a Squire, who spake to him in these Words: *Sir Knight, My Master by me advises you to make the best Defence you can, that by your stout Resistance, he may obtain the greater Honour in your Overthrow. To whom Sir Orlando reply'd, Go tell thy Master, I am prepared for him; and that it is not good to sell the Lion's Skin until he be dead. Accordingly hereunto encountering each other, they fought with so much Skill*
and

and Valour, that *Mars* himself might have been a Spectator of their worthy Atchievements, being Men of such Prowess as not to know Fear themselves, and yet to teach it to others that had to deal with 'em; long time did Victory equally play upon their dancing Banners, but at last Conquest display'd her Silver Wings on Sir *Orlando's* Head, and his Antagonist's Brags vanish'd in Smoak, his Body with his Honour being laid in the Dust. With the like Success did he overcome eighteen Knights more that Day, whereby he won the Reputation of a most valiant Knight.

On the seventh Day the renowned Knight Sir *Ewin* of *Scotland* was chief Champion, who enter'd the Lifts with a Scottish Galloway, who tho' but small of Stature, was of Strength comparable to an Elephant: His Armour was Black, as also his Shield, with these Letters in White, *Hoping for Day*. His Success was such that he foil'd no less than threescore Knights, gaining to himself immortal Fame by such their Overthrow.

The eighth Day was managed by Sir *Phelim* of *Ireland*, as brave a Knight as ever trod the Field of *Mars*, he was mounted on an Irish Hobby, deck'd with a Plume of Peacock's Feathers: His Armour was so contrived as if it had been made up of several Pieces, yet all joyn'd together in a loving Confusedness: On his Shield was pourtrayed a Red-breast, with this Word *Innocently Harmless*: He encounter'd that Day with twenty five Knights, all whom by his Manly Prowess he overcame.

On the ninth and last Day there enter'd the Lifts that Heroick undaunted Knight Sir *Owen* of the *Mountains*, mounted on a stately English Palfrey: His Armour was Milk White, his Attiring else all cut in Stars, which was made of Cloth of Silver Spangles each way seem'd to cast many Aspects: In his Shield was a Sheep feeding in a pleasant Field, with this Word, *Without Fear or Envy*. This valiant Knight Sir *Owen* behaved himself so gallantly, and dismounted so many Knights that Day, that the Prince *Rosinda* entituled him, *The Mirrour of Chivalry, and Pattern of true Magnanimity*.

After the Justs were finish'd, the Emperour entertain'd these nine worthy Knights in most sumptuous manner, spending several Days in their Company, with great Feasts, Masks and other stately Shows; and in Reward of their Martial Performances, gave unto them nine most rich and precious Stones, each of 'em valu'd at a King's Ransom, besides other most rich Presents from the Prince and Princess, and so taking their solemn Leave of the Emperor and other high Estates then present with great Honour and Applause, return'd each to his own Country.



